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THE BRITISH  
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VOL. VII.

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# THE BRITISH QUARTERLY REVIEW.

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FEBRUARY 1, 1848.

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ART. I. *The Christian State: or the First Principles of National Religion.* By the Rev. T. R. BIRKS, M.A., Rector of Kelshall, Herts. 8vo, pp. 669. Seeley & Co. London. 1847.

THE appearance of this volume is a good omen. The great majority of our clergy have been little disposed to enter upon discussions about the forms or polity of their church, and least of all about that weighty question—the special relation of their church to the state. From the touch of such debates we have found them draw back, like so many sensitive plants, and this so commonly as almost to suggest that to do so must be a law of their nature. It is not necessary that we should attempt to trace this apparent timidity to its origin. Many, no doubt, will say it comes from the consciousness of a bad cause—a solution which certainly possesses the advantage of being short, easy of comprehension, and very acceptable to our self-esteem as dissenters. But we suspect that the real source of this peculiarity is by no means so simple. Humanity is a mysterious web of existences, and to a thoughtful man its motives commonly partake of its own shadowy complexity. But whatever may have contributed to bring about these signs of change, we are happy in being witnesses to their appearance. The author of this publication has set an example which we trust many will be disposed to follow. We wish to see these questions discussed in a Christian temper, and with something of the fulness and earnestness to which they are entitled. We covet this for the sake of dis-

sceters themselves, hardly less than for the sake of churchmen, inasmuch as we humbly think, that upon the whole question, the opposite parties have much both to learn and to unlearn, and that nothing will so much conduce to the needed proficiency of both as a manly investigation of the differences between them. In such encounters, the side on which there is the greater error will be the greater loser, and surely that is a result which no good man can regret, even though his own side should prove to be the losing one.

Mr. Birks, we are informed, distinguished himself honourably during his residence in Cambridge. He is now the son-in-law of the estimable Mr. Bickersteth, and a conspicuous and zealous member of the Evangelical Alliance. The present publication, moreover, is not a hasty production. The substance of the argument set forth in it was committed to writing, we are told, 'more than ten years ago;' and it is now given to the public after the most matured thought the writer could bring to the subject of which it treats. All these circumstances furnish a tolerable guarantee that in Mr. Birks we have a learned, able, and truly Christian advocate of the 'principles of National Religion.' It would be disrespectful on our part, not to bestow our best attention on a volume upon such a subject, and coming from such a quarter. Concerning the honesty of Mr. Birks' convictions, and the piety of his intentions, we cannot entertain a doubt; but as regards the main substance of the argument which he has been at so much pains to expand and elaborate, we must confess, that it has left us very much where it found us, and it is due to ourselves, and to others, that we should dilate a little upon the reasons of this unaltered judgment. This is the more necessary, inasmuch as the book before us is one that will attract attention—a book that will be read, and the reasonings in it, which, in our view, are exceedingly fallacious, will be regarded by not a few as singularly clear and triumphant. Mr. Birks is capable of giving a somewhat skilful position to his case, of clothing it in that vague, but at the same time fluent, earnest, and devout language, which suffices, in many religious circles, to raise the most faulty logic into the place of the irrefragable. His treatise has not enough of the precise and scientific in its form and texture to become a standard work on this great subject: but there are elements of acuteness and vigour in it quite sufficient to produce considerable temporary impression—especially when taken in connexion with the easy and confident tone wherewith the writer seems to dispose of the most formidable difficulties. Indeed, this latter characteristic in the style of Mr.

Birks has surprised us. His definitions are often singularly loose and arbitrary, and his conclusions are no less frequently expressed in terms so strong and indiscriminate, that the result, whatever may have been his intention, is a large amount of mischievous misrepresentation. This is not exactly the manner to have been expected from a gentleman of Mr. Birks' scientific training. The popular style, so proper to the pulpit, often becomes fatal to that degree of accuracy which is necessary to the highest style of authorship. In reading this volume we have been almost tempted to envy the brisk and happy temper with which the author consigns many an old and stubborn objection to oblivion, congratulating his readers on their freedom, through all time to come, from the least shade of perplexity on such matters. But, alas for the quiet of the shores of the Red Sea, if the ghosts imprisoned there are not more safely laid. Many winters have passed since we gave our own first thoughts to subjects of this nature, and we regret to say, that even yet we have not been able to attain to that Goshen of illumination in respect to them which Mr. Birks appears to have reached. Nevertheless, after all these material deductions, we can regard the author of this volume with sincere esteem, and we do not mean to speak of him in any way inconsistent with that sentiment.

In the first chapter of his treatise, Mr. Birks lays down the following propositions as constituting the basis of his argument:—

‘The maxims on which the obligation of national religion, in its true and scriptural idea, seems to repose, may be stated as follow:—

‘First.—All rulers, to whom the Gospel has been sent, are bound to embrace it with all their heart, and to submit themselves willingly, with all their official power and greatness, to the authority of the Son of God.

‘Secondly.—Such rulers, whether magistrates, statesmen, or kings, are bound to rule in the fear of God, to avow openly their allegiance to Christ, and to do all to the glory of His name.

‘Thirdly.—They ought, therefore, to base their laws on the revealed word of God; to execute them with an open appeal to His authority; to own themselves, in their public character, His ministers and servants; and to honour Him with open acts of worship, in confession, prayer, and thanksgiving.

‘Fourthly.—Their duty, as the ministers of God for good to the people, has a wider range than barely to secure property and life by motives of physical fear. They are bound to promote a wise distribution of wealth, even more than its accumulation, and its virtuous use, more than its selfish possession. They ought, in their whole policy, to honour moral excellence above worldly riches; to care for the deep

wants of the soul more than for those of the body; and, instead of making worldly abundance their highest aim, to seek, by all means in their power, the true and eternal welfare of their people.

‘Fifthly.—The visible Church, in its true idea, is a direct appointment of God, to spread the light of Divine truth in the world, and to bring families, states, and kingdoms, with all their various fields of thought and action, into full captivity to the obedience of Christ.

‘Sixthly.—Hence, wherever that Church has a home, Christian rulers are bound to become members of its communion, to protect it from malice and outrage, to sanction and promote its labours of love in the instruction of the ignorant, and the conversion of unbelievers, and to give it social facilities for its growth and increase in numbers, purity, and holiness.

‘Seventhly.—They are, therefore, bound also in their laws, to recognise its corporate existence, its social worth, and Divine commission; to encourage, and, when needful, to regulate, the offerings of its members; to help on its efforts for the instruction of the people, and to honour its ordinances and maxims in the whole constitution of the state.

‘Eighthly.—When the visible Church is corrupted with false doctrine, rent with schisms, or debased in purity and moral power, other duties will devolve on Christian rulers. They will then be bound to discern between wholesome truth and pernicious error; to disown the one, and to promote the other; to resist alike sectarian bigotry and unbelieving indifference; to honour and encourage all parts of the visible Church which the Lord himself would receive, in proportion to their religious soundness and power of social benefit; but to repress grosser evils with varying degrees of severity, as they are more or less pernicious to the state, and more or less openly condemned in the word of God.

‘Ninthly.—These views of the ruler’s obligations, while they are confirmed by the testimony of Scripture, in various precepts and examples, are also in full harmony with the true rights of conscience, and the universal maxims of the Gospel of Christ.

‘Lastly.—While it is our duty, as patriots and Christians, to aim at this high standard, and to condemn all departures from it as one part of the predicted apostasy of the last days, we are to expect its full attainment only in the promised times of the restitution of all things, when the earth shall be full of the glory of the Lord.’—pp. 16—18.

This is, in appearance, a somewhat novel theory. The religious services demanded from rulers are restricted to rulers who are Christians. In like manner, the religious services demanded of nations are determined by the degree in which nations are Christian. The rulers and people not under real Christian influence are regarded as the subjects of Satan. In them there is nothing to approve. To expect the semblance of

Christian service from their hands would be to expect from them so many acts of hypocrisy. In their case, the first duty is to repent and believe the Gospel; and, until obedient in that particular, they cannot be obedient in a religious sense at all. But though Mr. Birks professes, at the commencement, to restrict his reasoning to this basis, his argument of necessity embraces the whole question, and in fact contains nothing peculiar as to the result of the apparent limitation assigned to it. It is in this light that we shall deal with it—as an argument intended to show what Rulers should be Officially in respect to Religion, and what Nations should be, as nations, in the same respect.

I. The evidence adduced is derived in part from the facts of the Old and New Testament, and in part from the maxims and precepts contained in those books. Mr. Birks presents his view of the question, as derived from the Old-Testament history, in the Introduction to his work, and in the twenty-first chapter, the chapter which treats of ‘the Jewish Theocracy.’ His theory is, that civil governments came into the place of the paternal authority of the patriarchs, and that the mixture of civil and religious authority, which was at first exercised by one man as the father of a family, was designed to pass substantially into the hands of civil rulers, when families began to form themselves into states. It is due to Mr. Birks to state that he is not altogether insensible to the difficulties of this scheme.

‘But here,’ says our author, ‘a prejudice must be removed. That the State has grown out of the Family is a simple and evident fact, at least in the early ages of manhood. But we must not infer that a correct and full view of civil society can be attained, by viewing it in this one aspect alone. The king of a great nation has never strictly the same relation to his people as a father to his own children. Most of them are personally unknown to him; many are his elders in point of age; and the instinct of mere natural affection, often so powerful a substitute for true benevolence, must be entirely absent in this wider and more abstract relation. All we can truly affirm is, that the Family is the origin of the State, and lends us one main element by which to fix the office of Civil Rulers.’—p. 191.

There is some promising discrimination in this passage, but, as too frequently happens with our author, these statements are followed by others which reduce them to a shadow, leaving the objection they were designed to remove in its unabated force. Thus, while admitting, in some sense, the folly of assuming, as this theory does, that monarchs will be in general as much wiser than their subjects as parents are wiser than their children; and that, as a rule, they will love their subjects much as parents

love their offspring ; it is nevertheless maintained that the office of kings is in a high degree parental, so much so, that they are responsible, not merely for the social order, but for the wise religious training of the people entrusted to their charge.

'There are three main ideas which meet in our conception of a father—natural affection, the authority of command, and superior wisdom. All these ideas are no less essential to the idea of a good and perfect king. And then as the State grew out of the Family, so the higher it rises in moral elevation, the nearer it will approach to its first idea, only in a higher and nobler form. Hence governors ought indeed to be nursing-fathers to their people. They are bound, *so far as their power extends, to consecrate the nation to the service of God, to promote the instruction of their subjects in true religion, to punish open profaneness, and to maintain, in this larger family, the ordinances of a pure and holy worship.*'—pp. 193, 194.

If this passage be duly considered, it will be natural to ask—Did that memorable knight, Sir Robert Filmer, even in his most romantic moments, ever insist on anything more extravagant than this ? The instruction of the nation in 'true religion,' the punishment of 'profaneness,' the maintenance of a 'pure and holy worship,' in a word, the consecration of the nation to God, —all this is devolved on the one man who may chance to be at its head !

If we imagine that infancy of time when the world was peopled, for the greater part, by isolated families, as in the case of Abraham and Lot, we see at a glance that if there is to be authority anywhere, either social or religious, it must be in the hand of the parent. The father is naturally responsible for the sustenance and training of his children, and for the wise government of that little moving state—his household. If his children or servants do violence, become immoral or profane, we hold him censurable if his authority be not exercised to disownance and suppress such evils. If his serving-men must belch out atheism, we expect him to curb their conceit with a strong hand; and if his children are convicted of indulging in licentious speech, or of mocking at sacred things, we expect that, to save the child, he will not be sparing of the rod. But everything which combines to show how natural all this is in a parent, combines to suggest the great improbability that an authority so immediate and so comprehensive does really pass from the hands of parents to those of civil rulers when families become united as parts of a community. Before we consent to the principle of any such transfer of power, we must see such a case made out in favour of the wisdom and virtue supposed to be natural to despotism as we have not yet met with.

For be it remembered, it is in a quarter of the globe where the governments have ever been despotic, that this change is supposed to take place ; and in the history of despotic states there is no fact more conspicuous than this—that while everything there is depending on the wisdom and virtue of the man who may happen to be king ; on the other hand, everything there may be said to combine to render it to the last degree improbable that the man thus elevated will be distinguished by work or intelligence of any kind—so that where the necessity for these qualities is the greatest, the chances of realizing them is the smallest. What sort of nursing-fathers to religion oriental despots have generally been, history records. We feel some scruple about placing the ‘fiery furnace’ or the ‘lion’s den’ among parental means of discipline. Nor will it avail anything for Mr. Birks to insist that such proceedings were the abuses of paternal sovereignty, and that they should not be urged against its uses;—for when the abuses of a maxim become the rule, and its uses the exceedingly rare exception, it is high time to suspect that the maxim itself must be a grave mistake. Even the authority of parents may not be always wisely or kindly exercised ; but here the use is the rule, the abuse is the exception ; and are we to reckon that principle among the laws of providence, which transfers authority from the hands in which it is generally secure, to those in which it is as generally misapplied ?

But our author may say that the state contemplated by him as to succeed the Family, is the Hebrew nation with its divinely instituted polity. As the pattern family was the patriarchal, so the pattern state was the state of the Israelites. But in the general reasoning of this volume the question is not really thus limited. The author entrusts these high powers to the hands of all sovereigns. That they should possess them is the *right* of all civil rulers, that they should make a good use of them is their *duty*.

But without dwelling further on this point at present, we readily admit, that the connexion which subsisted, limited as it was, between religion and the state in Old-Testament times, is proof that there is nothing in the nature of revealed religion necessarily repugnant to all alliance of that description. The language of nonconformist disputants on this point is often much too absolute. But we must be allowed to distinguish between what was manifestly possible, and even expedient, for a season, and in relation to a particular people, and the course which may be most fitting as a permanent and universal law. The Mosaic economy was clearly, for the most part, preliminary

and temporary, and may not have been more designed to become our exemplar as to the best mode of adjusting the distinction between things civil and things religious, than as to the best mode of conducting religious worship. Indeed, the special end to be secured by the separateness of the Hebrew people, and the fact that their government was a Theocracy, seem to warrant the presumption that their State, in place of being designed as a ‘pattern’ to all states, was really meant to be an exception to them all—a state alone and of its own order.

In support of this view, it should be borne in mind, that it has not been more certainly a part of the plan of Divine Providence that Judaism should be state-allied, than that Christianity should be diffused and become triumphant in the midst of state hostility. The head of the church is the ruler of the world; and had a state alliance been a *necessary* element in the dispensation of the gospel, that alliance would, no doubt, have been secured. If, therefore, the history of Judaism must be taken as proof that it is not absolutely repugnant to the nature of revealed religion that it should be in some degree allied with state power, we must be allowed to argue, in the face of loud protest on the point from Mr. Birks, that the history of Christianity during the first three centuries is a proof no less obvious, that under the gospel dispensation such an alliance is not only by no means *necessary*, but, on the ground of presumptive evidence, can hardly be *expedient*. In our judgment, the one of these facts does more than neutralize the other—i. e., the history of Judaism does not tell so strongly in favour of the church-establishment principle, as the history of primitive Christianity tells against it; for while Judaism became intolerably corrupt under state patronage, Christianity became signally triumphant wholly apart from that treacherous form of fellowship. We readily admit that facts should not be taken in the place of principle; but if this rule be applied to facts prior to the publication of the gospel, we must insist on its application to facts which belong to the period subsequent to that event.

If, then, we do not insist on this non-patronized and non-endowed state of Christianity, as Mr. Birks appears to think, as being conclusive against the reception of any such aid from the state in all time to come, we do assuredly mean to say, that in this fact we have demonstration that this agency of Christian rulers in relation to the church, and this ‘national’ avowal of the Christian faith, to which our author attaches so great a value, instead of being among the things most necessary to a development of the religion of the New Testament in its beauty and

power, are really among the things that must be deemed of very subordinate worth in relation to that end. Whatever that fact may not embody, it certainly does present this mighty truth—a truth directly at issue with the drift and the most material conclusions of the volume before us.

But the argument derived from the Old Testament in favour of the civil establishment of religion is exposed to objection more especially on the ground that the Hebrew government was a Theocracy, and precluded human legislation in sacred things. Our objection in this place is, that churchmen should in effect say, that religion having been allied with the Hebrew government, which was divine, it ought to be allied with all other governments, though merely human: in other words, that the kind and extent of power which was safe, in this case, in the hands of God, must be safe in the hands of man. This, we presume to think, is not satisfactory reasoning. Mr. Birks meets this objection with invective rather than argument, describing it as the modern form of two ancient and memorable evils—‘Jewish prejudice’ and ‘Gentile unbelief.’ But this is lamentably beside the mark. It is admitted that no second Theocracy exists, and the point to be proved is, that the authority exercised by Jehovah as King of Zion, with regard to religion, is authority which should be taken as a pattern of that proper to be exercised by all civil rulers. This point, we suspect, will be somewhat difficult to establish; and if the supreme and legislative power of the Most High in relation to his peculiar people, is to pass into other hands only with limitations, the question arises—what are these limitations? Mr. Birks pleads that the *moral* element of the old economy was designed to be perpetual. This we admit; but our author reckons the *political* influence of Old-Testament kings in relation to the church as an element purely of a *moral* nature. Herein is a serious misconception. We object, not that a man who happens to fill the office of civil ruler is disposed to put forth a truly moral influence as a man or a Christian, in favour of religion,—let this be distinctly understood,—our objection is to this transfer of power properly *political*. Power of this nature might have been well lodged in the hands of kings who were subordinated to a Theocracy, and be very ill lodged in the hands of kings <sup>vain</sup> of their absolute authority. Plead, if you will, with all the eloquence of Demosthenes, for the moral influence of kings, as for the moral influence of any other class of men, in aid of religion; but we cannot allow another sort of power to slip into the church under false pretences, professing to be simply moral, while it is something widely different.

Such were the minutiae and completeness of the provisions made by the immediate authority of God, in connexion with the Hebrew sanctuary, that scarcely anything was left to the judges and the Jewish kings, except to act as an executive to the Divine will. This rule, if it had some trivial exceptions, was characteristic of that economy. Many current and subordinate arrangements, partaking of the nature of by-laws, were no doubt left to the wisdom of the magistrate; but to innovate on the institutes of Moses, or to raise human inventions into competition with them, would have been impiety; and in matters of high moment, even of a secular nature, council was sought from the lips of the Great King himself. But if the authority of civil rulers with regard to religion was so restricted, even while the element of Theocracy was still present with them, can we suppose it to have been intended that the kings of the Gentiles should be invested with a far higher authority in relation to things spiritual, when the Theocratic presence and the age of miracles should have passed wholly away? When church matters were to be placed under the charge of civil rulers, nearly everything was done for them, scarcely anything being left to be done by them. Had it been designed that this charge should be perpetual, the same precaution would no doubt have gone along with it, to guard it against abuse. But the gospel embraces no provision of this sort—anticipates no such exigency. The New Testament contains no book of Leviticus, and modern rulers, when they meddle with religion, generally take upon them to supply that deficiency. We need proof to convince us that Christianity has required this at their hands. The things needing to be done in this case are such as Christians only would be competent to do, and such as civil rulers may not deal with, except in their character as Christians, and as parts of the great commonwealth of Christians.

That prophets should dwell on the homage which kings will render to the church in the latter day, is strictly natural; to bring the potentates of the earth really within her pale will be her last and most difficult achievement; and if the influence put forth by these illustrious converts be only a moral influence, the changes wrought thereby must be fully as marked and memorable as the language of prophecy justifies us in expecting.

In these observations, we think we have met all the points in the argument of Mr. Birks, as derived from the Old Testament. Churchmen admit that the New Testament introduced a new system, that this new system supersedes the old Hebrew polity and worship, and it becomes them to prove that it does not supersede one other institutional arrangement of that

economy—viz., the position of the magistrate in relation to sacred things. That judges and kings should be related to the church, as we find them in those days, was as much a part of the institutional system of the nation, as that the order of priesthood and the course of religious ceremonics should be such as we know them to have been. If it be the system of the New Testament which has abrogated the old laws concerning priesthood and worship, it remains to be seen how far it has, or has not, abrogated the old laws concerning magistracy. The whole question thus comes to be properly a New-Testament question. It is on this ground the battle must be fought. Arguments not resting on this basis can never lead to any satisfactory conclusion. The point to be settled is, what is *written—written there*.

II. The third chapter in this treatise is entitled, ‘On the Nature of the Kingdom of Christ,’ and presents the views of the author on the memorable confession—‘My kingdom is not of this world.’ Mr. Birks does battle with Archbishop Whately on this passage. ‘In the archbishop’s reasoning,’ says Mr. Birks, ‘there are two errors, which deprive it of all force, and may well cause us to wonder at the confident tone in which it has been offered. It ascribes views and impressions to Pilate which it is certain he never entertained; while two questions of moral duty, totally distinct in themselves, are strangely confounded together.’ But, with submission, we must say that we do not think the archbishop has written with greater confidence on this subject than became him; nor do we think his reasoning open to the charge of confusion; our only complaint in reference to him is, that he should not have carried his principle to its legitimate result, and so have ceased to be mixed up with a system depending so manifestly on coercive appliances for its support. But it will be proper to allow Mr. Birks to speak for himself on this point.

‘That our blessed Lord was accused of sedition and treason is perfectly clear. We found this fellow perverting the nation, and forbidding to give tribute to Cæsar, saying that he himself is Christ the King. On this charge Pilate examined him, and then pronounced him not guilty. So far all Christians are agreed. But all beyond this in the archbishop’s reasoning is the mere speculation of a theorist, who has never considered closely the actual circumstances of our Lord, or the real impressions of the Roman governor. Did Pilate, we may ask, foresee the future spread and permanence of the Christian religion? Did he seek a pledge for the peaceable conduct of our Lord’s followers in future years, towards the later emperors? Did he propose the delicate question, whether those followers in later

times were to claim secular empire, *as such*, or only in some other capacity? Did he anticipate that the Roman Cæsar himself might turn Christian; and catechise our Lord, whether in that case he would not forbid him to use the imperial power in propagating the faith? All this is really assumed in the argument, and yet anything more remote from the truth can scarcely be conceived.

'The real state of the case is plain to any simple mind, unbiassed by theories. Pilate was no logician of the nineteenth century, speculating on the relations of Church and State, or the proper use of coercive power by Christian rulers. He was a heathen and a Roman, who had to decide a simple question of life and death. He knew nothing, at the time, of the resurrection or divinity of our Lord, and never dreamt of the future conversion of the Roman Cæsars, to worship and adore Jesus of Nazareth. He wished simply to learn whether he had really stirred up sedition, or were likely to do so, if his life were spared. When convinced on this point by the answers of our Lord, he is quite satisfied, and wishes to hear no more.'

'But beside this utter misconception of Pilate's true character, there is a second error, no less fatal to the whole argument. Two questions of moral duty, entirely distinct, are confounded together. The first is the duty of private Christians towards heathen rulers; the second is the duty of Christian rulers towards their subjects, whether Christian or heathen. No advocate of national religion will maintain that Christianity sanctifies rebellion, or that orthodoxy is a warrant for treason and seditious violence against unbelieving sovereigns. Now this is the only question to which the inquiries of Pilate, even when turned into a general principle, such as Pilate never cared for, could possibly apply. But it is a question plainly altogether distinct—what would be the duty of Cæsar, when once converted to the faith? To substitute one of these things, silently, for the other, in the crisis of the argument, betrays a great confusion of thought.'—pp. 55—57.

We have read this passage and its connexion with some attention, and must say that in our judgment 'the confusion of thought' in this matter is with Mr. Birks, and not at all with Dr. Whately. Indeed, we can hardly account the latter as fairly dealt with: nor do we know how we can better reply to this representation than by giving the passages from Dr. Whately's argument which it is designed to refute.

'The Jewish council having found Jesus guilty of a capital crime, and being not permitted, under the Roman laws, to inflict capital punishment (for the stoning of Stephen appears to have been an irregular and tumultuous outbreak of popular fury), immediately bring him before Pilate on a new and perfectly distinct charge. *The whole multitude of them arose and led Him unto Pilate; and they began to accuse him, saying, We found this fellow perverting the nation, and forbidding to give tribute to Cæsar, saying that he himself is Christ, a king.*' For the crime of which he had been convicted before them,—

that of blasphemy, in seeking to draw aside the Jews to the worship of another besides the Lord Jehovah,—though a capital crime under the Mosaic law, was none at all in the court of the Roman governor; and again, the crime alleged in this latter court, treason against the Roman emperor, was no crime at all under the law of Moses.

'Now, in studying the circumstances of this second trial, we ought to understand our Lord's expressions, not in any sense whatever they can be brought to bear, nor necessarily in the sense which may seem to *us* the most suitable, but *in the sense*, as far as we can ascertain it, *in which he must have known that he was understood at the time*.

'When, then, he was charged before Pilate with '*speaking against Cæsar*,' and '*making himself a king*,' how does he defend himself? He asserts his claim to be a king, but declares that '*his kingdom is not of this world*,' and that *accordingly* his servants were *not allowed to fight for him*; and he further describes his kingly office to consist in '*bearing witness of the truth*'.

'The result was, that Pilate acquitted him, declaring publicly that he '*found no fault at all in him*.' It is plain, therefore, that he must have believed, or at least have professed to believe, both that *the declarations of Jesus were true*, and that they *amounted to a total disavowal of all interference with the secular government by himself or his followers, as such*.'—pp. 26—28.

This extract embraces Dr. Whately's argument—the italics are our own. Now we look in vain to this passage for the 'misconception' about the character of Pilate which confounds him with 'the logician speculating on the relations of Church and State in the nineteenth century,' and which assumes that Pilate saw the real dignity of Jesus, and foresaw the conversion of the Cæsars to the Christian faith. Nothing, we are sure, was farther from the thoughts of Dr. Whately than that he should attribute any such ideas to Pilate. The Roman governor saw nothing beyond the present, and of that only so much as sufficed to convince him that the *nature* of the *kingship* and of the *kingdom* of Jesus precluded himself, and his followers as such, from all interference with secular governments. This repugnance of the coercive to the very nature of his kingdom, Pilate understood Jesus to affirm; on the ground of his belief in the truth of this affirmation it was that he acquitted him—and here the alternative presents itself: Jesus did mean what Pilate clearly understood him as meaning, or he did not: if he did so mean, then the State-church theory is gone; if he did not so mean, then he must have been party to a deception, and have been content that Pilate should pronounce him as faultless on the basis of a known fraud! To us, there is nothing in the compass of our language more cogent and conclusive than this argument.

Subsequently, indeed, Dr. Whatcley touches on the conversion of the Cæsars, and on the civil establishment of Christ's religion in those times, but it is that he might exhibit this fact, not as foreseen by Pilate, but as being so little in accordance with our Lord's description of the nature of his kingdom, as to have brought much 'confusion of thought' over the mind of many 'a logician of the nineteenth century, when speculating on the relations of 'Church and State.' What our Lord does, is not merely to avow his spiritual sovereignty, but to disavow all temporal sovereignty; and nothing can be more dishonourable to him than to suppose that when he said to Pilate, 'My kingdom is not of this world,' he used these terms with a *hidden meaning*, with a *latent reserve* in favour of his followers in a coming time, meaning to be understood in one sense by Pilate, and in another by his disciples—by the former, as asserting the absolute repugnance of all force to the nature of his kingdom—by the latter, as asserting no more than the inexpediency of resorting to it for a time!

'It is recorded of an ancient king of Egypt, says the archbishop, 'that he employed a celebrated architect to build a magnificent lighthouse, for the benefit of shipping, and ordered an inscription, in honour of himself, to be engraved on it: the architect, it is said, though inwardly coveting the honour of such a record for *himself*, was obliged to comply; but made the inscription on a plaster resembling stone, but of perishable substance: in the course of years this crumbled away; and the next generation saw *another* inscription, recording the name, not of the king, but of the architect, which had been secretly engraved on the durable stone below.'

'Now, just such a device as this is attributed to our Lord and his apostles, by those who believe them to have designed that secular power should hereafter be called in to enforce the Christian faith, though all such designs were *apparently* disavowed, in order to serve a present purpose. According to such interpreters, 'My kingdom is not of this world,' was only an inscription on the perishable plaster: the design of 'coercing and punishing' by secular power, all opponents of the true faith, was, it seems, the engraving on the stone beneath. 'Render unto Cæsar the things that be Cæsar's' was but the outward part of the inscription; the addition was an inner hidden engraving, directing that Christians, when become strong enough, should compel both Cæsar and his subjects,—all rulers and all citizens—either to acknowledge the true faith, or to forfeit their civil rights. It was the *outside* inscription only that ran thus, 'Submit yourselves to every ordinance of man; \* \* \* the powers that be, are ordained of God:' the secret characters on the *stone* said, 'Take care as soon as possible to make every ordinance of man submit to *you*,' and to provide that none but those of your own body shall be in authority; and that they shall use that authority in enforcing the profession of your religion.'

'It might seem incredible, did we not know it to be the fact, that persons professing a deep reverence for Christ and his apostles as heaven-sent messengers, should attribute to them this double dealing—should believe them to have secretly entertained and taught the very views of which their adversaries accused them, and which they uniformly disclaimed; that the blessed Jesus himself, who rebukes *hypocrisy* more strongly than perhaps any other sin, should be regarded by his professed followers as having pretended to disavow that which was his real design, and which He imparted to his apostles: teaching *them* in like manner to keep the secret till they should be strong enough to assert the political supremacy of the Gospel, and to extirpate, or hold in subjection as vassals, all possessors of false religions.'

'All this, I say, might seem hardly credible, did not daily experience show us how easily (not only in this, but in other cases also) even intelligent men are satisfied with the slightest pretences of argument—with the most extravagant conclusions—when they are seeking not really for *instruction* as to what they *ought* to do, but for a *justification* of what they are *inclined* to do. Such a bias of inclination is like the magnet which is said to have been once secretly placed near a ship's compass, by a traitor who purposed to deliver the crew into the enemy's hands. All their diligence and skill in working the ship and steering by this perverted compass served only to further them on the wrong course. Without presuming to pronounce judgment on the general moral character of others, I cannot forbear saying, for myself, that if I could believe Jesus to have been guilty of such subterfuges as I have been speaking of, I not only could not acknowledge Him as sent from God, but should reject Him with the deepest moral indignation.'

pp. 36—39.

This reasoning applies with similar cogency to the distinction which Mr. Birks has endeavoured to make out between the use of physical force against pagan sovereigns, and the use which may be made of it by Christian rulers. When Christ said, 'If my kingdom were of this world, then would my servants fight,' he certainly seemed to say, and would certainly be understood as saying—This is to be characteristic of my disciples, this is to be a law with them—not to *fight*. But according to the theory of Mr. Birks, our Lord only meant to say—My disciples will not resort to carnal weapons, so as to be in danger of being dealt with as traitors; they will restrict the use of such weapons to the times in which they may wield them with safety! For, strange to say, in the above memorable words of our Lord, our author can see nothing beyond the maxim that—'orthodoxy is no warrant for treason and seditious violence against unbelieving sovereigns!' In illustration and proof of the spirituality of his kingdom, Jesus said—'My servants do not fight;' Pilate understood this language in its distinct and natural sense; and declared the Saviour innocent accordingly. But herein the

governor was deceived. Jesus seemed to say that his disciples would not be found fighting-men in any circumstances, but his secret meaning was, that their fighting would be restricted to given circumstances. Thus the obvious meaning suggested to Pilate, and manifestly adopted by him, was one thing; and the reserved meaning in the mind of our Lord was another! This is to us very strange. The cause must surely be in some deep exigency which can stand in need of such means of defence. Such, however, we are told, is the important distinction, which nothing but a strange ‘confusion of thought’ could have prevented Archbishop Whately from perceiving, and which, once seen, suffices to reconcile the language of Christ—‘ My servants do not fight,’ with the later practice of supporting his religion by means of the staff of the constable, or, if need be, at the point of the bayonet!

The next criticism by Mr. Birks on this declaration of our Lord is philological. The words of Christ, in John, xviii. 36, read thus—‘ Jesus answered, My kingdom is not of this world: if my kingdom were of this world, then would my servants fight, that I should not be delivered to the Jews: but now is my kingdom not from hence.’ The terms *vūv ðē*, ‘but now,’ in this passage, Dr. Wardlaw translates as an adverb of time, pointing to the juncture when the kingdom of the Saviour ceased to be in any degree secular, and became wholly spiritual. The comment of Mr. Birks on this interpretation is as follows:—

‘Here the whole argument rests entirely on the assumption, that the word *now* in our Lord’s answer is an adverb of time. But the very contrary is plainly true. The clause is evidently an inference from the statement which has just been made. ‘If my kingdom were of this world, then would my servants fight.’ But they have not fought—‘therefore is my kingdom not from hence.’ If there were another word (*oūr*) to express the inference, the word *now* might be viewed as possibly relating to time, but instead of being joined with a particle of direct inference, it is followed by one of contrast. And hence it is certain that the word, *now*, is an illative conjunction, and marks the connexion between the premise, in the actual conduct of the disciples, and the sure inference to be drawn from it, the unworldly origin of our Lord’s kingdom.’—pp. 58, 59.

With all deference, however, to Mr. Birks’ skill in matters of this nature, we still think that the terms ‘*but now*,’ in this connexion, without the other word (*oūr*), may ‘be viewed as possibly relating to time:’ and that it is far from being ‘plainly true’ and ‘certain’ that the ‘*now*’ in this place is merely illative—an expression of inference only. There are two other passages in the gospels where the terms *vūv ðē* come, as in this instance,

after *εἰ*, without any such illative particle as *οὐν*, and in which, to adopt Mr. Birks' principle of interpretation would be to reduce the text to nonsense. In John, viii. 39, 40, our Lord says to the Jews—‘*If ye were Abraham's children, ye would do the works of Abraham.* But now (therefore!) you seek to kill me,’ &c. Again, Luke, xix. 42, ‘*If thou hadst known, even thou, at least in this thy day, the things which belong unto thy peace! but now (therefore!) they are hidden from thine eyes.*’ To us, then, it is ‘plainly true’ and ‘certain’ that the ‘but now’ in this declaration ‘may be viewed as relating to time,’ and that something more of philological evidence than Mr. Birks has extracted from the passage is necessary, before it can be placed beyond all possible doubt that the meaning of these terms is merely illative—an expression of inference only. Indeed, such a rendering of the term is as little admissible in this passage as in the passages above cited. It reduces the last clause of the verse, beginning with the words ‘but now,’ to tautology and absurdity. The inferential portion of the verse is in the former clauses, where the spiritual nature of Christ's kingdom is the inference from the fact that his servants do not fight. But Mr. Birks makes the verse to contain a double inference, and the one to be an unmeaning repetition of the other. According to our author, Jesus is to be understood as saying to Pilate—‘My ‘servants do not fight, therefore it is clear my kingdom is not ‘of this world, and therefore, also, it is clear that my kingdom is ‘not from hence.’ Our own view of the text is, that our Lord is to be understood as saying—‘My kingdom is not of this ‘world; this you may infer beyond doubt, seeing that my ser-‘vants do not fight; and this has happened now, because what-‘ever may have been the admixture of the secular and the spiritual ‘in my kingdom heretofore, from this time nothing of worldly ‘coercion is to have any place in it.’ This rendering gives in-  
telligibility to the whole passage, but that to which Mr. Birks attaches so much value leaves it subject to the charge of unmeaning and vain repetition. Christ, as the Angel of the Covenant, the Angel Jehovah, and the Messenger of the Covenant who should come to his temple as a purifier, was the head of the Jewish theocracy; but that state of things had now passed, and the purely spiritual economy had come. This may have been to touch upon themes beyond Pilate's comprehension, but the shadowy greatness which this language tended to throw about the Son of God was not adapted to lead the Roman governor to think more highly of him than he should have thought.

The objection, that the contrast in our view of the text makes

the Jewish Theocracy to be of the world, whereas it was of God, is manifestly an oversight. Mr. Birks must be aware that the dispensation of the Law is frequently spoken of as ‘worldly, carnal, and beggarly,’ in comparison with the dispensation of the Spirit, though the former dispensation was divine as certainly as the latter.

We may add, also, that if Mr. Birks’ interpretation in this case were conceded, his argument would not seem to be materially served by it, inasmuch as he admits, that the passage, even in his view of it, is an emphatic announcement of ‘the *unworldly* origin of our Lord’s kingdom.’ Unhappily, even these pregnant words, as used by Mr. Birks, have a hidden meaning, which destroys the value of the concession apparently contained in them—the real import of them being no more than that there are *certain respects* in which the church of Christ should be ‘unworldly,’ while there are other respects in which the more of worldly alliance and authority she can be made to embrace the better. But of this we shall see more as we proceed.

### III. The great object of Mr. Birks is to ascertain the Duty of Rulers, as such; and of Nations, as such, in reference to Religion.

There is one respect in which we deem the language of Mr. Birks on this subject highly exceptionable. It is assumed, throughout his treatise, that the wish to draw a distinct line between civil and sacred things, so as to restrict the province of the magistrate as accurately as may be to the former, must generally spring from what is called ‘Religious Indifference.’ So common is this manner of expression on the part of our author, and of many beside, that the terms—‘the Religious Indifference Theory’ have come to be commonly employed to denote the principles of persons who would limit the function of the civil magistrate to his own civil affairs. Now, Mr. Birks must know, that the parties who hold these principles are often among the most pious men of their times. But the general style of expression in this volume supposes nothing of the sort. Not to connect the Christian religion, and this in the author’s particular view of it, in some very obvious form with the office of the civil ruler, is to surrender that office to irreligion—to ally the functions of the state with atheism! For our own part, we are at a loss to discover, we will not say the eminent piety, but the common fairness of this manner of writing. Mr. Birks may rest assured, that however common such loose and inconsiderate language may be in connexions where the zeal of religionists outstrips their knowledge, it is not by such means that any salutary impression will be made on the mind of men of sense. The

cause, indeed, to which aid of this nature may seem to be congenial, must become suspicious from this circumstance, if from no other. Some years since, the amiables of our defunct Toryism raised a loud cry against the London University, as an institution which must be assuredly atheistical, because it was not formally Christian. More recently, the same bigot wail has been raised against the ‘Godless colleges’ in Ireland, by the inmates of the Vatican. We cannot account this reasoning ingenuous come whence it may. We are not men of this creed. We are satisfied that the things which belong to Cæsar may be kept distinct from the things which belong to God. We believe that men may wish to see these things kept distinct, not from indifference to religious truth, but from a special reverence towards such truth. They may not only be convinced that to secure this state of separateness to divine truth would be to do according to the will of its author, but they may see, or imagine that they see, a fitness and beauty in such an adjustment. It may be little in accordance with their feeling as relating to the sacredness pertaining to religious things, that they should be exposed to contact with the coarseness and broil of a world the temper and pursuits of which are so little in harmony with anything really Christian. Now that men should be solemnly conscious that it is this reverence of truth, this sympathy with the higher spiritualities of truth, which constrains them to take their position as opposed to that mixture of civil things with sacred, for which Mr. Birks so earnestly pleads; and that they should, nevertheless, find their principles put down to the score of ‘religious indifference,’ and even counted as so much ‘practical atheism,’—all this, we think, if the men are not really Christians, must cause them to feel that they greatly need the patience of Christians. Mr. Birks is fully aware of these facts; and we complain that he should have written, with little exception, as though he were ignorant of them, and that he should thus have lent the influence of his name and example to a practice so fraught with injustice.

But, as we have stated, Mr. Birks aims to restrict his argument to what should be the conduct of civil rulers with regard to religion, on the assumption of their being Christians; and also to what should be the conduct of nations in that respect on the same assumption in their case. According to our author, there are three stages in the magistrate’s duty in reference to religion. He should profess the true religion personally; he should give to it his sanction socially as embodied in a church; and he should endow it from the public funds. It is in the following terms that Mr. Birks distinguishes between these several grades of obligation:—

‘National religion, in its widest and most general sense, is distinct

from the national establishment of a church, and this is distinct, in its turn, from state pensions or endowments. The first implies, simply, the great doctrine that kings and rulers, in their official character, should own the supreme authority of Christ, receive and welcome his word for their highest law, and resort openly to its example and precepts for the great lessons of national wisdom. The second implies a further doctrine, that rulers should recognise the visible church, as Christ's own ordinance for the spread of divine truth; that they should publicly own themselves its members, and co-operate with its efforts to spread that saving and wholesome truth among the body of the people. A state endowment implies further, that some part of the public revenues are legally devoted to the maintenance of Christ's ministers, and to support ordinances of public worship. Thus national religion, whether practicable or not, is quite conceivable without a national establishment; and an establishment, in turn, might easily exist without any state endowment. On the other hand, public endowment may be given to various creeds, where the establishment of them is openly disclaimed. They are then acts of mere infidel expediency, and neither of true or false religion.

'There are thus three distinct stages in the progress from the general duty to its practical application. The further we advance beyond first principles, the more various are the difficulties that will naturally arise. The obligation to do public homage and reverence to God, when we treat of establishments, is complicated with all the sins, divisions, and corruptions of the visible church; and when we pass on to actual state endowments, involves many other social questions of a most delicate kind, where there may be large room for the exercise of a wise expediency.'—pp. 77, 78.

Now, with regard to the first principle implied in this passage, and so fully stated and discussed elsewhere—viz., that it is the duty of the civil ruler to whom the gospel comes, that he should receive it, and make an open profession of it—on this point there is no room for debate, in the case of persons who hold the gospel to be of divine origin, and to be adequately attested. The material point to be settled between Mr. Birks and ourselves in this connexion relates to the capacity in which this profession should be made. Should it be the profession of the *magistrate* or of the *man*? Should it belong to his office that he should profess himself a Christian, or should it belong to his Christianity that, without such formal profession of it, it should really sanctify his office? Mr. Birks insists that every Christian man, on becoming a civil ruler, should give a marked prominence to his profession of Christianity in connexion with his office: He should declare, we are told, that he holds his office from Christ, that he means to exercise it in obedience to the laws of Christ, and to the furtherance of all Christian ends. Not to do this, it is argued, must be, on the part of a Christian ruler,

to be ashamed of Christ, to conceal the truth, to lower the standard of Christian duty, out of deference to the coldness or scorn of the worldly and the infidel, and to leave the domain of the state subject to the influence of maxims which, disguise them as we may, are so much of the leaven of atheism.

On this ground we differ widely from Mr. Birks. We regard the kind of profession for which he pleads as unnecessary. Nor is this all; it would be a piece of formalism, which, in such circumstances as have characterised the history of society in this world hitherto, and which bid fair to characterise it for a long time to come, must not only prove barren of all real good, but must be productive of a large amount of moral and religious mischief. Nothing, we think, can be more clear than that the religious profession or predilections of men may be known as well, or even much more certainly, without any such religious test than with it. Nothing of this kind is needed to a man's admission as a member of the English House of Commons; nevertheless, the position of every man in that assembly, in regard to religion or irreligion, is known and notorious. What could any particular form of profession do to make us better acquainted with the real position, in this respect, of Mr. Butterworth, the Methodist; Mr. Pease, the Quaker; Mr. Baines, the Congregationalist; Mr. O'Connell, the Catholic; or Sir Robert Harry Inglis, the High-churchman? Were our established churches to disappear to-morrow, these distinctions would remain, and men would go to the House of Commons, with their religion or irreligion as little a secret as it would be if labelled on their persons in characters as large as the figures on the clock in their place of assembly. What is thus true of functionaries in the House of Commons is true of functionaries in a county, in a borough, and everywhere. If the object of the sort of profession demanded by Mr. Birks be, that all the 'weight of character belonging to the Christian who is called to the office of civil ruler shall be given to Christianity, this end is as certainly secured, and more freely and ingenuously secured, upon what our author calls 'the religious indifference theory' than upon his own church-establishment theory. No mistake can be greater than to suppose that the absence of this formal sort of profession must spring from shame, fear, or unfaithfulness to truth. Has there been anything of this timid, treacherous concealment of opinion in the case of the men we have named—in Butterworth, Pease, Baines, O'Connell, or Sir Robert Harry Inglis? Every one knows that what these men have been, as religionists, has been proclaimed as on the house-tops; but in no case, if we except, perhaps, Sir Robert Harry Inglis, have they avowed their religious belief in the manner required by

Mr. Birks. It will not be pretended that the kind of profession insisted on is needed as a means of instruction to the Omniscient, and as little can it be made to appear as necessary to any useful purpose among men. All men who receive the gospel should profess it; but it is of infinitely greater moment that this profession should be one pervading their whole life, than that it should come before us in particular and formal acts; and we cannot but account those views as singularly narrow and feeble, in which the profession of the life seems to pass for nothing, and profession in particular acts to be everything.

Nor can we suppose that Mr. Birks has looked to the principle on which his argument rests, in this instance, with due attention. If acted upon at all, it should be acted upon consistently, and it will then lead to results which our author does not appear to foresee, but which have legitimately followed from it. His main principle is, that the highest obligations of man have respect to God; that religion, accordingly, should be the great business of life; and that with all the subordinate pursuits of life, religion should have, not only a real, but a perceptible, formal, and open connexion. Every subordinate duty should not only be performed in harmony with this higher form of duty, but in visible and avowed subserviency to it. This is the mode, according to Mr. Birks, in which we should ‘do all things to the glory of God.’ Thus the magistrate is described as ‘the minister of God for good;’ and as religion is the highest form of good, it is concluded that the office of the magistrate should be eminently religious.

‘The Divine command—Do all things to the glory of God—is exceedingly plain and simple; and no distinctions of men can exclude its authority from the bench of justice, the halls of legislation, or the high places of royal power. All of these ought alike to be hallowed by a *direct* and *open* submission to the word of Christ, and made *openly subordinate to that great work wherein He is glorified, the redemption and salvation of immortal souls.* Whenever this aim is publicly renounced, the pestilence of national Atheism has appeared, there is wrath gone out from the Lord, the plague is begun.’—p. 207.

We do not stop just now to examine the validity of this reasoning, we shall merely glance at some of its consequences.

One thing is clear; this principle does not apply to Christians as magistrates, more than to Christians in all other conditions. Professional men, merchants, tradesmen, mechanics, labourers—all are as much bound, in their capacity as such, to profess themselves Christians, as is the civil ruler. It is as true of every one of these that their highest obligations are religious, as it is true of the magistrate. Hence the acts of the state should

not be more studiously and openly connected with the profession of religion, than the labours of the village ploughman, or the handiwork of the village cobbler. Accordingly, this Oriental,—this theocratic principle, to which Mr. Birks cleaves with so much affection, has been actually carried to this extent. In Asia and Egypt, the priesthood, the army, the artisans, the agriculturists, have all been so many religious castes, divided and subdivided almost without end, the ceremonies of religion being made to mingle with all the minutiae of social life. Can Mr. Birks really mean to say that things should be forced into this shape among ourselves? Certainly, it is to such an issue that his reasoning would conduct him. In his view, to do any one thing, without being less careful about doing it, than about making a profession of religion as the doer of it, would be to neglect the most imperative form of duty—to become a practical atheist. Our neighbour, Mr. James, the solicitor, acquits himself intelligently and honourably as a lawyer; and no less trustworthy in his province is our friend, Dr. Harris, the physician. Richard Jones, in the Broad-street, is a vendor of boots and shoes, and sells a good article at a fair price; and so is it with his kinsman, Thomas Brown, the hatter; and with William Jenkins, the tailor. Now, in our simplicity, we should have supposed that our business with these several parties would have had respect to the character of each in his particular avocation, and that the theology—the religious profession of these persons, would be deemed a matter wholly different and distinct. In the proper time and place, theology and the profession of it may be important, but that the processes of law and physic, and those of making boots, hats, and vestments, should be mixed up with religious formalities, this is a course of proceeding the necessity or expediency of which we cannot understand. Not so our friend Mr. Birks. To him the civil ruler, who can be content to administer justice equally between man and man, without professing himself a Christian, is an abomination. So, by parity of reasoning, the shoe-maker who does not dispense theology with his leather, or the tailor who does not give some mark of his religious profession to the article which he fabricates, comes to be, in the eyes of our author, a personification of the apostasy of the latter days! Such men may be really pious men, punctual in their church-going or chapel-going, regular in their attendance at prayer-meetings, and liberal in their support of religious institutions; but, according to the theory of Mr. Birks, all this can avail them nothing, so long as their Christianity is thus comparatively personal and private, and not connected by open and formal profession with their

particular professions or callings. You may imagine a nation of men thus pious, and if you suppose their profession of Christianity to be made by them simply as men, and not as men in particular vocations, the principle of Mr. Birks would require him to describe them as a nation of atheists. This follows inevitably, from the assumption that the vocation of magistracy should be thus described, when the magistrate, as such, does not profess himself a Christian. In the light of such a principle, the proprietors in a joint-stock bank, or in any other commercial speculation, should never presume on making their secular object their main one, but should remember that their first duty in their corporate capacity must be to profess themselves Christians; the next, to see that their corporate influence may be made to subserve the diffusion of Christianity; and that their last and least solicitude must be about the success of the particular scheme of profit or loss which has brought them into association. What value should be attached to a principle in relation to magistracy which leads to results so childish and absurd in general society, we leave our readers to judge.

But it is not about the absurdity of the consequences to which this principle conducts us that we make our chief complaint. Consequences such as we have pointed out take more or less of their own remedy along with them. We complain of the principle adverted to as resting on views of human nature which fail to do justice to the moral worth reserved to it, even in its fallen state; which favour narrow and false conceptions of Christian theology; and which minister not a little to a pharisaic pride in a large class of religious professors. The practice of describing everything in human nature apart from the regenerating power of the gospel as being so much pure evil, belonging to the world and to Satan,—a practice to which the style of Mr. Birks lends too much sanction,—may be in accordance with the loose style of expression common on this subject, but it is a practice by no means in harmony with the doctrine of Scripture, if the language of Scripture be taken in its full variety and compass. That man is by nature an alienated and lost being, in so far as regards spiritual religion, we admit; but that the world, fallen as it is, has its standard, and a standard in a good degree accurate, as regards the true, the just, the pure and the lovely, is the clear doctrine of the New Testament. Even the men who seem to deny this conclusion are firm believers in it. They see in their children, and in many whom they regard as unconverted, much which they sincerely esteem and love. Now, the manner of writing which seems not to suppose anything of this nature, and which consigns all that is not

positively Christian, as with one sweep, to the domain of Satan, is not only wanting in discrimination, it is grossly unjust, and has contributed largely to strengthen that disgust with which men of the world are known to regard not a few of the professors of evangelical religion. The magistrate is the minister of God for good, and if the good conferred by him be restricted to the social and moral good which fall naturally within his province, that good may be of large amount. The conclusion that the term ‘good,’ as used in this connexion, must embrace religious good, is a mere assumption; and an assumption which has sprung in great part from the want of clearly perceiving how much good may fall to the province of the magistrate, even though religious good should be judged as being beyond his sphere. The moral good reserved to human nature since the fall is as truly a gift of God as is the grace which is destined to restore this nature to its original purity. Religious worth is of God, but moral worth is also of God, and to be inobservant of this fact must be to defraud the beneficence of the Most High of its due. This inobservance, however, is a very common fault in our popular evangelical theology. It is not sufficiently remembered that human nature has its ethies and its responsibilities anterior to any influence coming upon it from the gospel, and that if these ethies and responsibilities are not evangelical, as little are they ‘Godless.’ They are laws which suppose a law-maker, a ruler, a judge—in a word, a theology.

Our readers, then, will be careful to observe, that we fully admit the maxim that every man who hears the gospel should receive it, and receiving it should profess it. But we maintain further, that the ground on which Mr. Birks requires that this profession should be made by the civil ruler in his capacity as such, would require that it should be made by men in all other cases in their civil capacities, as lawyers, mechanics, or the like, and that carried thus fairly out, it would land us in absurdity and mischief without end.

But in the passage last cited, our author states that if a nation could be brought to act upon his principle in this particular, governors being brought to profess Christianity after the manner he requires, there might be national religion without a national establishment of religion; and, further, that there might then be a national establishment without a public endowment. What Mr. Birks intends by a national establishment without a public endowment, is thus stated—‘That rulers should recognise the ‘visible church as Christ’s own ordinance for the spread of ‘divine truth; that they should publicly own themselves its ‘members; and co-operate with its efforts to spread that saving

' and wholesome truth among the body of the people.' Now, if what the ruler does in this case be done by him, not as a part of his office, but in the discharge of his duty as a Christian man, without infringing on the rights of other men by oppressions or partialities, we see nothing in such an establishment to which objection may be taken, except that some surprise may well be expressed that the term 'establishment' should be deemed applicable to an accident of this nature. For, in this view, the United States have an established religion, though it must be supposed to change as often as the religion of the president is known to change. But Mr. Birks intends something more than this—his meaning is, that what is thus done by the Ruler should be done by him officially, and to this we object, as being, on the grounds before stated, unnecessary to the end proposed by it; and as a course of proceeding which necessarily tends to generate favouritism and wrong, disposing Rulers to 'do evil that good may come,'—in other words, to make light of violating the laws of natural equity for religious reasons; pleading what is presumed to be special in the Gospel, against what is immutable and eternal in the great law—'Whatsoever ye would that men should do unto you, do ye even so unto them.' Lord Mansfield, indeed, on a memorable occasion, declared dissenting churches to be 'established' churches—meaning, however, no more than that they were placed, in respect to freedom and property, under the protection of law. But this is to be established only in the sense in which hospitals and theatres may be said to be established; and with all deference to Mr. Birks, and even to so high an authority as Lord Mansfield, we must say that we always look with distrust on the use of old words in new senses. By an established church, in conventional usage, we understand a church which the state endows, and otherwise distinguishes by special privileges: and it is a great mistake to suppose that our author, in pleading for anything short of this, is pleading for that with which he would be satisfied. In the view of Mr. Birks, that rulers, as such, should profess themselves Christians, is good; that they should become zealous members of the true church is better; but that they should enrich the church from the treasures of the state, and raise her sons to be the monopolists of civil privileges, is best of all—and it is here that Mr. Birks and ourselves are thoroughly at issue. The following passage will suffice to indicate the ground on which this supposed duty of the magistrate is founded in the treatise before us.

'The civil magistrate who believes in God, and reverences his word, is bound to be guided by the truths and maxims of Scripture, in all

his efforts to execute justice, and to secure property and life by the punishment of open crime. But his duty ranges over a wider field. He is the minister of God for good. By whatever means the power has been conferred upon him, it is a trust from the Most High for the benefit of the people. The claims of religion include, therefore, not only the maxims of criminal justice, and the direct duties of national worship, but the whole field of political economy, in the various efforts to be made for the temporal prosperity of the whole nation. That rulers are bound, by their office, to such efforts, is the universal voice of conscience. Whether there be rumours of war without, or of famine at home, fresh openings for commerce, or occasion for advancing the nation's glory, all men look instinctively to those who hold the reins of power, and feel it is the one main part of their office to avert the evil, or to secure the hoped-for benefit. To renounce these duties would be almost to abdicate their dignity, and prove them unworthy of so responsible and weighty a trust.

'Now, here the general laws of Christian duty when applied to the case of rulers, leads us to two further conclusions of high importance. We infer from them that his aim ought not to be, as many conceive, barely to secure property and life by motives of compulsion and fear. The wise distribution of wealth, and its right improvement, should be the objects of his policy far more than its mere accumulation. Even in his efforts to secure the temporal prosperity of the nation, he needs religious truth, and its open confession, to qualify him for the task. But he is bound also to aim at still nobler objects. To supply the real wants of the soul even more than those of the body, must be the standard of his legislation, and the practical object of his desires, that he may approve himself a faithful minister and servant of the God of Heaven. The soul has its famine, worse than that of the body: and they are not the parents, but step-mothers of the state, which can look on idly with unconcern, while power is in their hands, and still the people are perishing for lack of knowledge.'

Here, it will be seen, the power at the disposal of civil rulers is regarded as a trust for which they are responsible—a conclusion to which, within certain limits, no objection can be taken. But then it is assumed that the power of these men, as rulers, is as much subject to their pleasure as any simply personal influence of which they may be possessed. It is further laid down as a maxim, that the human interests which are deemed the most weighty, are those in relation to which the exercises of this power should be apportioned on the largest scale. Now all admit that men's spiritual interests greatly outweigh their temporal interests; and hence it is concluded that the chief business even of rulers is not so much to give security to persons and property, as to save souls! Every magistrate, accordingly, should be in effect a priest more than a magistrate. Every assembly of legislators should be a con-

clave rather than a senate. Every bench of justices should be an array of theologians rather than of civilians. In so speaking, we do not in the least degree exaggerate, for, as will be seen, according to the scheme of Mr. Birks, these functionaries exist not as having charge of any particular interest, but of all our interests, and as parties who are to be concerned with our highest interest in due proportion more than with our lowest.

The fallacy in this reasoning comes from two sources—partly from the assumption of a strict parallel, as regards responsibility, between private influence and official authority: and partly from the assumption which virtually says—that inasmuch as our religious interests are our great interest, men should never give themselves, either separately or conjointly, to any undertaking, without carefully providing that what they do shall partake of such a connexion with religion as to become more spiritual than temporal in its purport, more ecclesiastical than social. These premises, it must be admitted, are quite wide enough for their purpose. They will suffice to embrace civil establishments of religion in any number and to any extent. Hildebrand himself could hardly have coveted more sea-room. Unfortunately, they embrace so much more than is necessary, that if this be the only ground on which such establishments may rest, their fall is inevitable. These premises not only provide that the church and the state shall be united, but that they shall be identical, and that the secular interest and authority shall not only be everywhere allied with, but everywhere subordinate to the religious.

With regard to public authority, it often comes to men upon conditions, and in this case it is their own, only in the degree in which such conditions may have ceded it to them. They are responsible for its exercise only to the extent thus defined. Even where authority shall seem to be the most absolute, there is no precluding of difficulty, when might in the governing becomes the antagonist of right in the governed. But of this more presently, just now we must deal with the second branch of this fallacy—that which identifies the religious with the secular, giving a strong ascendancy to the former in everything belonging to government. Everything we have said in opposition to this principle, as intended to show that the profession of Christianity should be a part of the official duty of rulers, applies with equal force to the attempt now made to show, on the same ground, that the magistrate should employ the powers of the state to propagate his religious creed, even more than to subserve any other end. We have seen, that if, upon the principle of Mr. Birks, it be the duty of the magistrate, as such, to profess him-

self a Christian, then it must be equally the duty of all men in their respective professions and callings to do the same, their creed and worship being matters at least as open and notorious as the vocations by which they earn their bread, the latter never being allowed to stand before the public eye separate from the former. How this is to be done, whether by giving the requisite insignia a conspicuous position on the brass-plate or the sign-board, or by any other happy invention, is not for us to determine. But the thing must be done, if consistency is to be preserved; and on the same ground of consistency, if, for the reason stated, the great mission of government be a religious mission, then, for the same reason, to uphold and propagate the Christian faith should be the great object of all the conjoint and private enterprises of mankind. Religious rites should be connected with all secular pursuits, and religious ends should be the great object of such pursuits. If no government consisting of Christian men should be occupied in things purely or mainly secular, then no private person, no corporate body should be so occupied. If the one party in this case should be branded as atheistical, so should the other. Every partnership should take place on the ground of a confession of faith, and the publication of the compact should give the required announcement as to the edifying harmony of religious opinions subsisting among the members of the firm. Every larger association for similar ends, as in the instituting of a gas company, or the conducting of traffic beyond the seas, should proceed by the same steps, care being taken by all concerned to give proof that they have felt it to be imperative to make open profession of their Christianity in connexion with their particular undertaking; and to assure all men that while they may not be wholly unmindful of the gain to be realized by such means, their chief object in being so employed, is to be known as a religious association, existing to seek the conversion of souls, and that to this end their premises will be found to embrace all the requisites for conducting religious services, for the distribution of religious publications, and other means of Christian usefulness. No man, we should suppose, can have thought at all on this subject, without seeing all this as following from the principle, that because religion is a more important thing in itself than any other thing, it should be a more prominent thing than any other in all that men do.

Indeed, one might well conclude, that the slightest effort of thought would have suggested a different notion,—viz: that this transcendent importance of religion should be taken as a reason for keeping it distinct, rather than for confounding it, after this manner, with all sorts of meaner things. Mr. Birks, indeed,

argues that there is scarcely anything men are called to do that will not be better done if the men are possessed of Christian intelligence and principle. Supposing other things to be equal, the truth of this statement will, we presume, be generally admitted. But a mere infusion of the spirit and principle of Christianity into all that men do, is not enough to satisfy our author. To escape his brand of cowardice and atheism, the alliance of the heavenly with the earthly must be visible, formal, unmistakeable. Now, to this we object, not merely because we see, or think we see, that its effect would be to overwhelm us with a world of cant and hypocrisy, but because we hold the presumptive evidence to be very strong, that a civil government, having so much to do with the material interests of men, is, for this reason, very unlikely to be the most fitting agency to regulate and advance their spiritual interests. The men commonly work the best who do one thing at a time: skill comes not from combining many crafts into one, but from breaking them up more and more into departments. To divide in this manner, is to conquer: the whole is well done, by providing that the parts shall be well done. If a man who should be skilled in drawing up a conveyance, must aim to be no less skilled in sketching a landscape after the manner of Turner, or in drawing a figure after the manner of Raphael, we know what the result is likely to be: the bad doings on parchment will very likely be matched by the badness of what is done on the canvas. So of a thousand instances that might be enumerated. But this reasoning extends further—it prepares us to ask, is it probable that statesmen, the men who must be conversant with all sorts of questions about the worldly, will be the fittest persons to place in the chair of authority with regard to the whole range of questions pertaining to the unworldly? Is it not probable, that if the ends of government be made to comprehend both these departments, the result will be, as in the case of the man who, in aiming to be both lawyer and artist, failed to become either? Certain it is, that the material appliances which are adapted to secure the material good of a community, are widely different in their nature from those spiritual means which can alone conduce to its spiritual good. Civil government, accordingly, may be an eminently good instrument as used for civil purposes, and an *eminently bad* one as applied to purposes of another nature—the purposes of religion. It may know well enough how to determine about forms of law, and make a sorry business of it when meddling with forms of worship. It may be competent to judge of tariffs, and in the same degree incompetent to judge concerning niceties in theological doctrine. To know what is contained in Magna Charta, or the Bill of Rights, is within their

province; not so the canons of the first four general councils, the decrees of the popes, or the dispute about investitures. It will be perceived, then, that it may not be impolicy, but practical wisdom, sound philosophy, a high estimate of the spirituality of true religion, which disposes some persons to plead for securing the control of religion to men who are themselves religious, and which disposes them to plead further, as for a necessary preliminary to this end, that there shall be a strongly marked line preserved between the secular things which belong to all men, and the spiritual things which belong only to good men.

But the theory of Mr. Birks is not only at variance with the *purity* of religion, it is no less at variance with its *freedom*. It is in vain for our author to remind us that his argument is restricted to the duty of rulers who are Christians, for if you once make the duty required to be one belonging not simply to the man, but to the office, it will be impossible to distinguish between magistrates possessing piety and magistrates devoid of it, or between those who will employ their authority on the side of the true religion, and those who will employ it on the side of the false. Mr. Birks is an evangelical clergyman, and according to his views of religion, the great majority of civil rulers, even in nominally Christian nations, have not been Christians; and that these men should have professed themselves Christians as a condition of office, would of course have been so much religious hypocrisy. But such as the majority of persons called to civil offices have been in this respect, such they are only too likely to continue. Let the principle of Mr. Birks be enforced, and the rule will be, that the profession made will be insincere, as an exception only will it be virtuous. Now, a principle which takes with it more vice than virtue, must be either bad in itself, or bad from the circumstances in which it is applied. If the profession is to be efficient, it should be general, as general as the possession of office, and we see what the effect in this case would be.

But as the recognition of a Christian profession, in connexion with the office of the magistrate at all, requires that the recognition should extend to all cases, so we must maintain, notwithstanding all Mr. Birks has said to the contrary, that if the Christian magistrate is bound to use his authority to sustain and propagate the religious doctrine he believes to be true, so must it be with the magistrate who is not a Christian. It avails not to assume, as our author everywhere does, that the orthodox Christian doctrine is the true doctrine, and that all beside is false, and then to pour forth his conclusions and appeals as though the whole question were settled. In fact it has not been

touched ; the real question lies further back. It is one thing for a man to be convinced that the orthodox Christian doctrine is what Mr. Birks supposes, and another for him to assume infallibility on that point, and by presuming to anticipate a future judgment, to take upon him the office of the Omniscient. If we regard the conviction of the civil ruler in respect to truth and error as his proper guide in one case, we see not why it should not be so regarded in all cases. This question does not begin with a settled distinction between what is true and what is false, but rather with an inquiry as to the place due to the personal convictions of the magistrate when he proceeds to legislate on matters of religion. Mr. Birks insists that these convictions should be a law to the Christian ruler, but that they must be sin to the ruler who is not a Christian. Now, if it can be indeed shown that the men who are supposed to hold the truth have a right to assume that those who adopt error must have adopted it from bad motives, and that this being beyond doubt, it belongs to the former class to punish, directly or indirectly, the said motives in the latter : if this can be demonstrated, let demonstration be made. But we scarcely need say, that nothing of this kind has been made out by our author.

We admit that the man who adopts error, when the choice between truth and error is fairly placed before him, must be presumed to make his selection from some defective or faulty motive ; but to maintain that to take cognizance of such motives, and to visit them with penalty, belongs to the province of government, is assuredly to avow a principle broad enough to sanction the most atrocious persecution. It is, in fact, the principle on which Rome has based her most monstrous proceedings, and which has its place at the root of the many wrongs which protestants have inflicted on each other. Mr. Birks, of course, shrinks from this consequence of his principle ; but such consequences are certainly involved in it. If the magistrate is to take cognizance of motives at all, who shall determine the extent of that cognizance ? If he is to attach penalty of any kind to delinquency in this shape, who shall put a limit to that penalty ? Mr. Birks would restrict this interference to opinions or proceedings accounted dangerous to the order and to the general moral and religious feeling of the community. But does he not perceive, that those hard names which he now applies to the principles of dissenters, because they do not reach to this extent, are precisely those which Romanists would apply to his own, as halting, at best, some half-way between the wide licence of the protestant sectary and the rigorous but more wholesome discipline of the Vatican ?

Mr. Birks would be content to make the orthodox believers monopolists of civil offices, the endowed favourites of the state, taxing the excluded classes with moderation for the benefit of the included, and permitting considerable liberty of prophesying even to erroneous teachers. But in all this, the more consistent catholic would see a maudlin attempt to satisfy the claims of the world and the church, and a base betrayal of the true interests of both. In common with our author, the catholic maintains that, ‘to propagate falsehoods—especially falsehoods that affect men’s eternal interests—is never a duty, but always a sin’; and, unlike our author, he is prepared to act to the full on this maxim, consigning heretics to the dungeon and the flames as murderers—the murderers of souls! This is strictly reasonable, inasmuch as spiritual offences being so much more fraught with evil consequences than temporal offences, the punishment should be proportionately greater, if we suppose the adjustment of that to be left to the wisdom and authority of any human tribunal. But the fact that offences of this nature cannot be analysed or comprehended by such a tribunal, is enough to warrant the conclusion that the province of human governments is not to take cognisance of opinions so much as to repress the disorders which are found to result from them. In this latter department it is found competent to its office, in the former it must err at every step.

In the chapter which Mr. Birks entitles, ‘On the claims of private conscience,’ an attempt is made to show the consistency of the church establishment principle with a due regard to these claims.

‘And first,’ he writes, ‘the very existence of conscience depends on a deeper truth, the immutable contrast of right and wrong, of moral good and moral evil. That its right may be kept inviolate among the people, the state must publicly own the foundation on which they rest.

‘Where the state is neutral to all religious truth, such an acknowledgment is made impossible. To deny the being of a God is to deny a supreme lawgiver. To deny the moral lawgiver is to deny the laws of holiness which flow from Him, as their eternal fountain. To deny all moral laws is to deprive conscience of every possible object, and degrades its voice into a mere whisper of fancy, or the secret suggestions of interest or self-will.’—p. 470.

This passage may be taken as a sample of the misconception and ‘confusion of thought’ which we find in nearly every page of this volume. It is the too frequent manner of Mr. Birks, to describe the principles of an opponent in these extravagant and unwarrantable terms, and then to occupy himself in demolishing

the work of his own imagination. Certainly, if the state, apart from the church, must be the absurd atheistical thing which the above passage sets forth, the sooner it is brought into company that may improve it the better. But what advocate of the separation of the church from the state has ever regarded the state when thus conditioned as an institute, denying ‘moral laws—the moral Lawgiver—the being of a God?’ Look to the courts in which laws are made, or in which they are administered, in the United States, and can any man fail to perceive that to describe those courts as repudiating ‘moral laws—a moral Lawgiver—and a God,’ would be an outrage of language—a calumny? If Mr. Birks does not intend things of this nature, then we complain that he should so often write as though he did intend them. Were the church in this country separated from all alliance with the state, we should regard the state in that condition of separateness as a great moral instrument, designed to ascertain and enforce those moral laws, which are everywhere supposed in the relations between man and man; these laws we should regard as further supposing the existence of a Lawgiver and Moral Governor—a God. These moral—we may say, these religious elements, would suffice to do what Mr. Birks reckons as so important to be done by government—viz., to keep up the light and force of natural conscience in the community—at least in so far as relates to those social duties which embrace the social welfare, and which it is the special province of government to enforce.

We concede to Mr. Birks, that the doctrine of conscience in connexion with this argument is often grossly misunderstood. But here, again, it is one thing for our author to refute the real doctrine at issue, and another to demolish some polemical misconception of it. We are scarcely more disposed than Mr. Birks to subscribe to the abstract and extreme representations of Professor Vinet on this subject. His language, with all admission of the eminent ability of the writer, has too much of the French swell and absoluteness about it for our taste. We believe, that in morals, the state has, and ought to have, a conscience; and that each individual has, and ought to have, a conscience; and one of the profoundest problems of social policy relates to the best method of bringing this social conscience and this individual conscience into the greatest degree of harmony. The state as such has to deal with the distinctions of right and wrong, and it should deal with them conscientiously. So of individuals. But to secure harmony here something of compromise is always necessary. The social conscience, as it comes forth in the acts of a legislative assembly, presents not

the individual, but the average, judgment of that assembly. So in an agreement between this average judgment of the governing, and the private judgment of the governed, there must always be something of concession. In social affairs, agreement without compromise—that is, agreement in the main, without some disagreement in respect to what is subordinate—is unknown. Set up the plea of each man's conscience as an absolute law, and you declare society to be impossible. Nor do we admit this plea in religion any more than in morals. Conscience is the one faculty to judge of all right and of all wrong. We sin against conscience when we do wrong in morals, no less than when we do wrong in religion. The plea of conscience, accordingly, is not a whit more sacred in the latter case than in the former. When Paul said that if eating meat would cause his brother to offend he would not eat meat while the world stood, he could never have meant that every scruple of a weak conscience must be as a law to the strong conscience, for that would be to make the strong everywhere the slaves of the weak, and to doom even the weak to a perpetual anarchy among themselves. We have known some amiable people to whom this plea of conscience has been quite a god-send. It has always come very conveniently to their aid when their sweet tempers have prompted them to be more than usually indulgent in malice and evil speaking. Of course it never occurs to these egotists to consider whether every other man may not have a conscience as well as themselves, and whether, in attempting to thrust their own conscience into the place of the conscience of their neighbour, they may not become chargeable with the very soul of tyranny.

But we demur, for the reasons stated, to any meddling on the part of the conscience of the state with matters of religion, except it may be to protect the general interests of society against the disorders which may grow up in it under religious pretexts. Of all the expedients, however, for bringing the state conscience on this subject into harmony with the private conscience, the one in the volume before us seems to be the least felicitous. It concedes enough of liberty to render a great diversity of judgment certain; and it retains enough of arbitrariness to ensure that the differences of opinion which it favours with one hand it will punish with the other. Henry VIII. summoned his people to think, by severing them from Rome, and giving them the English Bible, and then sent them to the stake for presuming to think differently from himself. It is too much thus with Mr. Birks: he would allow considerable liberty of thought and utterance, such as cannot fail to generate great variety of opinion,

but he would confine the offices and emoluments of the state to those who may happen to think as the state thinks, subjecting all the rest to proscription as regards such privileges. In our view, it would be difficult to devise a scheme better adapted to become the parent of envy and strife, and to stimulate conscience into a war against conscience from one end of the land to the other. Indeed, the more evangelical a man shall be in his creed, the more must he be out of place in advocating a civil establishment of Christianity; inasmuch as his scheme, to be consistent, must restrict the advantages of such an establishment to the smallest number, while all are to be taxed in its favour, and thus must inflict civil wrong on the largest scale, under religious pretexts.

Concerning the principles of the argument contained in this paper, there is little difference of opinion among dissenters. But dissenters are by no means of one mind concerning the best method of attempting to raise these principles to the place in society to which they deem them entitled. By one class, it is maintained, that the most earnest and systematic effort should be made to expose the errors and mischiefs of the church establishment theory. In the language of these persons, the dissenter who scruples about becoming a party to public debates and lectures, or to the most organized and the widest scheme of agitation to bring about a separation of the church from the state, is a man betraying a want of thorough attachment to dissenting principles, a want of consistency and courage, and as being, in effect, whatsoever he may be in purpose, an enemy to the advancement of a free and scriptural Christianity. The truth on this subject, it is said, should not only be retained but avowed, and not only avowed, but that with a spirit, and breadth, and constancy, that may suffice to distinguish this question as the great question of the age. Those who have contributed most, during some years past, to force this subject on the public attention, from the press or otherwise, laud each other in high terms, as having therin performed a signal service to their generation, and as having conferred the greatest honour and advantage on dissent, by exhibiting it as pledged to a demolition of all state establishments of religion, as to its great mission in behalf of religion and humanity. That the persons who express themselves in terms to this effect, really believe all this, and suppose that in doing as they have done, they have been engaged in the discharge of an eminent Christian duty, we cannot doubt.

But in the view of another party—and a party, as we conceive, not less numerous, though much less heard, than the former—this course of proceeding is, for the greater part, a

mistake. That men who hold dissenting principles as scriptural, should avow them, and act upon them, is admitted on all hands. But it is argued that the form and extent in which these principles should be urged on the notice of society at large, is a question to be determined, not only by the relative value of the principles themselves, but by circumstances. You grant, say the reasoners of this class, that it is not necessary to our being Christians that we should embrace the principles you describe; and from this admission it is clear that there are principles to which even anti-state-church doctrines are subordinate. It follows, accordingly, that there should be some special circumstances to warrant our giving, or seeming to give, a greater prominence to the principles in this connexion, in respect to which we differ from other Christians, than to those in which we agree, and from which we alike derive our Christianity.

It is manifest, however, say these parties, that not only are the circumstances that might warrant this disproportionate treatment of such principles wanting, but that there are other circumstances, the natural effect of which must be to render such a course highly injurious to the cause of those very principles, and a course by consequence the reverse of the dutiful. The wisest of teachers once said, 'I have many things to say to you, but you cannot bear them now.' The greatest of the apostles also writes, 'I have fed you with milk, and not with meat, for hitherto ye were not able to bear it, neither yet now are ye able.' The principle involved in these passages we act upon ceaselessly in the education of youth, and to a large extent in the instruction of persons of full age. So in society, there is often an immaturity of thought, and a strength of prejudice in a wrong direction, demanding that even truth should be propounded to it with caution and forethought. The church-establishment principle among us is old as our national history. The system with which it is allied is rooted and intermingled with all our institutions. It is blended with nearly every historical association, and, to a large extent, with our customs and sympathies as a people. The existing ecclesiastical system may embrace much inconsistency, superstition, and error; but in the judgment of a majority of the English nation, and of a vast preponderance of the intelligence, wealth, and rank of the nation, the good of the system far outweighs its evil. Convinced, however, as this majority may be, that their church is such as to deserve the reverence and affection of our whole community, nevertheless, seeing that a part only—though much the greater and more influential part—is embraced within its pale, it is conceded that the community generally should not be taxed in favour of

this particular church beyond certain limits. Accordingly, the principle of nationality on behalf of the Church of England has been tacitly surrendered. The vast augmentation of her appliances of late years has been realized, not by means of increased taxation, but by means of her own zealous voluntaryism. This course has been dictated by sound policy, and by some regard to social justice. To declare that there ought not to be an established church at all, because there is a minority opposed to its principle, may be derided, as saying in effect, that no tax should be imposed, except on the basis of universal approval. But without entering on that topic, we maintain, that to tax a people in support of any institution approved only by a majority, on the same scale that might be just if it were approved by all, would be to convert majorities into tyrannies; and the Church of England has shown wisdom in her generation on this point. She has ceased, long since, to implore further pecuniary grants from Parliament. She is content to keep within the lines of her present defences; and so long as she is found to bear her faculties thus far meekly, abstaining in her general policy from any marked aggression on the quarters of dissent, so long she may calculate on unity within herself, and on considerable sympathy elsewhere.

Now the persons whose views of these questions we think we have fairly indicated in the above language, complain that these facts are not sufficiently remembered by those who are aiming at a speedy extinction of our established church. By telling our statesmen, and churchmen generally, that it is this, and nothing less than this, that they are seeking, they have taught those powerful parties to give forth their watchword—‘To your tents, O Israel!’ The result has been a multitude of defensive, precautionary, and aggressive measures in a voluntary shape, on the part of churchmen, before which it would have been indeed marvellous if dissent had not been greatly a loser. New churches, new normal schools, new school-houses, pastoral aid societies, and almost endless expedients have in consequence been devised for the purpose of cutting off supplies from the camp of nonconformity in every possible way, and of diffusing among the people a feeling favourable to the state of things by law established. Our cottages, the homes of our artisans, the garrets and cellars of our large towns and cities,—all are brought under the most systematic inspection, and are made to be sensible not only to the great supposed care of the church with regard to their spiritual welfare, but to the extent in which the

temporal wants of the necessitous may be relieved by the largesses at her disposal.

In defence of all this, continue these parties, the plea urged by churchmen is the most potent to which appeal can be made—the plea of self-preservation. No argument can take with it so much of the reasonable, and this we have given into the hands of our opponents. The dissenters, say these active clergy and laity, plainly tell us that they mean nothing less than the destruction of our church, as a state-allied and state-endowed establishment, and that this war to the knife may not be waged successfully against us, no effort or cost must be spared. In this view of the position of churchmen lies the secret of the zeal evinced by them for some years past; and the consequences to dissent have been just such as commonly ensue when the weak, more in rashness than discretion, challenge the strong to combat. It is not merely against numerical odds, but against odds still more formidable, in the shape of wealth, influence, and rank, that dissent has to make its way. Hence it has come to pass, that over the whole land the signs of progress among dissenters seem to be counterbalanced by the signs of decay. The antagonist influence is everywhere, as a grave impediment; and, in the case of not a few of our smaller interests, it is felt as an almost crushing weight. Nor have we reached the worst, probably, even now. The resources of churchism are not exhausted. Every new hostile movement will call forth more of its still latent power.

Beyond all this, is the effect of this policy upon ourselves. The energies that might have been directed successfully to the building up of our own churches, have been largely wasted in attempts to pull down what we condemn in the church of our neighbours. In this respect, we have inverted the scriptural and rational order of things, by aiming to make men dissenters, that they may become Christians, in place of aiming to make men Christians, leaving their becoming dissenters to be a question subsequent and subordinate. We thus take a false position in the public eye, as though we were more concerned to make men proselytes than to make them religious.

Even this, moreover, is not the worst form of reaction attendant on this mistaken course. Our familiarity with strife abroad has rendered us less scrupulous of indulging in it at home. Our churches, accordingly, have become restless, disputatious, and the seat of not a little of that acerbity of temper which is natural to men who feel that they are losing ground, and losing ground, in the main, through their own folly. With this exigency

comes an undue dependence on the pulpit. The preacher is expected to be so attractive, so potent, as to counteract this multitude of hostile influences directed against him and his flock, and if he be not a man of the rare power necessary to this end—an end little short of miracle—in comes discontent, and a childish hankering after change. Thus the policy so much applauded by some men, as being the very heroism of modern nonconformity, has entailed on this nonconformity two alarming evils—much external loss, and, as a natural consequence, internal discord and weakness.

Such, good readers, is a fair account, as we think, of the views adopted on this question by two large classes of dissenters. That these parties are alike honest in entertaining such views, we dare not doubt, and their different course of action is the natural result of that honesty. Without pledging ourselves entirely to the views of either of these parties, we scarcely need say that our own judgment is much more with the latter than the former. But we are far from regarding silence in this controversy as a duty, and we trust dissenters will be united in opposing all further grants of public money for religious purposes. We plead, however, that it should be left to each man's conscience to determine the best method by which to pursue right ends, even as to determine the difference between the right and the wrong in respect to ends themselves. We see enough of what is plausible in certain aspects of this question, and of another which has become unhappily mixed up with it, not to feel surprised that considerable difference of opinion should exist in relation to both. If we have complained somewhat of the course pursued by individuals towards us, we feel assured that our brethren generally will acquit us of having expressed or intended anything disrespectful towards them in any of the statements that have appeared in this journal on the topics adverted to. It has never been ours to attribute their conduct to the influence of unworthy passions or disreputable motives.

**ART. II.** (1.) *Industrial Schools, their Origin and Progress in Aberdeen.* By ALEXANDER THOMSON, of Banchory. 8vo. Aberdeen: George Davidson. 1847.

(2.) *A Plea for Ragged Schools.* By the Rev. THOMAS GUTHRIE. Edinburgh: Elder.

AMONG the objects of practical benevolence, by which our age is so largely characterized, we may place the Industrial schools of Scotland—or schools for the Destitute, as we venture to call them, in distinction from schools of a very different nature, which have been considerably known in England under the former title. Regarding our outcast youth as possessing susceptibilities that may be influenced and educated, so as to raise them to a state of physical, intellectual, and moral improvement, the founders of these institutions aim at this object by means of the reclaiming influence of the law of kindness. They appeal to the better feeling of the young heart, and by the force of pure motives endeavour to bring it under practical and salutary control. Thus constituted, these humble seminaries are becoming nurseries to virtue, and tributaries to religion. We feel disposed, therefore, to submit to our readers some account of the history and claim of Schools for the Destitute. If we mistake not, these institutions go far towards answering a weighty and perplexing question—viz., *how may our means of popular instruction be made to reach the most homeless and outcast portion of youth found in all our large towns and cities?*

The first Industrial school was formed in Aberdeen. In 1840, some benevolent gentlemen were convinced that there was a great deficiency of education among the destitute poor of the city, and that this ignorance was the parent of much crime. These gentlemen formed themselves into an association, divided the city into districts, and visited every family where destitution was known to prevail. It was ascertained that many children had grown up in a most uninstructed state, and it was feared that in some cases their parents were living by the fruits of their crime. Arrangements having been made for sending a given number of poor children to the public schools, where they would be educated free of cost, tickets of certification were prepared, and divided amongst the members of the committee and their friends. Efforts were then made to cause every destitute child in the city to be sent to school, but they

failed. ‘Often have I felt,’ says Sheriff Watson, the chairman of the committee, ‘when a poor ragged boy came to my door ‘begging, and I handed him a ticket for the school, as if he had ‘asked for bread, and I had given him a stone.’ And then he would reason with himself thus:—

‘It is manifest mockery to offer a starving child training or instruction without *first* providing him with food: if we do so, the child feels in his heart that we do not really love him, and no eloquent arguments on the beauty and excellence of our instructions will persuade him that we truly desire to do him good. There is an unanswerable argument at work within him, which admits of no reply but one—viz., we must supply his bodily need before we can expect him to receive our instructions.’

In the spirit of this philosophy, Sheriff Watson conceived the idea of an Industrial School. To work it out, he invited the city authorities, the ministers of the gospel, and other philanthropic gentlemen, to meet and discuss his plans, and decide as to their practicability and desirableness. The invitation met with a generous response—a numerous and influential meeting was held, and the Provost was called to preside. Sheriff Watson, in effect, put his case thus:—

‘From certain police returns that I have obtained, it appears that there are 280 children in this city, under fourteen years of age, who live partly by begging, and partly by theft. Of these, 77 were committed to prison for short periods, and dismissed again, during the last year. They have been allowed to beg, because they declare that they have no other means of procuring daily food. They commit crime, and often say they would rather go to gaol than starve at home. In such nurseries of vice and crime our adult criminals were for the most part trained. If we reclaim the young, most of the old offenders will in a few years disappear, and as our criminal police and prison discipline have not given satisfaction to the public, I propose to try the experiment of industrial schools.’

The project was cordially approved. 100*l.* were subscribed as a nucleus fund to defray expenses, and Sheriff Watson set himself to work out the social problem he had proposed. His care now was to hire the plainest possible building that could be obtained, in one of the more destitute localities of the city—to fit it up with rough, substantial furniture—to engage a teacher, with suitable qualifications—to invite the co-operation of all who could supply work for the boys—and then announce the opening of the school. ‘The primary claim to admission was destitution, and that claim once established, entitled the boy to attend and receive food and education, in return for the profits

' of his labour,' it being the wish of the promoters of the institution to divest it as much as possible of an eleemosynary character.

Thus appointed, the school was opened on the 1st of October, 1841, 'the pupils consisting partly of homeless boys from the 'House of Refuge, and partly of boys who were gathered from 'the lowest parts of the town.' Although the attendance was left to be purely voluntary, such were the attractions of the institution, that during the first six months, 106 boys were admitted, the average daily attendance being thirty-seven; but this number speedily increased, until the maximum attendance of sixty scholars was realized.

' Fully established, and prosperous beyond expectation,' says a correspondent of the *Morning Chronicle*, 'in the autumn of 1846 we visit this school as occupying more commodious premises in the north wing of the House of Refuge. Leaving Union-street and its splendid buildings, the stranger is conducted along Broad-street, and thence, by a crossing, to a narrow street or alley, called 'Guest-row,' where he enters a gateway, which leads to the court of a castellated building, one of whose turreted window-sills bears the date, in old Saxon character, of 1623. Here the keeper politely guides him, by a winding stair in one of the tower compartments, to a large room in the attic floor, where he finds from seventy to eighty 'ragged rascals,' as one of the domestics called them, busily at work. The boys had just breakfasted on porridge and milk when we called, and were now seated, apart from each other, along the four sides of the room, teasing hair, and superintended by a vigilant and intelligent guardian. Notwithstanding their clothing was poor and mean, and the rugged wildness of their first appearance indicated a rude and arbitrary disposition, the slightest acquaintance with their conduct and discipline dissipated every apprehension, and impressed the mind with the conviction that in that school was the germ of a moral and social revolution that will yet bless the world. While admiring the ease, freedom, and cheerfulness, with which the boys executed their work, the monotony of the scene was at once relieved by a signal from the teacher, which instantly called forth a display of vocal music that would have done no disgrace to the pupils of Hullah. First a hymn, then a simple Scotch melody, and then the Chivalrous Troubadour, were executed with such harmony, and voice, and skill, as were perfectly surprising.

' It is now two o'clock, when the boys dine. On the first floor there is a well-aired, well-lighted and ventilated apartment, plainly furnished, and remarkably neat and clean. This is the boys' dining-room. They are now seated at deal benches, each with his can of broth before him, the general diet being 'broth, beef, and bread, and occasionally potatoes, soup, and hodge-podge.' With characteristic solemnity grace is

said by the teacher, who has taken his place at the head of the table, and then the practical character of that philosophy which appeals to the body as well as to the mind, becomes palpably evident. From three to four the boys work either within doors, or, if weather permit, are employed in the gardens, where they grow the vegetables that are used in the school.

‘Turning into the school-room, we find the educational apparatus in a high state of completeness, and proof enough in the appearance of the writing-books, that the time spent, from ‘four to seven,’ when the pupils are instructed in ‘reading, writing, and arithmetic,’ has not been misapplied. The boys, on being received into the school, were in most cases unable either to read or write; but, by the zealous and well-directed efforts of their teacher, few of them, who had been in the school for upwards of a year, were without a very general knowledge of the elemental principles of a popular and useful education, and could write well. A well-used library, chiefly supplied by the Messrs. Chambers, of Edinburgh, has contributed much to the usefulness of the institution.’

At seven o’clock the children take their supper, the provision being the same as at breakfast. They are then dismissed to their homes for the night, to return next morning, and ‘receive ‘religious instruction, have their attention directed to the ‘elements of geography, and the more striking facts of natural ‘history, from seven till nine o’clock.’ The dismissal of the school, under such circumstances, naturally suggests the inquiry, how do the boys spend their time when thrown on their own resources, and how far is their return to the Institution in the morning to be depended on? In the judgment of Sheriff Watson, the return of the children to their parents was likely to be more beneficial than the visits of any stranger, and, doubtful as it may appear, there is abundant evidence in the reports of the city missionaries, and of the chaplain to the prisons, to prove that instead of the children having suffered loss by such association, their parents in many instances have, through this instrumentality, been greatly reformed. And as regards the attendance, when the roll was compared with that of some of the ordinary public schools of the city, the comparison was in favour of the Industrial school. By analysing a table of values, we find that the difference in favour of the Industrial schools, as compared with the others in the city, was equal, on the average, to 9 per cent.

The teacher thinks the rate of the attendance affords the best ground of hope for the permanency and usefulness of these institutions.

Having thus glanced at the progress and present state of this school, we may now submit the treasurer's balance-sheet for the year 1846. It stood thus:—

<i>Receipts.</i>	<i>Expenditure.</i>
Balance in hand - £124 2 4	Furnishings - - - £8 19 11
Donations and sub- scriptions - - 233 7 9	Repairs - - - 10 2 6
Proceeds of Work - 97 7 3	Printing, &c. - - 5 13 6
Interest - - - - 2 6 3	Stationery - - - 3 1 6
	Fire and Light - - 4 0 8
	Materials - - - 9 19 10
	Food - - - - 167 15 0
	Rent - - - - 27 15 0
	Salaries - - - - 59 7 4
	Balance - - - - 160 17 7
<hr/> £457 4 7	<hr/> £457 4 7

The report from which these figures are taken, says—

'It will be seen that the average earnings of each boy, exclusive of the garden produce, are thirty shillings, being just one-half the cost of his food; but it was originally anticipated that the children would have earned more than this, yet as the only work done in the school is on commission, which is frequently of an unprofitable kind, and as more than one half of the children do not exceed ten years of age, and the older and experienced boys are constantly leaving the Institution, so great being the demand for them to learn trades, the earnings are deemed satisfactory.'

Encouraged by the successful results in the Boys' School of Industry, Sheriff Watson was induced to make a similar effort to establish a school for destitute girls. In this, too, he has succeeded, and there are many facts connected with its history, as well as that of a second girls' school subsequently formed under other auspices, well worth attention; but we must pass them over to describe another institution of a still more novel and ragged character—we mean, a congregation of urchins at first compelled to assemble in a place called the 'soup kitchen,' and distinguished from the boys' school of industry by the not very distinctive title of the 'Juvenile Industrial School.' Notwithstanding all that had been done, there were many of the 280 boys, to whom reference has been made, who still lived by begging and petty delinquency. It had been observed that the oldest boys were removed, but the younger remained. By the local Police Act, power was taken to clear the streets of

beggars; but as the poor law only provided for orphans, the children whose parents were destitute or dissolute had really no home to which they could be taken. It was therefore resolved at a public meeting of the inhabitants, that a school for these outcasts should be established, and on the 19th of May, 1845, orders were given to the police to take all the children they could find begging, to the public soup kitchen, where provision was made for giving them food and education on the same plan as that pursued in the boys' Industrial School, which had long been filled. Seventy-seven children were collected on that day, and this juvenile school was instituted.

Difficulty was soon experienced in making a proper selection of applicants. To meet this, a 'Child's Asylum Committee' was formed, and composed of 'certain public bodies, who should hold their sittings at the House of Refuge, where the police should carry all juvenile vagrants and delinquents to an apartment fitted up for the occasion, to be called the Child's Asylum.' The case of every child brought into this asylum is immediately inquired into,—the details entered in a register, and such measures adopted as may restore him to his parents, if he have any alive, or he is sent to the Juvenile School of Industry, or to the Poor Orphans' Hospital, as circumstances may suggest. During the year's 1846-7, ninety-five children were brought to this asylum—viz., fifty-six boys and thirty-nine girls, thirty-four of whom were found guilty of petty delinquencies, thirty-six for begging, and the rest for various causes of offence. Twenty-seven of these were recommended to the School of Industry, twenty-five delivered over to their parents, six surrendered to the police, to be dealt with under the Police Act, and the rest admonished and dismissed on a promise to return to their employers.

'This institution,' says the Committee, in their first report, 'insignificant as it may appear, is capable of subserving the most important purposes. The first step in the criminal course of the young delinquent is often fatal. If not arrested in the outset, he passes on from vice to vice, until he becomes incorrigible, and punishment after punishment is found to be utterly ineffectual to correct or reclaim. But if kindly taken by the hand, gently, yet faithfully admonished, and led to the Industrial School, the whole complexion of his life may be changed.'

Let us inquire now into the practical results of all these schools. Has the amount of juvenile delinquency and mendicancy been reduced, and has there been any material diminution in the statistics of adult crime during the six years they have been in operation? We answer generally, that juvenile delin-

quency has been materially diminished, juvenile mendicancy has been abolished, and that the records of adult crime show a sensible decrease in the city and county of Aberdeen, since the establishment of the first Industrial School; but more particularly, as appears from the following tables, compiled from reports furnished by the rural and city police, the reports of the governors and chaplain of the prison, and other public and official documents.

The first table shows the number of criminals committed to the prison of Aberdeen for the six years ending December 31, 1846.

	Males.	Females.	Total.	Daily average.
1841	474	405	879	115
1842	471	288	759	93
1843	520	222	743	90
1844	468	245	713	86
1845	484	267	751	85
1846	421	262	683	80

Thus the daily average has decreased from 115 to 80.

The next table shows the number of recommitments for repeated offences.

	1st time.	2, 3, & 4 times.	5 times & upwards.	Total.
1843	430	237	75	742
1844	397	198	118	713
1845	428	225	98	751
1846	359	224	100	683

This table clearly exhibits an influence operating to *prevent* crime, inasmuch as the commitments for the first time have decreased from 430 to 359, while the old offenders have become more and more desperate, as if to show how hopeless is the system of criminal reformation pursued in our prisons, notwithstanding it has of late been very materially improved. Of 2889 persons committed to prison during these four years, 1275 have been recommitments, which is a larger proportion than has ever been presented in any comparison with a similar period of time before 1843. It is evident from these returns, that if the number of commitments for the first time continue to decrease, while the number of recommitments gets larger, the criminal court must dispose of the reckless criminals by some other means than sending them again and again to the local prison.

Let us glance now at the returns of the superintendent of the County Police, whose force was as numerous and effective in

December last as it was in December, 1841. From these we find that the total number of vagrant boys apprehended were :—

1841 .....	328
1842 .....	297
1843 .....	397
1844 .....	345
1845 .....	105
1846 .....	14
1847 .....	6

Most of these boys were from Aberdeen, and on being returned to the city for the first four years, increased the difficulties of the Industrial schools. Now, the boys prefer the schools to vagrancy, or are obliged to betake themselves to industrious occupations at home.

Thus much for statistics. We shall now adduce oral testimony of high authority, and give a practical illustration of what may be done by the law of kindness when administered with forethought.

On the 16th of April, 1841, Lord Moncrief, one of the judges at the Circuit Court of Justiciary, at the close of the trials, addressing the sheriffs of the counties of Aberdeen, Banff, and Kincardine, said—

‘ I have great satisfaction in calling your attention to the beneficial results which have attended the establishment of a School of Industry in this town. By means of that institution, the number of juvenile delinquents has already been materially reduced.’

On the 29th of September, 1847, Lord Mackenzie, on the same bench, said—

‘ I know the benevolent institutions of Aberdeen. They were established for the purpose of making provision for feeding, clothing, and training those poor creatures whose poverty makes them peculiarly liable to fall into crime; and doubtless they have had a great effect in rendering the cases brought before this court fewer than they would otherwise have been.’

The Rev. Mr. Strahan, chaplain to the prison, says, in his Report for the quarter ending October 31st, 1847—

‘ Only four boys, no girls, under fourteen years of age, have been committed to prison since my last Report. This is the smallest number of juvenile offenders during any of the preceding seven years’ quarters. Of these boys, three have been convicted for the first time, and one for the fourth time. None of these boys had been in our crime-in-the-bud-nipping industrial schools.’

Our last illustration shall be from one of the Aberdeen papers, where the following description is given of a social meeting in the juvenile school, at which several influential parties were present, and took part in the proceedings—

'The progress of this school is remarkable. On the 17th of May, 1845, the police literally drove 77 boys into the soup-kitchen, where they were put through a process of cleansing, which almost finds its parallel only in the attempt by two benevolent old women to wash a blackamoor white. Food was provided for them; and in the afternoon some of their parents, who had poured imprecations on the police in the morning, scarcely recognised their own children. On the 23rd of August, 1847, the school, thus so inauspiciously begun, assembled in the presence of a number of friends to the institution, in a commodious and excellent building, in Sugar-house Lane. On the first seat were arranged thirty-one children, neatly and cleanly attired, though in rough enough material, sitting in order, from the tiny little creature of three years to the stout girl of ten; on the next row, forty-six boys were seated, with blue smock-frocks, hair nicely dressed, and eyes sparkling with intelligence and delight; while the background was filled up by their parents, whose grateful looks and happy expression of feeling made a picture of the scene.\*'

Thus much for the Aberdeen Schools of Industry. We call attention to them, because we hope to see them copied by other towns besides Dundee, Glasgow, Edinburgh, Dumfries, and Manchester, where similar institutions have recently been formed. One of the greatest problems of social life has been solved at Aberdeen: the effect of these schools has been to show, that outcast youth may be trained to usefulness and honour, and that crime may be prevented, as well as cured, by means of Schools for the Destitute.

*ART. III.—The Parsi Religion: as contained in the Zund-avastā, and propounded and defended by the Zoroastrians of India and Persia, unfolded, refuted, and contrasted with Christianity.* By JOHN WILSON, D.D., M.R.A.S., &c. Bombay. American Printing Press. 1843.

THE design of this volume is to excite the Parsis on the western shores of India to a candid inquiry into the claims of their religious system, and to offer to their consideration the infinitely higher claims of Christianity. The form in which the work appears, is owing to some publications of the Zoroastrians in India, in which they have explained and defended their tenets in opposition to the doctrines of the British missionaries. We hail such a controversy in that land. It is full of interest. It proves that there is some mental activity among these children of the sun. It is a sign, we hope, that our religion is about to spread among them. The English reader

\* North of Scotland Gazette.

would certainly derive more satisfaction and benefit from Dr. Wilson's book if, instead of the controversial form in which it appears, it contained a treatise on the doctrines and observances of the Parsis; embodying the substance of what previous European writers had said, with such additional illustrations as the author has gathered from his own studies and observations in the East. However, we are in no mood for criticising the production of such an accomplished missionary. We are glad to see in his pages what the modern disciples of a hoary religion have to say for themselves; and in what way they are met by the Christian advocate.

The volume is divided into eight chapters. The first contains a review of the author's former discussions with the Parsis of India, and a notice of the late publications in defence of the Zoroastrian faith. The second chapter deals with the Parsi notions of the Godhead. The third is on the doctrine of the Two Principles. The fourth is on the Worship of the Elements, and Heavenly Bodies. The fifth is on the general Polytheism of the Parsis. The sixth is a review of the Historical, Doctrinal, and Ceremonial Discoveries and Institutes of the *Vandidád*, embracing an analysis of that work. The seventh discusses the Parsi notions of the Responsibility, Depravity, and Guilt of Man, and the means of his Salvation. The eighth disproves the alleged prophetical Mission of Zoroaster; and impugns the external authority of the books which the Parsis reckon the standard of their faith and practice. It were but little to say of such a work, that it displays a large acquaintance with those departments of Oriental philology and literature in which Dr. Wilson's position affords him such opportunity and inducement to excel; that he has spared no pains in collecting the testimonies and judgments of both ancient and modern writers, as well in European as in Asiatic languages; that he has brought the calm logic of a disciplined intellect to expose the ignorance and the contradictions of his opponents, and to hunt them out of every lurking place of sophistry and fallacy; that he makes a respectable show of metaphysical acumen and experience in dissecting the abstruse subtleties of the oriental philosophy; that he handles the entire controversy with exemplary candour and patience, and with the manifest consciousness of the power of truth and argument:—it is little, we repeat, to say all this of such a work;—it has higher qualities than even these. It breathes the spirit of the Christian gentleman and scholar. It is eminently devout. It indicates a peculiar mode of grasping the Christian faith, unknown to those who have never seen the way in which it is regarded by intelligent and polished men,

whose education has filled their minds with the prejudices of a totally different system. It is hallowed by reverence for the true, the pure, the good, the eternal. It is itself a glowing proof of the majesty and the benevolence of our sublime and wonderful religion. It contains an admirable synopsis of the Christian evidences. It is a summary of revealed doctrines. We welcome it as a noble specimen of one department of the great work of Christian missions. It closes with an earnest and intelligent appeal to the interesting people for whose special good it has been written.

' Consider, I entreat you, this testimony of which we are the bearers. Christianity comes before you recommended by the judgment, as well as offered by the benevolence, of Britain, of Europe, and of America. Imagine not that its high and exclusive claims, and self-denying demands, have been accepted without inquiry, without the most careful and profound investigation. Those mighty minds, which have penetrated the innermost recesses of their own being; which have analysed the most secret springs of human thought, and feeling, and action; which have so sagaciously philosophised on the changes of society, and the advancement and decline of the nations of the earth; which have surveyed the whole face of the world on which we dwell, and the countless diversities of beings which inhabit its wide domains; which have dived into the recesses of the deep, and explored the caverns of the earth; and which have measured and weighed the masses of the worlds which roll in the heaven above, and observed and developed the laws which regulate their mighty movements,—these great minds, I say, which have engaged in all this research, and achieved all these wonders, have not vainly and inconsiderately surrendered their faith to the religion of the Bible. No; they have considered and weighed its claims, before they had pronounced their judgment. Its authority has been established in their view, by irrefragable evidence.

' They acknowledge it to be the source of all the hopes of salvation which they are permitted to cherish, and of all that national greatness and majesty which you yourselves cannot but admire. The Bible, in the providence of God, comes before you with their united, their strong recommendation; and it becomes you seriously to entertain the question of its divine origin, to see whether or not it is fitted to allay the fears of your conscience, to satisfy your desires for happiness, and to confer upon you all the spiritual blessings of which you stand in need. There is such a thing as heavenly truth, and there is such an agent as the Spirit of Truth; and it becomes you to consider what homage and obedience you are prepared to render to them, while they address your fears and hopes, and offer to direct you to an abundant supply of all your necessities. There is such an hour as death, and such a transaction as judgment; and it becomes you to think of your preparation to encounter their solemnities, and to meet your doom. I could not resist the opportunity of giving you one word of affectionate warning, of in-

viting you to look to Him who now says to you—‘ Turn ye at my reproof; behold, I will pour out my Spirit upon you, I will make known my words unto you:’ but who may afterwards address to you the sentence of condemnation, for mercies despised, and privileges abused, and deliverance rejected, and declare to you the loss, the eternal loss, of your own souls.’—pp. 473, 474.

We ought to say, that the Appendix to this volume is exceedingly valuable. It contains a translation of the *Zartusht-Ná-mah*—of which we shall have occasion to say something—by Lieut. E. B. Eastwick; a translation of an ancient Armenian work on the Two Principles, by Mr. Aviet Aganur, of the Armenian community in Bombay; a Comparison of the Zand with the Roman, Pahlíví, Devanagari, and Gujarátí Alphabets; besides other miscellaneous matters.

The reading of this book has thrown us back upon some old familiar haunts. We have been enticed to tread anew a path on which the footsteps are not many, nor the light, indeed, very clear, yet one which has allurements for us, interested as we are in the early condition of the human family, especially the condition of its religion amid those regions where its founders wandered, through those dark times of which history has told so little, but which—like the ancient strata of the earth—have left their abiding chronicles to be studied by the plodding thought, and expounded by the slow deductions, that are to enlarge the science of the ages yet to come. The country which we call Persia, the land of the rose and of the nightingale, is, by the people that inhabit it, called Irán. Our word, Persia, is derived, through the Greeks, from Phars, the south-western province of that kingdom. Of this province, the capital, Istakhar, named by the Greeks Persepolis, was, in the old time, the metropolis of the empire. Its ruins may still be seen,—its terraces, columns, strange sculptures, mystic symbols, singular inscriptions,—the monuments of men, and deeds, and systems, belonging to the morning time of what seems to us to be the ancient race of man. The modern capital of the same province is Shiraz, famed through the east for its wines, and dear to the Persian people as the burial-place of Hafiz, the sweetest of their poets.

The ancient inhabitants of Persia, dwelling near the abodes of the primeval patriarchs, received from Elam, the son of Shem, the living rudiments and simple rites of the pure religion. Many ages after, they still regarded with horror the use of images or temples, as not worthy of the Creator and Lord of all things. From their records and traditions, we think it likely that, at a very early time, they looked on the sun as the

Shechinah of the Divine Presence, and on fire as an emanation from the sun, the most glorious and fitting emblem of the Invisible. With somewhat of the same reverence, they were fearful of defiling the *air*, the *earth*, or *water*, which, together with fire, they revered as the elements of all things, symbols of the Un-created Purity, shadows, so to speak, of the Eternal. They reared their massive altars on the tops of mountains, and in rocky solitudes: there they kept alive the sacred fire. All light and good they ascribed to God; all darkness and evil to the Wicked One, who was created by God for the showing forth of his own power and glory. Their traditions of the creation of the world, the first state of man, the fall, the deluge, the expectation of a deliverer, and the last judgment, agreed in substance and outline with those which have been preserved by inspiration in the Hebrew Scriptures: filled up, indeed, and well-nigh superseded, by the bold and deeply symbolical creations of Asiatic genius, in widely extended provinces, and through a long tract of ages.

The earliest corruption of the patriarchal church among the Pársis appears to have been that *Tzabaism* which, at a period too darkly remote to be well defined, we can trace, under one form, across the plains of Chaldæa, and over all the western boundaries of Asia; and, under another form, among the nations of the farthest east. So far as we can now understand this ancient system, it grafted on the patriarchal theism, and on the Oriental symbolism, the doctrine of created intelligences in different ranks and orders—including the deified heroes of our own race—by whom the world was said to be governed. Some of these subordinate rulers were imagined to have their dwelling-places in the stars; and hence the astral influences, for good or for evil, which afterwards were reduced to calculation, and raised to the dignity of science and the sacredness of religion. Of these mysterious and distant intelligences, symbolic images were introduced.

Now, whatever might be the secrets of philosophers and priests, the *people* of Chaldæa, of Arabia, of Persia, and of India, were assuredly, in the strictest sense, polytheists, for they worshipped many gods; and idolaters, for they bowed down to images. To these *Tzabeans* there are frequent references in the book of Job; in the admonitions of the Hebrew legislator; and in the sublime denunciations of later prophets. Traces of the same perversion of an old and pure faith are found in the early remains of all the nations on our globe.

There arose, in the growth of ages, with a majesty and power peculiar to Persia, the institutions of the MAGI. Their origin

is greatly darkened by the distance of antiquity. They were, as we believe, the thinkers, the reasoners ; they were the men who gained influence, not by the muscle, but by the intellect. They were men of power, because they were men of knowledge, and because they had strength of purpose to use that knowledge. They were a class, an organization, a hierarchy ; they were philosophers ; their philosophy was their religion ; they made their religion the religion of their fellow-men. They explored the secrets of nature ; they became the masters—the inventors, for the most part—of occult sciences and curious arts. They abolished the worship of images ; they retained the use of fire, as the only symbol of Deity. They induced men to believe that they had power over the unseen spirits who were dreaded as the rulers of men's destinies. They dazzled the uninitiated by amazing proofs of knowledge, and by not less amazing proofs of power. By such means they made themselves essential to the kings, in the art of governing the ignorant by superstition and fear. Under different names, they covered, not Persia only, but Egypt, Arabia, and India. They gathered into their own hands all the sources of national influence,—medicine, politics, and religion : they gained the entire ascendant. They formed a strong, hereditary caste,—the healers of disease, the expounders of mystery, the counsellors of princes, the mediators between earth and heaven.

There must have been some religious truth in the system of the Magi, as contrasted with that of the Tzabeans. But that truth was corrupted in their hands ; religion was turned into superstition ; philosophy was lost in dogmatism ; established belief set evidence at nought. For all the purposes of instruction, and all the uses of authority, man became the god of his brother-man.

We cannot proceed further in this review without a glance at early Persian history. The oldest Persian legends tell us that the *Mahabad* dynasty was the first monarchy in the world, centering in Assyria, and reigning over Media and Persia. Between eight and nine hundred years before Christ, the Medians revolted, and soon after, Khayomers, a Mede, laid the foundations of the Persian independent empire in the province of Arzabaján. The mountaineers and foresters of that country,—not unlike the wild Arabs and Tahtars,—made hard fight against the march of civilization. These were the *Deevs*, or dæmons of the desert, which play so conspicuous a part in the ballad poetry, and in the romantic stories, in which the imaginative people of those sunny climes have so much delight. Hoshang, the grandson of Khayomers, founded the *Pishdadian*

race of Persian monarchs. The surname Pishdad, or law-giver, expressed the admiration which Hoshang gained by his improvements in husbandry, and by extending the empire southwards to the border of the Indian Sea. Hoshang's successor, Tahmurs, held sovereignty over the provinces of Irak (the kingdoms of Babylon and Assyria). He introduced into Persia the sowing of rice, and the breeding of silk-worms. By subduing the barbarous nations around,—the giants or *deevs* of the popular tales,—he obtained the title of Deevband, or Tamer of the Dæmons. Tahnur's nephew, Jemschid, succeeded him. He completed the magnificent city of Istakhar, which his uncle had begun. It was Jemschid that introduced among the Persians the solar year. Probably at the same time, and in commemoration of such an epoch, he founded the annual festival of Naurooz, still celebrated in Persia, with great pomp and solemnity, at the beginning of every year.

This illustrious king was driven from his throne by Zoak, an Arabian usurper. The usurper was dethroned by Gao, a smith of undying memory in Persia. Feridoun, the son of Jemschid, rewarded Gao with the government of the province of Irak, for life. The leatheren apron of the patriotic smith was the banner around which he rallied his victorious Persians. Feridoun adorned it with precious jewels; and it continued to be guarded, with jealous reverence, for fourteen hundred years. After a long and happy reign, Feridoun retired from the throne, dividing his empire among his three sons. In the reign of Feridoun's grandson, Ferdousi, the Persian Homer, places *Rustan*, the hero of innumerable Persian stories, whose name is perpetuated in mountain sepulchres, as well as in histories and poems. Feridoun's great-grandson, Noodhar, was slain by one of his father's brothers—Aphrasian, king of Tourán, or eastern Seythia. By Aphrasian, and his successors, the Persians were long held in subjection, though their own hereditary princes were allowed to bear the title, without the power, of kings. The last prince of this titled race was Garshasp. They were followed by the *Kai-anian* family. Of these, Khai-kaus (Darius the Mede) was the first; Khai-khosro, (the Cyrus of Herodotus, and of the Scriptures,) the second; Lohorasp, the third; and Gushtasp, (supposed by the Greeks to be Darius, son of Hystaspes,) the fourth. This monarch transferred the seat of empire from Balk, in Khorasán, further west, to Istakhar, (Persepolis,) and thus became better known than his predecessor to the Greeks.

Now it was in the reign of Gushtasp that ZARTUSHT, the great Persian reformer of the Magian religion, appeared. The

accounts given by Europeans of this reformer are so various and even contradictory, that it is no easy matter to gather from them who he was, where he lived, and what he did and taught. Let us leave our European guides, then, and gather what tidings of him we may from the East. The account of him on which most reliance is placed by his followers, now in Asia, is a Persian work, entitled *Zartusht-Námáh*; by Zartusht Bchrám, written A.D. 1277.\* It will be readily seen that the long interval of nearly 1700 years between the alleged date of Zartusht's appearance, and the composition of this work, necessarily deprives it of all pretensions to authenticity in any historical controversy; but, as a recognised document in the East, it must serve our present turn.

According to this amusing, yet highly fabulous, Persian authority, Zartusht was a descendant of Feridoún, the great king of Persia. Before his birth, his mother was troubled by terrible dreams, which a Magian astrologer interpreted as foretelling the future greatness of her son. The infant, we are told, laughed in the first moment after his birth, filling the attendant women with envy, striking the unclean with fear, and exciting the Magi to plots for his destruction. Duransárán, the chief among the Magi, turned pale when he heard of the birth of this wondrous child. He beheld his face, like the early spring, beaming with the glory of God. He drew forth his dagger to stab the babe; but his hand was dried up; and his heart was smitten with an agony like death.

The troubled Magi then stole away the infant. They cast him into a blazing fire in the desert; next, they exposed him to the trampling of bulls, then of wild horses, and afterwards of hungry wolves in the narrow passes of the rocks; but from all these dangers he miraculously escaped. They tried to poison him, when he was sick, with enchanted drugs; but he poured the contents of the cup on the ground, rebuking and defying the sorcerer. He passed many years in retirement, performing numerous acts of bodily mortification, devotion, and charity. When he reached his thirtieth year, he crossed the sea with his companions—a feat which occupied a whole month. On the opposite side of the sea, he found countless numbers of the mighty men of Irán met for joy and mirth. When night had extinguished the lights of the world, Zartusht learned, in a dream, that he should go before God, who was about to reveal all secrets to him, and that, on his return to this dark world, he

\* We are obliged, however, to say that this gentleman, according to his own acknowledgment, had prepared himself, by copious draughts of wine, for drawing up his account of the prophet.

was to make manifest the True Faith, and clear the rose-tree of Truth from thorns ; that the *Deevs* and the *Magi* would gird up their loins to fight like lions against him ; but that the king would be converted, and that all the *fiends* and the *Magi* would flee before the reading of the *Zand-ávástá*, or revelation from heaven. When Zartusht returned from the feast of the mighty men, he drew near to the waters of Daéti. He passed downwards through four streams, one below the other, without fear.

He was then conducted by the angel Báhmán, as with the speed of a bird, up a flight of four and twenty steps, through assemblies of heavenly spirits so bright that he saw his own shadow in their light, to the presence of God. In that Presence he stood, with a glad heart, but with a trembling body. God answered his questions, making known to him the revolutions of the heavens—the starry influences—the houris of Paradise—all things from Adam to the last resurrection—and the face of Ahriman the Evil One, in the dark and narrow pit of hell. In his descent, he passed, harmless, through a mountain flaming with fire, bearing with him the *ZAND-ÁVASTA* to read before Shah Gushtasp, that he might convert him to the faith. This descent from heaven was followed by distinct visits from six separate angels, each of them being charged with appropriate instructions.

These visits over, Zartusht returned to the earth with joy. According to his dream, the *Magi*, aided by an army, without number, of the impure fiends, hastened to fight with him ; but, by reciting aloud one passage from the *Zand-ávástá*, he put to flight the evil spirits, who hid themselves under the earth ; many of the *Magi* perished on the spot; and all were cast down by the mighty power of God.

Having gained so great a victory, Zartusht now bent his way towards the Shah Gushtasp, at Balk, in Khorásán. With stately step, he entered the palace, where the king of the earth, wearing a brilliant crown, sat on his ivory throne, attended by the chiefs of Irán, and of every clime, and surrounded by double rows of his wise men. For three days, Zartusht contended with the wise men of the king, and put them all to silence. Drawing the *Zand-ávástá* from beneath his robe, he said to the Shah : ‘God has given me this ; and He has sent me to His creatures. Know, that according to this book, should be your acts ; for it is the commandment of GOD THE CHERISHER. Its name is *Vasta* and *Zand*. Learn its statutes, and walk therein. If your desire is towards its laws, your abode shall be in the Paradise of heaven. But, if you turn away from its commandments, you

will bring down your crowned head to the dust; and, at the last, you shall descend into hell!' The king of the world said to him: 'Show me the proof of all this.' 'If you learn the *Zand-ávástá*', replied Zartusht, 'you will require no argument nor advice from me. The book itself is sufficient proof.'

'Read to me some of this *Zand-ávástá*', said the Shah. The prophet then read a chapter to him, and explained it. The Shah was not pleased with what he heard; but he promised to examine the book for himself. The wise men bit their fingers in despair. They conspired for the destruction of Zartusht. They bribed the king's porter, and obtained from him the key of Zartusht's apartment. There they placed on his pillow, and on his robes, the most filthy things in the world. They then drew near to the Shah, as he was engaged in reading the *Zand-ávástá*, and they accused the prophet of sorcery, and of a wicked attempt to gain power over the Shah by his unholy arts. Gush-tasp ordered the apartment of Zartusht to be searched. The messengers returned, bringing, with horror, the divided heads of a cat and of a dog, with the nails, hair, and bones, which had dropped from human corpses. Gush-tasp was enraged; he flung the *Zand-ávástá* from him. He cast the astounded Zartusht into prison.

While Zartusht was in prison, the Shah was filled with grief by a dire calamity which happened to his favourite black steed; the animal's four feet were drawn up into his belly. The wise men took counsel, and tried their spells, but in vain. So great was the universal grief that the keeper of the prison had omitted to bring to his prisoner his daily portion of bread and water. When he told the story, the prophet desired him to say to the king: 'Let Zartusht be called from his dungeon; he will bring back the legs of the steed.' On the next day, the king of the world loosed the bonds of his prisoner, and said to him: 'If thou art, in truth, a prophet, restore my steed to health.' The prophet required of the king four conditions, which he said he would explain in the stable. They came to the stable. The first condition was, that the king should profess his sincere belief in the prophet's mission. The king assented. The prophet, having wept and prayed, placed his hand on the steed, and, lo! the right fore-leg came out. The second condition was, that the king's son, Asphandiar, should agree to support the true religion. As soon as the prince had given his hand to the prophet, swearing that he would be his friend, Zartusht prayed a second time; and the right hind-leg came out. The third condition was, that the queen should follow the examples of her consort and of her son. This being granted, the third

leg was brought out. The fourth condition was, that the king's porter should be made to confess who it was that had entered the prophet's apartment, and brought his disgrace upon him. He confessed the whole. The wise men were impaled alive. Zartusht offered a final prayer; and the black steed leaped up like a lion.

Having thus established himself at court, Zartusht attained the highest rank, and wielded the most powerful influence on the empire. One day, the king told the prophet that he had four wishes: to know his own final doom; to be invulnerable; to be informed of all things that are to happen; and to live, without dying, till the day of the resurrection. The prophet said that these four requests would be granted, not all to the king in his own person, but in those of three others besides himself. On a given day, four messengers from God appeared before the king, charging him to abide by Zartusht. After this, the prophet proceeded to the Darán, or miracles. Wine, the perfume of roses, milk, and a pomegranate, were placed before him. Having read some prayers out of the *Zand-ávástá*, he directed the king to drink the wine. Suddenly, the king fell into a sleep, in which he saw the heaven of God, the mansions of the blessed, and his own place in Paradise. The milk was given to Bashutan, —who became immortal. Jamasp took the perfume,—and knew all things. To Asphandiar was given one grain of the pomegranate,—and his body became invulnerable as stone.

When the king awoke from his sleep, he praised and adored God. He commanded all his people to receive from Zartusht the true faith. Zartusht then ordered all the *mobads* and *herbads*, ministers of religion, to erect towers in many places, for preserving the sacred fire which was to be used in the Pyræa, or fire-temples, for the worship of God. He gave the priests much silver and gold for their support. The whole of the *Zand-ávástá* was recited to the people as containing the true faith. The *herbads*, or priests, read the liturgy of the *Zand-ávástá*, and expounded portions of the sacred book in the lesser temples, before the flame of the consecrated lamps. The *mobadan* exercised a kind of superintendence over their inferior brethren, as they ministered to them in turn, feeding the fires of the greater temples. Zartusht was himself the *mobad-mobadan*, *dastur*, or priest of priests, teaching and ruling all the rest in the metropolitan fire-temple, in Khorasân.

It was but a few years after this great religious revolution in Persia, that Gushtasp's zeal provoked a war with the neighbouring kingdom of Tourân, or Eastern Scythia. Gushtasp vanquished Angasp, the king of Tourân, and gave his capital

to be plundered by the Persian disciples of the *Zand-ávástá*. Angiasp afterwards avenged himself, by invading Khorasán, and extinguishing the sacred fires at Balk, in the blood of the prophet and his attendant priests.—Gushtasp was succeeded in his monarchy by Ardeshir, or Bahaman (the first Artaxerxes), after whose reign arose the wars of Persia with Greece, in the confusion of which times the records were probably neglected or lost. By Alexander's victory over Darius (b. c. 330), the dominions of the Khaianans were transferred to the Macedonian empire. The Persian histories relate, that Alexander's successors allowed the princes of the Persian royal family to retain the eastern provinces. These formed the Arxasian dynasty, by whom the Parthian kingdom was held until about the year A. D. 100. The last prince of this race was supplanted by Ardeshir Babegan (Artaxerxes the Second), a descendant of Ardeshir Bahaman, a learned and warlike prince, the founder of the *Sassanian* dynasty.

It appears that the religious institutes of Zartusht, during the time of the Macedonian rule, were mingled with the superstitions and idolatries of the conquerors. Still a great number of sects continued to revere the memory of their great prophet, though assailed by the scorn and derision of unbelieving multitudes. On the accession of *Ardeshir Babegan*, that monarch seems to have been anxious for the restoration of the obscured and almost forgotten doctrines of Zartusht. In the Persian book *Ardia-viraf-Námáh*, we are told that, having summoned all the priests of the national religion, he addressed them as follows:—‘The revolution caused by the invasion of Alexander ‘having destroyed the evidences of our holy religion, it is my wish ‘that proper persons be selected, out of your number, to collate ‘the laws left us by our prophet Zartusht, that we may follow ‘these laws, and get rid of the heresies that have been, from time ‘to time, introduced, and of the schisms that exist among us.’ Four thousand were chosen from the forty thousand priests, out of the four thousand, four hundred were chosen of the greatest abilities, and most conversant with the mysteries of the *Zand-ávástá*. This number was afterwards reduced to forty, and out of the forty, seven of the most blameless, to whom the king made known his wishes and his doubts. These seven holy men fixed on one of their number, *Ardai-viraf*, whose soul, they said, would take its flight to the presence of God, and bring back the proofs that would convince the nation of the truth and the sanctity of the Magian religion. The king and his court accompanied the whole body of priests to the temple of Fire, and

joined with them in prayers. *Ardai-viraf* performed the wonted ablutions, arrayed himself in the purest white, with the sacred girdle, perfumed himself according to the prescribed rites, and took three draughts of consecrated wine from a golden cup. For seven days and nights he continued in a state of rest and abstraction: his six companions, meanwhile, watching and praying, surrounded by the vast assembly of priests, and of the king, with his court, outside the temple. When *Ardai-viraf* arose in his couch, he took some refreshment, and related his visions to a writer, who sat beside him. The king ordered the visions to be communicated through all the empire, while the original relation, copied in letters of gold, was laid up in the imperial archives. The priests were then ordered to disperse themselves over the empire to teach the people the laws of Zartusht as confirmed by *Ardai-viraf*. Thus, heresy and schism were banished, and the empire was restored to tranquillity, which lasted for many years. Those who rejected the mission of the prophet were left without excuse for their unbelief. The idolators were covered with confusion. The different sects of the Magians were brought to acknowledge a common standard. The magi resumed their lost power in the court, and among the people. All other worship was forbidden. Idolators, Jews, Christians, and heretical expounders of the *Zand-avástú*, were pursued with impartial and unsparing persecution.

Ardeshir's son, Shapoor, wrested Syria and Cilicia from the Romans, and took the Emperor Valerian prisoner under the walls of Edessa. It was in his reign that *Mani*, a painter, having learned from some Christians that the Redeemer had promised to send the *Paraclete*, formed the wild design of passing for this promised Paraclete, and drew after him many followers. Shapoor, enraged at the success of this daring impostor, sought to punish him; but he escaped into eastern Tartary, telling his followers that he was going to heaven, but that he would meet them again, in a cave which he pointed out, at the end of a year. During his exile, he employed his talent as a painter in finishing a number of strange pictures, which, on his return to Persia, he showed to his credulous disciples, as the work of angels. His religious system, long retained under the name of *Manichæism*, was an incongruous mixture of some of the doctrines of the gospel with the metempsychosis of the Brahmins, and the principles of Zartusht. Hormuzd, the successor of Shapoor, a prince given up to speculation rather than to government, was disposed to favour the pretensions of Mani; but his son Baharam put the impostor to death.

The various histories of the remaining Sassanian princes offer little illustration of our theme. The last of the line, Yasdigard, was killed, when his empire was seized by Omar, the Arabian khalif. From that time, the middle of our seventh century, the Mohammedan religion has prevailed in Persia. Some of the followers of Zartusht, however, still clinging to their ancient religion, escaped from the Mohammedan rule to the desert, or to the distant mountains of Khorásān; and a few thousands of their descendants may still be found in the provinces of Kirmān and Yezd. Many ages ago, some of the Parsi worshippers found protection from the rajah of Sanjān, in Gujarāt. From thence their posterity spread over various parts of the north of India. When the Sultan Mahmud Begada invaded Gujarāt, in the beginning of the sixteenth century, the Pársis carried the sacred fire into the jungles of Wassandah. After the perils of that time had passed, it was removed to Naussari. The Pársis in the west of India are persons of considerable influence, though not very numerous, at Bombay, Surat, and other parts of the territories governed by the East India Company.

In the year 1700, Dr. Thomas Hyde, Hebrew and Arabic Professor at Oxford, published his ‘*Veterum Persarum, et Partiorum, et Medorum Religionis Historia*,’ a work of vast learning, displaying an enthusiastic zeal for such inquiries, and abounding with extracts not only from the oldest Greek writers, but from Arabic, Persic, and other oriental manuscripts. He considered, not unjustly, that the Greek and Latin historians, through their ignorance of the Persian language, and their own unconscious prejudices, had misunderstood much of the religion of that ancient people; and that the Mohammedan writers, who styled them Gebers (infidels) had grossly represented them. At great cost, he had obtained from the east some of the writings of Zartusht, in the old Persian language; and he used his utmost diligence to induce the patrons of learning in England to procure the whole. It appeared to him from such writings of Zartusht as had come under his examination, that the Persian reformer had learned from the Hebrew captives in Persia no small portion of the contents of the Old Testament, among which were the history of the creation, and some obscure prophecies of the Messiah. He believed, moreover, that independently of these Hebrew fragments, Zartusht had been favoured with a clearer and more special revelation; which revelation he had committed to writing for his priests; and that it was by this independent revelation, the wise men were led to interpret the star which guided them to Bethlehem,—

seeing they were better acquainted than the Jews themselves with the time of the Messiah's advent.

He regarded this supposed revelation to Zartusht in Persia, like the inspired prophecies of Balaam, as presenting external testimonies to the truth of the sacred Scriptures which are of no light value in confounding the enemies of our holy faith. In the copious account which he gives of the ancient Persian religion, traced by the Persians themselves—as he thinks, not erroneously—to Abraham, he labours hard to vindicate them from the charge of worshipping the sun and fire; while he expounds, at great length, their own account of the mysteries of the Cave of Mithra; the fire-temples; the principles of light and darkness; the origin of the human race; the deluge; the attributes of God; the names and epithets of angels, with their relation to the epochs of the Persian calendar; the distinctions and orders of the priests; the language and dialects of Persia; the life of Gushtasp; and the life and works of Zartusht.

The following summary may represent, in few words, the ample exposition which Dr. Hyde has given of the religious doctrines of the ancient Persians. They believed in the true God, Almighty, Immortal, Eternal, the Creator, Preserver, and Judge of all. They looked for a resurrection at the day of judgment, to be followed by the endless happiness of the righteous, and misery of the wicked. They acknowledged that they sinned daily, but professed to be penitent on account of every known sin, whether in thought, speech, or deed. They believed in a subordinate government of planets and of angels—every man having his good angel, and likewise his evil angel. They thought that, by a light from heaven, some men are endowed with power to excel in government, or in particular acts.

Their expectations of future happiness comprised, in general, every species of enjoyment; but they represented future punishments with more specific and varied detail. Though the Mohammedans describe them as believing that the wicked will be punished with fire, Dr. Hyde could find no mention of this in their own writings. They abound in horrid enumerations of fetid odours; waters dark as pitch, and cold as snow; gnawing scorpions, tigers, and monstrous beasts. Some of them imagined that the abodes of the blessed are to be in the sun: others, the orthodox, imagined that they will be in the earth, renewed and purified. They conceived, as the Mohammedans do, of a bridge stretching over hell, between earth and heaven, on which angels will weigh men's merits in a balance, as they rise from the dead, and pass on to their final sentence. Be-

tween death and the resurrection, they regarded the souls of the pious as at rest with God, and the souls of the wicked as in an opposite condition. Their reverence for fire, air, earth, and water, the doctor takes great pains to prove, was not idolatrous, however strongly tainted with superstition.

One cannot read these elaborate and entertaining chapters of a book but little known in the present day, without perceiving that the worthy professor was not quite free from the fashion of such studious men, even in these practical days of ours. He had unbounded admiration for the venerable ancients about whom he wrote. He had his own theory of a true church, and a regular hierarchy of priests, bishops, and archbishops, from the days of Abraham to the present time. He had not a little of that self-complacency which sometimes accompanies extraordinary attainments, and rare opportunities for fishing up strange things from waters in which men are almost solitary anglers. As might be expected, though his history has not been superseded by any other, several of its errors have been corrected by later and more accurately-informed writers. Dr. Wilson, we see, complains of his want of faithfulness in dealing with his authorities; and he does not hesitate to call him a willing, though unsuccessful, apologist for the Pársis, and nearly as much a Zoroastrian as a Christian.

What Dr. Hyde only longed for, was accomplished about eleven years after the publication of the second edition of his *Historia* (in 1760) by Mr. Costard, of Oxford. A copy of the *Vendidad-Sade*, in the *Bibliothéque du Roi*, at Paris, excited the curiosity of M. Anquetil du Perron, a passionate student of oriental languages. He determined to go to the East. He joined the French army, then proceeding to India, as a private soldier. By the influence of his friends at home, and of Englishmen abroad, he found his way to Surat. There he met with some Pársi priests of Gujarát, by whose help he was enabled to publish a translation of the *Zand-ávástú* into French, accompanied with an exposition of the civil and religious customs of the Pársis. Of this work, Sir William Jones expressed a strongly contemptuous opinion, in a French letter to the author, which is printed in the fifth volume of Sir William's works, edited by the late Lord Teignmouth. But Dr. Wilson, who has paid much attention to the Zand language, acknowledges, (p. 68) 'though I have found that it is not difficult to improve upon Anquetil's version, I have also seen that for the purpose of ordinary theological discussion, it is, generally speaking, sufficiently accurate.'

The *ZAND-AVASTA* is a collection of writings in the Zand

language, which appears to be a mixture of Chaldaic with Sanscrit, and which was probably, at one time, the dialect of Northern Persia. The principal writing in the collection is the *Vendidád*. This professes to be the report of an interview between Zartusht and Hormazd, or God, divided into twenty-four *furgards*, or sections. It records the creation of six blessed places, into which the wickedness of Ahrimán introduced various evils. It narrates the introduction of agriculture into Irán, by Jemshid, who was the first teacher of the true religion to the Persians. It contains laws for cultivating the earth, for avoiding practices by which the earth is declared to be polluted, and for allotting portions of land to holy men, or priests. It prescribes punishments for various crimes, as falsehood, violence, and the neglect of religious ceremonies. It commands the instruction of the ignorant, the relief of the poor, the feeding of cattle, and other good works. It abounds with tedious directions for the due performance of innumerable ceremonies, purifications, and atonements. Many of its sections relate to matters of which we can make no mention.

Interspersed with the *Vandidád*, are the *Yaçna*, or *Izashné*, the grand sacrificial liturgy, and the *Vispárd*, or minor liturgy.

The *Khurda-avastú* is a collection of benedictions, prayers, salutations, and services for all kinds of occasions. There are also fragmentary hymns, called *Kasts*; and the *SIRUSSE*, a kind of calendar of invocations to genii. On the *Yaçna*, Professor E. Bourouuf, of Paris, published an elaborate *Commentaire*, with a Sanscrit translation, and a lithographed copy of the *Vandidád*. It has been lithographed, also, at Bombay. Olshausen began an edition of the *Vandidád* at Hamburg; but, so far as we know, it was not carried on.

The *Pahlívi* language, spoken anciently by the western Persians, abounding in Chaldaic words with Persic terminations, contains translations, from the *Zand*, of some of Zartusht's writings. It contains, also, the *Bandabash*, a compilation of ancient documents on the origin of beings; the war of the good and the evil principles; the ordering of the heavenly bodies; and the genealogy of Zartusht. In the same language is the *Ardai-Viraf-Námih*, which we have mentioned—the history of the priest by whom the religion of Zartusht was restored, in the reign of Ardeshir-Babegan. This work has been translated into English by Mr. J. A. Pope. We may mention, further, the *Rawnyats*, or collections of traditions respecting the ceremonies of religion.—Of the age of these Pahlívi writings, we have no exact information. Some of them, the *Bandabash*, for instance, appear to have been several hundreds of years after the age of

Zartusht. Dr. Müller was engaged, a good while ago, in examining the manuscripts at Paris; but we are not acquainted with the result of his investigations.

A translation from Anquetil's version of the *Zand-ávástá* was brought out, in German, by Professor J. F. Kleuker, which was soon followed by an abridgment of the same, and, afterwards, by an account of the controversy among both English and German scholars, on the genuineness and authenticity of these writings. Professor Rask pursued his inquiries on these subjects in Persia. He brought home numerous manuscripts, some of which we have seen in the University library at Copenhagen.

Bryant regarded the *Zand-ávástá* as an authentic relic of a very remote antiquity. Dean Prideaux treated it as garbled from the Hebrew Scriptures. Sir William Jones, following the *Dabistán*, a Mohammedan book, believed it to be a compilation from a work which had ceased to exist. Richardson denounced it as having palpable marks of the total, or partial, fabrication of modern times. Foucher, Kennedy, and Elphinstone are against the antiquity of the book. So was Huet; so is Dr. Wilson. Professor Rask maintains the genuineness of some portions of it, though we do not find that he has exactly defined what those portions are.

There are many proofs, too obvious to require much consideration from us, that these ancient Persian writings are entirely of human composition, and that, in their present state, they contain a mixture of old traditions, with hints borrowed from the Hebrew prophets, from the Talmud, from the Korán, and from the inventions and embellishments of successive priests. The best Oriental scholars have decided that the language is, in parts, too ancient to admit of our supposing the whole to be a comparatively modern forgery. While the traditions agree, in their broad outline, with those of the Hebrews, they yet differ from them in their form, and in numerous details, too widely to bear out the opinion that they have been copied from them. In debating the question of their authority, therefore, with those who revere them as a divine revelation, the ground taken by the Christian missionary is that which must commend itself to every impartial mind, and that which we believe will ultimately wean the Pársis themselves from the errors of their fathers. Dr. Wilson has clearly shown, from the *Zand-ávástá*, notwithstanding the disavowals and evasions of the Pársis, that 'Hormazd, whom they set forth as the supreme object of their worship, is supposed to be, not a self-existent, but a derivative and secondary being, originating in or by Zurúúná-Akarana, or Time-without-bounds.' Zurúáná, the first cause of all

things, is represented as absorbed in his own excellence. He is spoken of, and invoked by Hormazd, as creating him, and giving him the laws; and yet Hormazd,—originating in time, created by another being, and invoking that other being as superior to himself—is worshipped by the Pársis. They address him as ‘the knower of all circumstances, who is potent in everything, and who is without the care of any one.’ Plutarch refers to them as saying—‘Oromazes was born of the purest light.’ From the history of Vartan, by Elisaus, an Armenian writer, Dr. Wilson copies a proclamation by the Persian government, two hundred years before the Mohammedian conquest, in which *the great God, Zurúánú*, is described as praying a thousand years before the heavens and the earth were, that he might have a son, named Hormazd, who should create the heavens and the earth; and declaring that, by reason of his prayer, Hormazd was conceived in his body. From *Esnik*, another Armenian writer of the fifth century, a similar account is given of the birth of Hormazd. In the sacred books of the Pársis, Hormazd is set forth as one among many *Izads*, or beings worthy to have sacrifice offered to them. He is represented as having a *Faruhar*, or archetype, which Zurúáná-Akaráná cannot have.

In the *Bandabash*, which has been mentioned, both Hormazd and Ahrimán are described as the production of Zurúáná-Akaráná. These views of the derivative and secondary being of the supreme object of Persian worship are supported by Anquetil du Perron, Gibbon, Woodhouse, Sir John Malcolm, Sir Graves Haughton, Dr. F. Crewzer, and Professor Stuhr. Dr. Wilson presses the Pársis with the dilemma into which they are thus thrown by the inconsistencies of their sacred writings, and the absurdities of their worship.

In like manner they are convicted of unsuccessful subtlety in attempting to explain the account given, in their sacred writings, of Ahrimán, the evil one, as merely metaphorical modes of expressing the principle of evil. He shows that they cannot push these attempts without resolving into metaphor Hormazd, the object of their worship, nor without turning into rank nonsense a great part of the writings which they revere as sacred; that the doctrine of two antagonist beings, alike possessing creative power, is absurd, and contradicted by all the laws of nature; that the doctrine of an essentially evil being originating in the true God is blasphemous; and that the creatures, or states of being, ascribed by them to Ahrimán,—such as darkness, winter, smoke, flies, ants, and the bark of trees,—are not, in their nature, evil, but good; answering wise and benevolent purposes in the grand scheme of the creation.

Dr. Wilson charges the Parsi religion, not only with setting forth ‘an erroneous object of supreme worship,’ and circumscribing ‘the glory and power of that object by an imaginary being of an opposite character,’ but with recognising ‘a vast, and almost uncountable number of objects of religious reverence.’ Dr. Hyde, it will be remembered, laboured hard to defend the ancient Persians against this charge. Dr. Wilson, however, does not content himself with the testimonies of Herodotus, Ctesias, Xenophon, Strabo, Pliny, Diogenes Laertius, Sextus Empiricus, Agathias, Procopius, Justin, Clemens Alexandrinus, Chrysostom, the ecclesiastical historians—Socrates, Sozomen, and Theodosius, Elisæus the Armenian, and such Mohammedan writers as Shaik, Sadi, and Firdausi, to prove that the Persians have, from time immemorial, been worshippers of the elements, particularly of fire: he quotes their own writers to the same effect. He appeals to their practice at the present time. He gives large extracts from a work by Edal Dáru, the present chief priest of one of their leading sects, and from the prayers used by the Parsis, which, we confess, leave on our minds the most distinct impression that, in the simplest meaning of the words, they are worshippers of fire and other elements; all kinds of objects are jumbled together, and addressed in exactly the same terms of adoration as the Supreme God. ‘If, in times later than those to which these notices refer,’ says Dr. Wilson, ‘the Pársis have given contrary representations of their religious opinions, it is only because of a consciousness of shame, produced by the light reflected from a Christian community. Though they may have misled some travellers who have made little inquiry into their religious doctrines and practices, they have, to this day, continued the adoration of the elements and the heavenly bodies, in the manner which will presently be noticed, and (have) endeavoured, when pressed on the subject, to vindicate, like the controversialists now before us, the religious reverence which they have extended to these, the sacred objects of their regard.’

It may be supposed that Dr. Wilson does not spare the subterfuges by which the Pársis would exonerate themselves from the charge of polytheistic worship. We have not space to follow his clear and sensible exposure. But we conceive that the understanding of this matter is quite as important in Europe as it is in Asia: for not a little of the philosophising of some modern Germans, so fashionable in some quarters nearer home, is substantially the same with that of the Oriental pantheists. It may not be amiss, therefore, to say, that the works of God are not God himself; they have nothing in them of a divine nature;

they cannot be parts of the divine substance. The Pársí boys at Bombay have begun to decompose the imaginary elements. The whole system of genii, or angelic superintendents of the elements, is as inconsistent with natural science as it is with metaphysical principles and intelligent theology. Even the story of Žartusht's journey to heaven, to bring the celestial fire down to earth, is, most probably, a legendary embellishment of a natural phenomenon, the naphta fires near Bakú, which have been described by several travellers, and which any one having the least tincture of chemical knowledge can explain.

Such is the Pársí religion; and such are the authorities on which it rests. These are the GUEBRES, or infidels, so called by the Mohammedians, because they reject the Korán. These are the FIRE WORSHIPPERS, even now preserving, amid the many superstitions of the East, a system which is older than history herself. We acknowledge that, while we join with Dr. Wilson in his earnest condemnation of this system, while we tender to him and to his fellow-labourers the expression of our heartiest sympathy with their efforts to supplant it by our own religion, we, nevertheless, look upon these Fire-worshippers and their story with a kind of mysterious interest. With silent awe we would sit beneath the shadows of the Pyramids, in the circles of the Druids, or before the massive rock-temples of Irán, and think of the way in which, from the very first, man has been dealing with the majesty of religion, and with *Him* who is of that religion the author and the object. Every flame, every hieroglyphic, every ancient sculpture, and every curious legend, suggests some glorious truth which man has laboured to improve by his own imaginations, but which—like the tree dying in the clasp of the parasite, that seemed to adorn, while it climbed, its trunk—is buried in the lie which man hath made. It is surely for some purpose that idolatry has been all along rebuked, not by the revelations of God only, but also by the traditions of men; that these traditions were handed down, with more or less purity, and revived from time to time with not a little of their pristine vigour, in the most flourishing of the eastern empires; that one of the princes of that empire was marked by the God of the Hebrews, two hundred years before he came, as *His* anointed for the redemption of *His* people from captivity in a land full of idols; that, near to that time, the corruptions of the patriarchal faith were thrown off by a teacher, in whom we see much good, while we reject the absurdities which the roll of centuries has gathered round his name; and, that wise men from that distant country were guided by a star—astronomy may, or may not, explain it—and, prompted by

a prophecy mysteriously connected with that star, to the birth-place of the King of the Jews:—it is surely for some purpose that light has been thus struggling for thousands of years with the darkness of oriental paganism, preparing the nations, it may be, in a way that escapes the notice of many, surpasses the belief of some, and transcends the comprehension of us all, for the days wherein that which was first will be also the last,—when the ancient truth will chase the lingering mists of falsehood from the mind of every people on the earth.

Our thought in this direction is rather helped than hindered by the contradictory reports which historians, poets, philosophers, and divines, have transmitted to us of Zoroaster and his teaching. By a verbal process, not easily understood without some oriental as well as classical scholarship, the Greeks transformed the name *Zartusht* into *Zoroaster*. Suidas calls him an Assyrian. Justin (the Latin compiler of the Fragments of Trogus Pompeius) says he was a king of Bactria. Laertius treats him as a Persian. Clemens Alexandrinus took him to be a Pamphylian. Pliny mentions him as a Proconnesian. Apuleius speaks of him as a Babylonian. Some of the Indo-Persians imagined that he came from China; others, that he came from Europe. One Mohammedan writer tells us that he was a disciple of Ezra; another, that he was an attendant on Daniel; a third, that he was servant to a follower of Jeremiah; and a fourth, that he was the prophet Elijah's servant.

An equally satisfactory diversity enlivens the opinions of the ancients as to the time when Zoroaster lived. Suidas places him five centuries before the siege of Troy. Hermodorus, Hermippus, and Plutarch liberally allow him five thousand years before that epoch. Eudoxus, with similarly large ideas of time, gives him five thousand years before the death of Plato. Pliny assigns him to a period many thousands of years before Moses. The same Pliny speaks, indeed, of a Zoroaster in the age of Xerxes; Clemens Alexandrinus mentions a Zoroaster who was visited by Pythagoras; and Agathias, a Greek historian of Persia, who wrote in the middle of our sixth century, refers to a Zoroaster of the time of Hystaspes. General Vallancey, the diligent compiler of the ‘Antiquities of Ireland,’ treats us with an account of a Zoroaster in the old Keltic mythology of that country.

It is plain from such testimonies, either that these writers

\* We refer to the calculations of Kepler, founded on the conjunction of Jupiter, Saturn, and Mars, in 1604, as presented to the world twenty years since by Bishop Münter, from the press of Copenhagen; and to Wiesler's Chronological Synopsis of the Four Gospels, published at Hamburg about four years ago. The English reader will find a short account of them in Kitto's Cyclopædia of Biblical Literature, vol. ii. p. 794.

have reported several ancient men under one name, or that the traditions of the oldest nations have appropriated to themselves, respectively, the fame of one real or mythological personage, holding an equal and common relation to them all. That there was such a person as the Persian Zartusht, and that he reformed the Magian religion in Persia, we hold to be about as certain as any fact in ancient history. Yet this fact does not account for the widely spread traditions going back to an indefinitely early period. How, then, does the case stand? It is not free from difficulty. We could not unravel it without a much more copious collation and induction of facts than we can find space for in the limited observations which we must now bring to a close.

Our view is, in substance, this: all the nations of mankind can be traced by their localities, their languages, their physiological properties, their moral sentiments, their mythological remembrances, and their religious institutions, to three branches, from a common stem in the north-western parts of Asia. As the fathers of these nations spread from their one centre, some of them carried with them the same principles and institutions, commemorative of their origin, to every region in which they settled. These rudimental memories were never entirely lost; though the lapse of time, and the varieties of social and political conditions through which their descendants passed, greatly diversified their modes of recording, and of interpreting, the traditions of their fathers. We believe that the legends of the Persians, the Indians, and the Kelts, if not identical, are manifestly of the same origin; and that their symbols, which to us appear so grotesque, and which among themselves degenerated into the objects of a stupid superstition, were at first the exponents of an ancient and true faith.

Mr. Faber's patient researches into the mythology of every ancient people are worthy of more attention than they have yet received: we have not met with a better solution of the multi-form, yet analogous, idolatries of the Pagan nations. To those who cultivate the philosophical habit of mind which detects a prevailing analogy—or similar relation to something else—throughout the most seemingly discordant phenomena, there is no surprise in finding a more than accidental resemblance between the Indian Menu, the Chinese Fo-hi, the Persian Mahabad, and the Keltic Hu; between the Brahman, the Magi, and the Druid; and between the Púránás, the Zand-avástá, and the Edda. In all these names we find the types of an early system, mingled with the vagaries of the human fancy, and imposed by authority on the belief and practice of the elder nations.

Before we leave this subject, we may advert, with all brevity, to the prophecies respecting the Messiah, which, somehow or other, found their way into Persia before the commencement of the Christian era. We need not now stop to detail our reasons for holding by the historical authority of the gospel of Matthew, which relates the fact by which this statement is made good.

Concurrently with this authentic history, the classical writers of that age affirm the prevalence of a general expectation through the east, that a great prince would arise in those days, to found a new and universal empire. Of the prevalence of such an expectation, there can be no reasonable doubt. But the origin of this expectation in the East generally, and in Persia specially, is not perfectly clear. Now, in the writings ascribed to the Persian Zoroaster, there is a prophecy respecting *Oshanda-beguh*, or *Osider-begah*, a just man, who is to appear, in the latter days, to bless the world with holiness and religion; to *revive* the practice of justice; to put an end to injuries; and to re-establish such customs as are immutable in their nature. To him, kings are to be obedient; and they are to advance his affairs. True religion shall flourish; peace shall prevail. All discords, all troubles shall cease.

Mr. Faber traces this prophecy to the doctrine of metempsychosis; he treats it as the expected reappearance of the Just Man, whom the eastern traditions held in veneration as the founder of the human race; and he considers that on this ancient expectation were afterwards grafted the notices borrowed by the Persians from the Hebrew prophets.

Bishop Horsley had a notion that written collections of the promises given to the patriarchs were preserved for a long time among their descendants, who corrupted them, from time to time, by their own superstitious imaginations. On so obscure a question, it might be hazardous to utter a decided opinion. All the evidence which we have the opportunity of examining leads to the conclusion that each of these eminent authors is, to a certain extent, right. We have no doubt that, along with the doctrines and symbols inherited by the Persians from their remotest ancestors, they retained some glimmerings of the HOPE of the patriarchal church; and that they were thus preserved from the gross idolatries by which every other nation was misled and cursed. This view of their case only serves to enhance the almost reverential curiosity with which we regard the sculptures on their ruined sepulchres and temples, the storm-defying altars of their mountain solitudes, and the singular remains of antiquity that still gleam through the absurdities of their religious books. It is worthy of the pains of learned and judicious men, to

gather up the fragments of the most distant ages; and—imitating in one respect the Persian fire-worshippers—to cherish the faintest embers of that sacred truth, which has ever been the sternest reprover of man for his idolatries, and which is his only comforter as he turns, in the bitterness of his heart, from the phantoms of superstition, to hear the tidings of redemption, and to look with steady eye on the visions of immortality, in the gospel of the Son of God.

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- ART. IV. (1.) "*The Great Oyer of Poisoning: the Trial of the Earl of Somerset for the Poisoning of Sir Thomas Overbury, in the Tower of London, and various matters connected therewith, from contemporary MSS.*" By ANDREW AMOS, Esq. 1847.
- (2.) "*The Workes of the Most High and Mightie Prince James, by the Grace of God, King of Great Britain, France, and Ireland, Defender of the Faith.*" Published by JAMES, Bishop of Winton, and Dean of His Majesties Chapel Royal. Printed by Robert Barker, anno 1616.
- (3.) "*The Progresses of James the First.*" By JOHN NICHOLS.
- (4.) "*The Miscellaneous Works of Sir Thomas Overbury, in Prose and Verse, with Memoirs of his Life.*" Tenth edition. London, 1751.
- (5.) *Winwood's Memorials.*
- (6.) "*Sir Antony Weldon's Court and Character of King James the First.*" 1650.
- (7.) *The Almanacs of 1611-12.*

‘ SHINE, Titan, shine,  
Let thy sharp rays be hurled,  
Not on this under world;  
For now, 'tis none of thine,—  
No, no, 'tis none of thine.  
  
‘ But in that sphere,  
Where what thine arms enfold  
Turns all to burnished gold,  
Spend thy bright arrows there.  
  
‘ O! this is he!  
Whose new beams make our spring,—  
Men glad, and birds to sing  
Hymns of praise, joy, and glee,—  
Sing, sing, O this is he!’

Such was one of the least extravagant of the poetic welcomes, albeit ending with the assertion, ‘Earth has not such a king,’

proffered to ‘the high and mighty James, by the grace of God, King of England, Scotland, France, and Ireland,’ when he took his ‘triumphant passage,’ on the 15th of March, 1604, from the Tower, through the city, where Theosophia, in ‘a blue mantle seeded with stars;’ Tamesis, with a crown of sedge and reeds; Eleutheria, in white; and Soteria, ‘in carnation, a colour signifying cheer, and life;’ and a host of quaintly-dressed personages, classical, legendary, and allegorical, stood ready with speeches in choice Latin, and most euphuistical English, all in honour of the monarch who had succeeded to the sceptre of the great Elizabeth. And looking back on the unmatched glories of her reign, and the disgraceful rule of her successor, we feel disgust at the outrageous eulogies lavished on so worthless an object, and indignation at the short-sighted ingratitude which turned so soon from the setting splendours of ‘that bright occidental star,’ to the murky north, expecting a glorious sunrise.

We must, however, bear in mind, that the dark pages of Stuart history, on which *we* dwell, were a sealed book to the men of that generation—that the whole record of England in the 17th century was as yet unrolled; and too heedless of the past, and indulging in exaggerated expectations of the future, the nation, in its joyful welcome of King James, gave but another illustration of the vanity of human expectations. But if, on the day of his triumphant entry into that city which of yore had welcomed her nobler Plantagenets, some prophet hand could have lifted the veil, and shown the eager multitudes the clouds and darkness, where hope pointed to a sun-burst of glory, how deep and prolonged a wail would have mingled with their exulting paeans.

Although at the first glance it seems difficult to account for the general delight of the people at the accession of James of Scotland, on closer view we shall perceive the motives that swayed many minds. While with some, the honours and emoluments which a new reign always offers—while with others, that natural love of what is new, prevailed—with many, the accession of James was hailed as the advent of better days for religion. The high church policy which may be traced in the councils of Elizabeth, from the death of Lord Burghley, certainly went far to weaken her popularity during the last years of her reign. Now, from the king who had been brought up under the tutelage of George Buchanan, the friend of Calvin, and Beza, and Knox—the king in whose dominions alone the Genevan discipline was established,—surely to him, beyond all others, might they confidently look for relief from the yoke of a rigorous conformity, and the crushing tyranny of the eccl-

siastical courts. And then, too, the pupil of Buchanan, the fierce denouncer of regal, no less than priestly tyranny, could not but have imbibed principles more in unison with old English feeling than those of the haughty Tudors; and, all unconscious of the right royal manifestoes enshrined in his precious ‘Basilicon Doron,’ they prepared to view in the new monarch a maintainer of their ancient liberties.

But perhaps the chief cause of his short-lived popularity may be found in the fact that James of Scotland was the candidate for the English crown, to whom that idol of the people, the Earl of Essex, had proffered his warmest service, and for whom he suffered the severe displeasure of the queen, which eventually cost him his life. The extreme popularity of this, the last and most unfortunate favourite of Elizabeth, Essex, has scarcely been duly estimated. We were much struck when lately turning over the collection of the ‘Roxburgh Ballads,’ to find that, while in the whole there are scarcely a score of ballads referring to political events, two are lamentations over the untimely fate of ‘our jewel,’ the ‘good Earl of Essex.’ We need scarcely remark that much mystery hangs over the circumstances of his so called treason; and it is curious to see in these ballads how earnestly this crime is disclaimed. ‘Count him not like to Champion,’ says the writer of the one entitled, ‘The Earl of Essex’s last good-night:—

‘Those traitorous men of Babington;  
Nor like the earl of Westmoreland,  
By whom a number were undone;—  
He, never yet, hurt mother’s son,  
His quarrel still maintains the right,  
For which the tears my face down run,  
When I think of his last good night.’

Now we think in this there is a covert allusion to his efforts to obtain the recognition of James as the queen’s successor. Westmorland and Babington’s plots were expressly to place Mary on the throne; but Essex, in his ‘quarrel,’ maintained the right—the right of a Protestant prince, as well as next heir to the crown, *after* the death of its rightful possessor. In the other ballad, which laments that,

‘Sweet England’s pride is gone!  
Welladay, welladay,—  
Which makes her sigh, and moan  
Evermore still’—

after a recapitulation of his many gallant services in the Low Countries, Ireland, Spain, and Portugal, and hints of the

jealousy with which he was regarded, the balladist goes on to say :—

‘But all could not prevail,  
Welladay, welladay,  
His deeds did not avail,  
More was the pity.  
He was condemned to die  
For treason certainly,—  
But God that sits on high  
Knoweth all things.’

And probably the thousands by whom these ballads were sung knew much more than history has handed down to us.

But however highly the anticipations of the people had been originally raised, much had been done already, in the short space of eleven months, by the perverse self-will of the monarch who arrogated to himself that most inappropriate of all titles, ‘the British Solomon,’ to disabuse their credulity. The ‘mock conference at Hampton Court,’ and the elevation of Bancroft to the archiepiscopal chair of Canterbury, had proved to the Puritan party the fallacy of their hopes; while the favours lavished on Lord Henry Howard, the betrayer of Essex, and especially upon Robert Cecil, his direst and most inveterate enemy, showed that grateful remembrance had little place in the heart of King James. It is probable, too, that this ‘triumphant passage’ itself aided the waning popularity of the monarch; for, although on this occasion he ambled along on ‘a dainty white jennet,’ beneath a canopy borne by eight splendidly-dressed attendants, yet his awkward figure, rendered more awkward by ‘his doublets stuffed stiletto proof,’ his tongue too large for his mouth, his eyes large, and ever rolling about, and his peculiarly ungraceful mode of riding, stooping almost as though to clutch the mane, must have rendered him, as to his personal appearance, an object of contempt to the populace, who remembered the stately self-possession and queenly dignity of the aged Elizabeth. With greater penetration than he evinced on more important subjects, James soon discovered that he had not the qualities to befit him for a popular monarch; so after this procession, he kept himself—far more than our former kings—from appearing in public on solemn occasions; and from henceforward the outrageous compliments which Dekker and Beaumont, and especially Ben Jonson, awaited to lay at his feet, were pronounced at Whitehall, or Theobald’s, instead of being chorussed with loud music at Aldgate or Temple Bar.

James, in withdrawing thus from the irreverent gaze of his subjects, did not, however, intend that he should be forgotten. On the contrary, perhaps no monarch ever took such pains to

keep himself in the minds, though certainly not in the hearts, of all men. Never, from the time of the Gowrie conspiracy, to that of the journey of Prince Charles into Spain, did any reign present so many strange and mysterious episodes. To one of these—in its relation both to the king and to the peculiar superstitions of the time, the most important of all—we shall have occasion to refer; we must, however, ere passing, take a slight view of the court and court manners. Here, the state of things was not greatly dissimilar to that of his grandson at the Restoration. Just as the sober state of the Protectorate was succeeded by the licence and frivolity of Charles the Second's court, so the solemn magnificence, the stately and formal observances of Elizabeth's court, gave way to a licence of speech and conduct, a taste for extravagance, and an endless round of dissipation, at which the learned queen and her decorous ladies in waiting, and her grave ministers of state, would have stood aghast. The chief agent in this change was the queen, a woman of weak mind and strong will; whose eager love of dissipation had been whetted by the privations to which she had been subjected in Scotland, and who seems, from her inordinate love of expense, to have really believed that 'London streets were paved with gold.' Unfortunately, scarcely a nobleman of Elizabeth's days remained to teach, by his example, a better way. The old courtiers of the queen had almost all grown old with their aged mistress, and had preceded, or swiftly followed her to the tomb; while to them had succeeded the young courtiers of the king, whose character is so minutely and truthfully described in the well-known old ballad of 'The Old and the Young Courtier.' For the swift and general deterioration of manners which the court of James exhibited, we think we may refer to the influence of France,—an influence which, from that period to the present day, has ever been productive of mischief to our land. During the greater part of Elizabeth's reign, our relations with France were too precarious to allow of our young nobles making any lengthened stay there, while the characters of Catherine de Medicis and of the Guises prevented their cautious fathers from desiring it. With the accession of Henry of Navarre, however, all danger seemed to have ceased; England and France joined in a steadfast league; and because popish machinations, and massacres of St. Bartholomew were no longer to be feared, even our wariest statesmen seem to have been blinded to the consequences of their sons becoming familiarized with the open profligacy of a court which still retained its bad pre-eminence of being the most licentious in Europe.

It was from thence that the greater freedom of speech and

manners, the endless round of frivolous, though expensive amusements, and the darker crimes of plots that scrupled at no means for their attainment, of secret poisonings—most abhorrent of all to true English feeling, came.

A court presided over by a woman as vain, as extravagant, and as eagerly devoted to pleasure as Anne of Denmark, presented necessarily great attractions to the young nobility, and afforded likewise a favourable arena, in which the aspirants for royal favour could struggle into notice. Although King James evinced but little taste for the masques and revels on which Inigo Jones lavished so much expensive machinery, and Daniels, and Beaumont and Fletcher, and Ben Jonson, so much fine poetry, he was yet flattered by the compliments which invariably formed the conclusion. He was also gratified by the opportunities thus afforded of arraying himself in kingly state, and surrounding himself with a splendid *cortege*; in short, enacting, as his subservient chaplains declared, ‘Solomon in all his glory,’ to the admiring gaze of his countrymen, who pressed to behold him in numbers that bade fair to create a famine in the land. Thus the queen continued without restraint in her course of dissipation; while the people cast many a wondering gaze at a court, where the noblest ladies, even the queen herself, took part as actresses in the masques, although, to the time of the Restoration, no woman had appeared, even on the public stage, and where the nobles vied with each other in gaming and hard drinking, while, to obtain means for their extravagant expenditure, places were openly set up for sale, and bribes received almost as openly from foreign powers.

No wonder was it that the people soon began to look back with fond recollections to the memory of Elizabeth; more especially, when the king, who certainly in his policy more resembled Rehoboam than his wiser father, began to assume a power, and to advance his prerogative, far beyond whatever she had attempted. But the popular feeling must have something to cling to—some hope of better days, although as yet far distant; and this feeling found an object, this hope a stay, in the heir apparent of the crown, prince Henry Frederic, who, although a mere boy, was already distinguished by no ordinary gifts and attainments. The important part which this boy might eventually take in the affairs of Europe, seems to have been early recognised by the continental powers, for even in the year 1606, when he had but just attained the age of twelve years, we find, in a letter of John Pory, that ‘the old Venetian, Lieger, presented a new Lieger, called Justinian, to the king and the prince; I say to the prince, for they delivered a letter to him,

‘from the seignory, as well as to the king.’ During the same year, we find the French ambassador, Borderie, thus writing:— ‘None of his pleasures savour in the least of a child—he studies two hours in the day, and employs the rest of his time in tossing the pike, leaping, shooting with the bow, throwing the bar, or vaulting, or some other exercise of the kind, and he is never idle.’ The reader will bear in mind that all these athletic exercises were the favourite and time-hallowed sports of the English people. Borderie, however, goes on to say, that with great kindness to his dependents, he exhibited such zeal and energy, exerting ‘his whole strength to compass what he desires, that he is already feared by the Earl of Salisbury, who appears greatly apprehensive of the prince’s ascendancy.’ Now, when we remember that this description is not the eulogy of an English courtier, anxious to gain the smiles of the future monarch, but the confidential report of a foreign ambassador, pledged by his office to give a faithful account of the state of things here; when we remember, too, that the republic of Venice, then so feared and honoured, so wary too, would scarcely have risked the displeasure of the father, by complimenting his heir, unless that heir were well known to be no common character, we may well perceive that prince Henry was destined, had he lived, to take a commanding part in swaying the destinies of Europe.

James the First never exhibited any of the domestic affections: of him it might be said, in the words of Madame Geofrin, respecting a French philosopher, that ‘heaven had given him a morsel of brains, but not a bit of heart.’ The ‘morsel of brains’ which fell to the British Solomon’s share was indeed a modicum, but of natural affection he seems to have been utterly destitute. No wonder was it, therefore, that he soon began to view his gifted son with an hostility that in a few years deepened into hatred. But although love of wife or children could not be charged upon James the First, no king, except, perhaps, Edward the Second, ever became more the victim of favouritism. From the time of his arrival in England, to the day that he drew his last breath, one royal favourite after another swayed him at their will, and exhibited to the world the spectacle of a king ever boasting of his absolute power, but in reality, the very servant of their caprices.

The first favourite was Sir Philip Herbert, afterwards Earl of Montgomery, whose claims on the king’s partiality consisted of ‘comeliness of person,’ and ‘a knowledge of horses and dogs;’ but the star of his ascendant soon waned before the influence of a young Scottish adventurer, of whose early life, and family,

scarcely anything is known. This was Robert Carr, subsequently Earl of Somerset, whose participation in the Overbury murder led to ‘the Great Oyer of Poisoning.’ Even the latest researches cannot determine the exact time when Carr first appeared at court, nor the circumstances under which he was first introduced to the king. Perhaps, the generally received story may be correct, that some time during the year 1606, while engaged as page to some Scotch gentleman at a tilting-match, when about to present the shield and device of his master to the king, he fell, and broke his leg; that James, moved at his suffering, and struck with his fine person, ordered his own surgeons to attend him, visited him daily, and took him into such high favour in so short a time, that popular opinion could only believe that witchcraft must have been employed. The personal appearance of this youth was, however, his only claim on the king’s favour. He was miserably deficient in education, and from his after conduct he appears to have been, if not weak-minded, certainly possessed of a very moderate share of capacity, and of very little energy. It has been generally believed that James took upon himself the office of tutor to his favourite; but that he appointed a gentleman of the court to that duty is more correct; and that gentleman was ‘the unfortunate Sir Thomas Overbury.’

Not the least strange and melancholy view which this period presents, is the awful prostitution of fine talents and splendid abilities. No other court, save that of James the First, could exhibit a Williams openly acknowledging the meanest subserviency, exulting in the most degrading servility, merely that he might obtain that favour which his acuteness, and shrewd business talents would have undoubtedly procured him at the court of Elizabeth; and no other period could have shown the sad spectacle of the wisest man of his age, Bacon, supplicating, in language absolutely revolting, for the smiles and patronage of that pedant king whom he must have loathed in his inmost heart. And thus we find the poets of that day; indeed, almost all the writers, although often dwelling on pure and lofty themes, yet ready at the command of the king, or the wish of his profligate courtiers, to indite the grossest ribaldry, or enshrine in graceful numbers the most outrageous falsehoods. What contrasts do the more serious poems of these writers present, not excepting Donne, to the shameless eulogies on courtly patrons, to the more shameless intrigues for place, in which nearly all of them were involved! Here are ‘the Miscellaneous Works of Sir Thomas Overbury,’ the tenth edition, published more than a hundred years after his death; and here is his melan-

choly, intellectual face, with sad, earnest eyes, that seem to ask our pity. And what a startling contrast do his works present to his character—his character as developed by later researches: the accomplished but false-hearted courtier, who ‘exercised, for several years, the extraordinary vocation of imparting ideas and language to the Earl of Somerset, as to a puppet, who, by means of his secret suggestions, moved the inclinations of King James which way he would, and fascinated the beauties of the court,’ appears here as the exile from some pleasant country solitude, yearning after rural scenes and simple pleasures; dwelling fondly on reminiscences of country life—not idly ‘babbling of green fields,’ but sadly and longingly recalling their freshness and beauty; each minute recollection, too, of the shady lanes, the hedge-row flowers, ‘the scent of the new-made haycock.’ And how passing strange does it seem, to find the very writer of the Earl of Somerset’s love-letters to that profligate girl, the Countess of Essex, finishing off with such minute and loving touches his graceful picture of ‘the fair and happy milkmaid,’ who, ‘though she be not arrayed in the spoil of the silkworm, is decked in innocence, a far better wearing;’ who ‘fears no manner of ill, because she means none; and is never alone, because still accompanied with old songs, honest thoughts, and prayers.’ How strange and sad it is, that a writer whose tendencies seem to have pointed so strongly towards the gentle and the pure, should have passed his days in such society, and been so deeply involved in that ‘mystery of iniquity’—even as yet not wholly fathomed, for the concealment of which his life was sacrificed! Forty pages of eulogistic verse, after the fashion of the day, and offered by as many admirers, lamenting ‘the untimely death of Sir Thomas Overbury, poisoned in the Tower,’ prefixed to this volume, attest the sympathy and sorrow so generally felt for his hard fate; but little, indeed, did the writers imagine that the victim of the Countess of Essex was the victim of stern justice. For placing this point in a light, clear as evidence short of actual demonstration can make it, our acknowledgments are due to Mr. Amos.

The progress of the events to which we are about to direct the reader’s attention, will be made clearer by our again referring to Prince Henry. While his royal father was engaged in heap<sup>z</sup>ing wealth and honours on the new favourite, in relieving the pressure of the laws against the Roman catholics, and increasing their severity against the puritans, and in making most marvellous speeches in the Star-Chamber on the government of the church and the planting of forest trees,—not for the use of the navy, but for ‘our deer,’ and on the royal prerogative, which, in

the speech in 1609, is coupled with the equally important question—a question which alone would prove to Mr. Grantley Berkeley King James's fitness for rule—the preservation of his partridges,\*—while these, together with speeches and argumentations with his admiring chaplains, on

‘ Providence, foreknowledge, will, and fate,  
Fixed fate, free-will, foreknowledge absolute,’

in which, like the original discussers of these deep questions, he  
‘ Found no end, in wandering mazes lost,’

the son was steadily advancing in the affections of the people, and respect of foreign powers. Most singularly, the son of a catholic mother, and of a father who hated puritanism with a stedfastness which he never exhibited in better things, grew up serious, strictly moral, and with an evident leaning towards that very system which his father so detested. Ere his appearance in public life, the puritans exultingly told how Prince Henry commanded the strict observance of the Sabbath by all his household, and imposed penalties on profane swearing, and declared with eager vehemence his detestation of Spain, and catholicism. In addition to his love of athletic exercises, Henry took great interest both in engineering and shipping, and openly expressed his determination to patronise men of skill and enterprise. All this endeared him to the people in the same degree in which he became an object of increasing jealousy and dislike to his father. On Twelfth Night, 1610, Prince Henry made his first appearance as principal challenger at the Barriers, and we think the speeches recited on this occasion, and which were furnished by Ben Jonson, strongly show the jealous feeling with which the hero of the day was regarded by the court party. Throughout the whole, Prince Henry scarcely receives a compliment; his warlike tastes are alluded to almost with censure, while the king is held up, in extravagantly complimentary strains, as the sole object of imitation. The prince was now sixteen, and the time for his solemn inauguration as Prince of Wales had arrived. This ceremony was performed with great magnificence, just after the assassination of Henry of France had startled and shocked the whole nation. It has been argued,

\* This speech in 1609, which the reader will find in the works of the high and mighty king James, is quite a model of its kind, and in the earnestness with which he pleads the cause of his partridges, is quite pathetic. ‘ Ye know my delight in hawking and hunting, and many of yourselves are of the same mind. I know no remedy for preserving the game that breeds in my grounds, except I cast a roose over all my ground, or else put verrels to the partridge feet with my arms upon them as my hawks have, otherwise I know not how they shall be known to be the king's.’

from the expense lavished on this festival, and from the great respect paid to the prince, that James was not hostile to his son, but anxious to give him due honour. We must, however, remember that James was a perfect master of dissimulation, and that refusal of the usual honours to the heir apparent—honours which had not been paid for more than a hundred years, would have irritated the spirit of a haughty youth, and of his many admirers, and probably precipitated that open rupture, which there was too much reason to fear would take place ere long. During these splendid festivals, Prince Henry was ‘the admired of all beholders.’ his skilful management of the lance and sword, his noble bearing, his admirable horsemanship—all fixed the attention of the higher classes upon him; and when, just after, to do honour to that able shipwright, Phineas Pettie, on whom he had already bestowed his patronage, he rode across Blackheath, in the midst of a severe storm of wind and rain, to Woolwich, and although the day was so tempestuous, going on board the vessel which he was to name at her launching, his hardy spirit, his fearlessness, gave him equal attractions in the eyes of the commons. There is something very characteristic in the minute account Phineas Pettie gives of this proud day to him. How his highness, when the huge hull had floated into the middle of the Channel, took the standing cup, filled with choice wine, drank to the success of the good ship, and then dashing the remainder at the head, named her ‘The Prince Royal.’ And how ‘his highness went down to the platform of the cook-room, where the ship’s beer stood, and there finding an old can without a lid, went and drew it full of beer himself, and drank it off to the health of the lord admiral, and caused him, with the rest of his attendants, to do the like.’ When had the high and mighty James ever displayed the like *bonhomie*—when had ever his pampered minion Carr shown such hearty feeling?

That between two youths, placed as Prince Henry and Carr were, feelings of the bitterest hostility should spring up, was inevitable. The fondness which might have been gracefully bestowed on a son, James chose to lavish on his young favourite; and that young favourite well knew that the *very* qualities which had fascinated the father, had excited the contempt of that son. It is true, that Carr, by himself, as he eventually found, was almost powerless for good, or for evil; but, aided by his tutor Overbury, to whose political talents Bacon bears testimony, the king’s favourite was scarcely to be despised even by the heir apparent. There were others, too, in the council hostile to Prince Henry. The Earl of Salisbury, whom he

always disliked, was prime minister; and since the death of Lord Dorset, and the elevation of Salisbury to the office of Lord Treasurer, the Earl of Northampton, a statesman grown grey in plots and intrigues,—one who, with true Machiavellian policy, scrupled at no measures, had become Lord Privy Seal. With him was associated his nephew, the Earl of Suffolk—a nobleman more than suspected of having received bribes from Spain, and it was his beautiful, but most profligate and depraved eldest daughter, who had been married, when a mere child, to the young Earl of Essex, but who was now, with scarcely an attempt at disguise, the paramour of Robert Carr. The story that Prince Henry was in this case a rival of the favourite, seems utterly apocryphal. The prince, who so vehemently and constantly protested against ‘a popish match,’ would scarcely have looked with much favour on a family of known popish principles; nor can we believe that a youth, always characterized by the strictest attention to moral and religious duties, would, of all the beauties of his father’s court, have selected one, not only of most questionable conduct, but actually a married woman. But the close and familiar intercourse of Carr with that branch of the Howard family, in consequence of this intrigue, must have irritated Prince Henry greatly. The political skill, of which the favourite was utterly destitute, could now be aided by the threescore years’ experience of that wariest and most unscrupulous of statesmen, Lord Northampton, who now joined with Overbury in the task of ruling him, who ruled their royal master.

We have gone over the foregoing particulars more minutely, because we think these political relations have been too much overlooked by writers who have taken up this portion of our history; and thus a contest in which, on the part of the favourite and his associates, all was to be gained, or all lost, has been viewed as a mere squabble of two self-willed boys. The character of the agents, too, has not been sufficiently estimated. ‘The unfortunate Sir Thomas Overbury,’ the writer of graceful prose and verse, who, according to the received version, was committed to the Tower by the intrigues of a revengeful girl, and there poisoned, was not the amiable, conscientious friend of Carr, who, shocked at his attachment to Lady Essex, endeavoured to show him his guilt. Overbury was the main agent in the intrigue,—writing in his pupil’s name, and with all the skill and grace which he so well knew how to practise, the very letters that urged his suit. It is very probable that Overbury was bribed to this by Northampton, whom Weldon represents as having incited his niece to seduce Carr by her blandishments; and that during this time Overbury was most sedulously courted

both by Northampton and Suffolk, we have the testimony of their letters.

The character of Prince Henry, too, especially in connexion with continental politics, has, we think, been strangely overlooked. That he was a warlike, energetic, haughty spirit, we have already seen, and that his principles, too, verged closely on puritanism. Now, if we glance at the state of Europe in 1610, we shall perceive that a prince thus qualified could not but be an object of intense interest both to Catholic and Protestant. On the Continent, Spain was still the ruling power; but the Dutch had just achieved their independence, and had concluded a truce for twelve years. In Germany, the feeble sway of Rudolph had encouraged the formation of the Evangelic Union, on the one hand, and of the Catholic League on the other, and preparations were openly making for a warfare, which, upon the death of the emperor,—an event obviously not far distant,—would rage with unexampled bitterness. In the formation of the Evangelic Union, the hopes of the Protestants had been fixed on Henry of France,—but the dagger of Ravaillac had arrested those hopes, and that important kingdom was now under the feeble sway of a child but nine years old. Thus it was to England alone that the continental Protestants could look,—even as fifty years before they had looked, and were not disappointed. And strangely providential must it have appeared to a marvelling age, that the heir of England's crown, whose mother was an avowed Catholic, whose father always leant towards Spain, and whose wavering counsels were in direct opposition to those of the great Elizabeth,—that this prince should, from his earliest years, have so heartily taken up the cause of Protestantism, should have already declared it his first and most cherished wish to fling down the gauntlet to hated Spain, and stand forth the champion of the reformed faith. And then his very name. Henry of Navarre, ere he had ascended the throne of France, how bravely had he fought the battles of Protestantism, and how had his life but as now, been sacrificed to Jesuit revenge! But here was another Henry, the future King of England, entering on the stage of public life, just as the other had been snatched away—endowed with every gift that should fit him for his high calling,—surely *he* was to be their chosen leader, surely all combined to set a seal upon *him* for this very work!

In tracing the events of the two following years, we shall find Prince Henry gradually but firmly extending his influence. As the head of an immense household, we find him ordering and arranging its affairs, to use the words of Sir Charles Cornwallis,

'more like a grave, wise, ancient, than a young prince ;' and we also find him sternly opposing the proposals of his father for his marriage. The unexpected succession of Abbot to the chair of Canterbury, although it seems to have been entirely owing to the caprice of James, gratified the young prince, as we know, highly ; but in the spring of 1611, he must have experienced much vexation at his father's creating his worthless favourite, Viscount Rochester. Another act of the king's, more fatal, we believe, to Prince Henry than aught beside, also took place this year, although probably scarcely noticed at the time ;—this was the invitation of Theodore Mayerne, a physician of great celebrity in the French capital, to England, to become the king's first physician. We are not acquainted with the circumstances accompanying this invitation ; could these be ascertained, we should probably obtain an important clue to the mysterious events that followed.

In May, 1612, the Earl of Salisbury died, just while negotiations were going on for the marriage of the king's children ; and the Earl of Suffolk was advanced to the office of Lord Treasurer, while Viscount Rochester took the vacated place of Lord Chamberlain. To this he is said to have attempted to annex the post of Secretary of State, but that from incompetence he was compelled to desist. We think it more probable that the influence of Prince Henry prevailed ; for James was at this time on better terms with his son than usual, and Sir Ralph Winwood and Sir Thomas Lake became joint secretaries. Meanwhile, the negotiations for Prince Henry's marriage with a French princess, to which he was very averse, and that for his sister with the young Elector Palatine, which he eagerly anticipated, proceeded. During the summer, he went on a progress with the king, and in autumn returned to London, where he welcomed the Elector as a brother, and again openly expressed the joy he should feel in taking part in the coming struggle,—indeed, according to a letter of Sir Robert Naunton's to Winwood, 'that he had a design to have gone over with the Palgrave, and have drawn Count Maurice along with him, and have done some exploit.' But this was not to be. On the 15th of October he was first seized with illness, after dining at the king's table. He returned to his residence, at St. James's, his illness not being considered dangerous until the 25th, when Dr. Mayerne was sent by the king to attend him, in addition to his own physician, Dr. Hammond. Dr. Aikin, as quoted by his daughter, in her excellent '*Memoirs of the Court of James the First*,' declares the disease to have been putrid fever ; and refers to Mayerne's opinion that there was no reason to believe that any

poison had been administered. The value of Mayerne's opinion on this subject will be subsequently tested; it seems, however, an extraordinary piece of caution, that although he was secured by express certificate from the king, he should have torn out of his table-book every prescription relating to the illness of the heir-apparent, while, as Mr. Amos remarks, he carefully preserved one 'for the queen's black horse.'

On the 6th of November, Prince Henry died, having not quite completed his nineteenth year; and seldom has popular grief been deeper or more sincere than that which mourned the untimely fate of one who bade fair to emulate the prowess of our noblest Plantagenets, but in a far worthier cause. The exultation of the court party was scarcely restrained within the bounds of common decency; and widely did the opinion prevail that Prince Henry, like his namesake of France, had fallen a sacrifice to papist intrigues, carried on by those who had the chief management of public affairs. The conduct of the king, which, during his son's illness, had been marked with great insensibility, was, immediately upon his death, rather singular. He received this news, without any expression of sorrow, at Theobalds, to which, although it was winter, he had retired, when informed of his son's hopeless state; but within a few days we find him at Kensington, and soon after he left there, on the strange excuse, as recorded in a letter of one of his attendants, in Nichol's 'Progresses,' 'that the wind came through the walls, and he could not lie warm in bed.' So he next came to Whitehall. Here his stay was very short, and he returned again to Theobalds, from whence he went to Royston, some time before the funeral, which was performed with great magnificence, on the 7th of December. Now, had James been an affectionate father, the restlessness of violent grief would have supplied a reason for this ceaseless removing from place to place; but King James was not. Did his conscience accuse him, and suffer him not to rest?

No sign of sorrow was to be seen at the Christmas festivities. Mourning was expressly forbidden, although the prince had not been three weeks in his grave; and although Jonson does not appear to have been called upon to provide a masque for the occasion, still the splendid preparations which were being made for the marriage of Princess Elizabeth to the Palsgrave might have been the cause. This marriage took place in February, and the royal entertainments lasted until an empty exchequer compelled their discontinuance. Within a few weeks after the departure of the young couple, Sir Thomas Overbury, who, as the 'oracle of direction,' to use Bacon's emphatic words, of the

all-powerful favourite, was a person of no mean importance, was committed to the Tower. Arbitrary imprisonment was one of the most cherished prerogatives of the Stuarts. When, therefore, it was reported that refusal to go on an embassy was the cause, little inquiry seems to have been made. Overbury's letters, addressed to his late pupil, however, make no mention of this, but refer his imprisonment to the machinations of 'your woman,' of whom he writes in the most insulting terms. But Overbury himself must have well known, that however hated he might be by that vindictive girl, whom he had thwarted in her design of a divorce, *she* could have had no power to appoint his jailor, although he was one of her iniquitous associates; still less to remove the former lieutenant of the Tower, and place Sir Gervase Helwysse in his stead. That Overbury knew he was in possession of important secrets is evident in his letters. 'Is this the fruit of my care and love to you? Be these the fruits of *common secrets* and *common dangers*? Drive me not to extremities, lest I should say something that you and I both repent.' Such is his threat in the first letter. The favourite, even at this time, seems to have been rather careless than hostile, and with this he bitterly upbraids him. In his other letter, he declares that he has written the whole story of his wrongs—'what hazard I have run, *what secrets have passed between us*:' and this he states, 'On Friday, I sent to a friend of mine, under *eight seals*, 'and if you persist to use me thus, assure yourself it shall be published.' There are no dates to these letters, neither can we ascertain what answers were received. According to one statement, Rochester sent word that if Overbury would feign illness, he would endeavour, on that plea, to obtain his enlargement. However that might be, wine and pastry were sent to him by the Countess of Essex, but in her paramour's name, and that these were poisoned there is little doubt. The unhappy prisoner languished for several months in great pain and weakness, and at length, on the 15th of September, died. Overbury's death seems to have excited little attention. His brother, and brother-in-law, who were in London endeavouring to procure his release, appear to have had no suspicion, and full two years passed away ere 'truth was brought to light by time.'

The disgraceful proceedings in the Countess of Essex's divorce quickly succeeded. Obedient to the royal mandate, grave divines took the part of the profligate girl, who, although not nineteen, was already so old in wickedness; and King James signalized the Christmas of 1613-14 by raising his favourite to the dignity of Earl of Somerset, and giving away the bride with his own royal hand. All this, history has recorded, but it is not gene-

rally known that Bacon, with that melancholy servility which marked his public conduct, expended two thousand pounds on a splendid entertainment, presented by the gentlemen of Lincoln's-inn, and entitled, 'The Masque of Flowers.' These are the concluding lines:—

‘Receive our flowers with gracious hand,  
As a small wreath to your garland,  
Flowers of honour, flowers of beauty,  
Are your own, we, only bring  
Flowers of affection, flowers of duty.’

Affection and duty to the Earl and Countess of Somerset, and offered at the command of Bacon!

Somerset had now reached the culminating point of his greatness; but destitute of the 'promptings' of Overbury, and soon after by the death of Lord Northampton deprived of his wise and wary guidance, he ere long sunk in favour both with the king and those around him. On his progress in the summer of the following year, James met at Apthorpe that new and more fortunate favourite, George Villiers, and from thence-forward Somerset seems to have foreseen his fall. The circumstance of his demanding of the king a pardon under the Great Seal for past offences, seems to corroborate the view, that there was some secret which James was anxious, at all hazards, to keep.

Two years passed, and then a rumour spread that an apothecary's boy, at Flushing, had confessed having given a poisoned medicine to Sir Thomas Overbury, of which he died. The story became ere long so general, that Coke, the Lord Chief Justice, was directed to make inquiries; and four persons, Helwysse, Lieutenant of the Tower, Weston, the gaoler, Franklin, an apothecary, and Mrs. Turner, a physician's widow, were taken up; and soon after, the Earl and Countess of Somerset were consigned to strict custody. There is scarcely need to enter on the particulars of the trial of the four subordinate agents, except to remark that Mr. Amos, in his valuable work, has proved how little dependence can be placed on the reports in the State Trials, since, by a careful examination of the original documents in the State Paper Office, he has shown, that not only are the confessions and examinations garbled, but that there are many important examinations which are not even referred to in the printed account, and that these prove the existence of a *double* plot to destroy Overbury.

We have already remarked on the great unlikelihood that the Countess of Essex could have had any influence in appointing

so important an officer as the Lieutenant of the Tower. We now find that Lord Northampton was chief agent in appointing him, and that there was continued communication between them. In a letter of Northampton's, addressed to the favourite, he states, 'I yesterday spent *two hours* in prompting the lieutenant, with as great caution as I could, and *find him to be very perfect in his part*.' Would an aged and wily statesman have spent two hours merely to aid his great-niece in a clumsy attempt to poison a man whom she indeed hated, but who had been the depository of the most important state secrets? In the fourth letter, he says, 'The caution and discretion of the lieutenant hath undertaken Overbury—either Overbury shall recover, and do good offices between Lord Suffolk and you, or *else that he shall not recover at all*, which he thinks the most sure and happy change for all.' But how was it that the prisoner was not to recover? The countess and her wretched assistant, Mrs. Turner, had already mixed rose-acre in tarts, and strewed mercury sublimate over them, but their victim yet lived; here, then, the confession of the apothecary's boy comes in, and the statement of one Edward Rider, who asserts that he spoke to one Lobell, a French apothecary, who acknowledged with great agitation that his son had sent an apprentice into France. But in the report in the State Trial, no mention is made of any medical man being called in. In the suppressed examinations, we, however, find Paul de Lobell, the son of the before-mentioned, stating that he attended Sir Thomas Overbury in the Tower, 'but never ministered any physic to him, but *by the advice of Monsieur Mayerne, for which he had his hand*', and he farther states, he gave 'into the hands of the chief justice, twenty-eight leaves or pieces of paper,' which contained the prescriptions, while, as though more fully to connect the guilty knowledge of the king with this murder, we have also a short note from Somerset, directing the Lieutenant of the Tower to allow 'the king's physician' to visit the prisoner! On the death of Overbury, an inquest was held, although not a word of this appears in the State Trials, and when we read the three notes addressed by Lord Northampton in the course of the morning, respecting this event, we perceive that it was looked forward to with much anxiety. Two of these letters, the first 'entreating' that Lidcott and three or four friends 'may see the body,' and the other assuring 'worthy Mr. Lieutenant' that Lord Rochester 'desired all honour to be done to his deceased friend,' are to be found in Winwood's 'Memorials,' but the most important letter, evidently first of the series, has remained until now in the State Paper Office. This is it—

'Noble Lieutenant,—If the knave's body be foul, bury it presently; I'll stand between you and harm; but if it will abide the view, *send for Lideote*, and let him see it, to satisfy the damned crew. When you come to me, bring me this letter again yourself with you, or else burn it.

'NORTHAMPTON.'

The inquest was accordingly held before 'Robert Bright, Gent.,' and a jury consisting of six warders, and six others; and Lideott, Overbury's brother-in-law, was compelled to allow that the forms of law had been observed. Now wherefore should an inquest have been held, save to exonerate the medical attendants? and wherefore should so wary a statesman as Northampton have committed himself by so infamous a letter as the one just quoted, save that 'reasons of state' peremptorily required the utmost secrecy. Northampton evidently hoped that the poison had done its work in the usual manner—turning the body to a mass of corruption; but a more skilful poisoner had completed the work of the two wretched women, and thus the excuse that the corpse was not fit to be seen could not avail. Of the evidence at this inquest we have no notes; doubtless a hasty survey and a hasty verdict were sufficient. But is it not most mysterious, that upon the trials of the four subordinate agents of the plot,—as we may call it for distinction, of the Countess of Essex,—not a word was said about an inquest, not a word that an apothecary—that even the king's favourite physician had been called in! Nor was 'Robert Bright, Gent.,' forthcoming, nor Paul de Lobell, nor, stranger than all, Dr. Mayerne. Would a physician, considered one of the most skilful of his day, and well known, too, as remarkably conversant with chemistry, have quietly kept out of the way, when the king and his council well knew that he had visited Overbury, unless he was conscious of deeds that would not bear the light? And would not the king, too, had it been his honest wish to have sifted this atrocious murder thoroughly, have compelled Mayerne to come forward, were it only for the important light he could throw, from his chemical knowledge, upon a trial named emphatically 'the Great Oyer of Poisoning.'

The trials of the four wretched accessories were hurried over, and their deaths swiftly followed. From the haste, there seems great reason to believe that James feared further disclosures. That hints of such were made, the *original* depositions, now first published, amply prove. 'The king used an outlandish physician, and an outlandish apothecary, about him, and about the late prince deceased?' is one of the questions put to Franklin.

'Therein lieth a long tale,' is his answer. 'I think next to the gunpowder treason, there never was such a plot as this is.' 'I can make one discovery that should deserve my life,' is another answer. In a letter addressed by Helwysse, the lieutenant to the king, at the beginning of the inquiry, he expressly refers to Mayerne being in attendance, and also the apothecary, 'at the physician's appointment;' and the apothecary's boy also; 'but who gave the bribe, who corrupted the servant, who told Weston these things, or what is become of the servant, I can give your majesty no account.'

The acute mind of Coke seems early to have perceived that the murder of Overbury was but one link of, perhaps, a series of crimes. That it had especial connexion with the death of Prince Henry, he is stated to have openly hinted, and we here find that although in the thickest of these almost daily examinations, he found time to make inquiry respecting it. Mr. Amos has given two depositions, not of much importance in themselves, but valuable, as showing that the first lawyer of his age, with many sources of information denied to us, held the opinion that Prince Henry had been poisoned. We may here remark that the statement of Mayerne on the case of the prince is absolutely worthless, if *he* were the poisoner; and that the minute account of the appearance of the body is but little to be depended upon, since in cases of poisoning by arsenic,—and many of the symptoms strongly resembled this—its presence could not be detected, save by chemical tests, which we know were not applied, and which, indeed, were most probably not known at this period.

When the higher criminals were brought to the bar, the same mystery which had marked the proceedings all along was even more evident. James was in anxious correspondence with Coke and Bacon, and as Mr. Amos remarks in respect to the latter, both the king and his attorney-general never seem to have troubled themselves with the guilt or innocence of the prisoners, but seem solely anxious to get up a scene. That, on Sir Thomas Mounson's trial, was indeed one; and we think there is little doubt that fear lest he 'should play his master's prize,' was the reason that his trial was not proceeded with, but that he was remanded to the Tower. The various documents in this volume of Mr. Amos go far to confirm the statements of a writer generally considered as very apocryphal, Sir Antony Weldon. The subsequent details of the trial of the two principals, the earl and the countess, also corroborate the same writer's account. We here find James anxiously urging Coke to 'deal with Somerset to make submission to the king.' Now what had submission to the king to do in a case of murder? Somerset,

however, assumed the guise of an innocent man, and ‘requested to know what evidence or proof could be given against him?’ and James, instead of ordering him at once to be placed on his trial, postpones it actually from month to month, and still sends messages urging his submission! That the public mind was intently fixed on these proceedings, we find many proofs; and that the death of Prince Henry was present to their thoughts, much to the displeasure of the court. We also find, in a contemporary letter, a statement, that ‘one, Mrs. Brittaine, is ‘committed to the King’s Bench, for some speeches used of ‘Prince Henry’s poisoning, which she denies.’ It was the connexion of the Overbury murder with this, that gave such commanding interest to the trial of the Earl and Countess of Somerset, and kept the people in a state of violent excitement, until they were at length found guilty. But what would the people have said, although the old English spirit yet slumbered, had they known of Somerset’s boldly refusing to go to his trial, and the king writing those three anxious letters, and the lieutenant setting off to Greenwich at midnight, to communicate confidentially with the king, and then his agitation all the next day, until the verdict was returned; surely they would have detected the dark secret that made James quail before his prisoner in the Tower, and eventually grant him a pardon, liberation from prison, and four thousand pounds a year! Strange as is every part of this wretched couple’s history, not the least singular is, that their only child, Anne, became the wife of the first Duke of Bedford, and mother of the celebrated Lord Russell.

There is much in the episode we have just contemplated, characteristic of the period. While it forcibly illustrates the debased state of court morals, it also brings before us most vividly the eager thirst for forbidden knowledge which then prevailed. Witches, astrologers, figure-casters flourished during the reign of James the First, as they never did at any other period; and singular is it, that a monarch who signalized the year of his accession by a new and more stringent act respecting witchcraft, as well as by the republication of his delectable ‘*Demonologie*,’ should have been constantly surrounded by associates who openly patronized those wretches who pretended to supernatural knowledge. When, at the trial of the Countess of Somerset, ‘a black scarf full of white crosses, a piece of human skin, and a roll of devils’ names,’ were produced, however the common people might shudder, there were few court ladies there but well knew they had dealt in similar charms. The details how Mrs. Turner, a physician’s widow, and Franklin, an apothecary, possessed of private property, openly professed

correspondence with the powers of darkness, are appalling ; and how a young girl, an earl's daughter, could go from place to place, seeking charms and spells, calling one of the most abandoned of his class, 'Dr. Simon Forman,' dear father,' and eagerly supplicating his aid, gives an awful picture of the character of the female aristocracy. The visits to the cunning fortune-teller, the composer of 'draughts to procure favour,' were suitable preliminaries to visits to the more cautious practitioner, who dealt in 'rose-acre, mercury sublimate, and white arsenic.' And how recklessly, how wantonly, as without one thought of its appalling wickedness, did these women go about their deadly purpose : Mrs. Turner desiring Franklin to buy 'some of the strongest poisons he could get,' and giving him four angels for the purpose. And these poisons tried by the young and beautiful countess on a poor dumb creature, to whom, with her own white hand, she administered arsenic and other poisons, previously to mixing them in pastry to be sent to a helpless prisoner ! 'My son lived 'with a haberdasher near Temple Bar,' says Weston, 'and he 'brought the countess, feather fans, and such like, and I saw in 'his possession a little bottle full of greenish or yellowish water, 'which he said was poison.' Feather fans and poison ! the young countess and the apprentice boy, partners in such deadly crime ! In reading these details, we feel almost as though we could believe that the great author of evil actually put forth a greater and more direct power than in the present day ; and that these wretched creatures believed this to their death is certain. Franklin confessed he had an evil spirit at his command ; and similar confessions are abundant. Now, allowing this to be an hallucination, we must yet perceive that none but minds familiar with awful wickedness could adopt and maintain such a fancy. Still, that among the numbers, especially in the country, who were hanged for witchcraft during this reign, many were under delusion, brought on by sickness or poverty, perhaps both, cannot be doubted. In the Roxburgh Collection, there is a curious old ballad respecting a poor man in Essex, who, being in great want, and his children starving, goes to a neighbouring wood to gather acorns. Here he meets a tall handsome man, 'in black,' who pities him, and gives him a large purse filled with gold. He joyfully hastens home, but drawing it from his bosom, finds only a bundle of dead oak leaves. He rushes distractedly away, goes to the wood, and meets 'the gentleman' again, who now scoffs at him, and bids him hang himself. The poor man has just power to offer a short prayer, and to fly, and he returns home quite distracted. Here a good neighbour comes in, provides the family with food,

and the ballad ends by telling us that the poor man, after a severe illness, recovered. Now what was this, although told as a veritable story of Satan—the meeting the gentleman in the wood, and receiving the gold, but a waking dream, induced by strong agitation of mind, in which the oak-leaves had been picked up by himself, under the delusion that they were gold coin. This incident of gold being changed into dead leaves is of frequent occurrence in tales of witchcraft, and the reader may probably have met with it, pointing the moral of some fairy tales.

The reign of James was abundant in schemes for the discovery of gold and of hidden treasure by charms; and the general prevalence of such belief may be imagined, when we find that David Ramsay, known to our readers as the king's watchmaker, in the '*Fortunes of Nigel*', having been told that a large quantity of treasure was buried in the cloisters of Westminster Abbey, begged permission of Williams, then dean, to search for it. Williams, with the proviso that the church should have a share, gave his consent. Now, David Ramsay did not go to work in a common manner, but, under the direction of a cunning man, named John Scott, he, with 'several others,' entered the cloisters with hazel rods, and 'played them.' On the west side, the rods 'turned the one over the other;' so thinking that the treasure was there, they began to dig, but found only a coffin. Again and again they tried, but were disappointed, until David and his company, with 'the half quatern sack, to put the treasure in,' were compelled to return no richer than they came. As John Scott had prophesied success, a sufficient excuse must be found, so, as a very 'blustering wind' arose before they had finished, the demons, who were unwilling the treasure should be discovered, determined their search should be in vain.

These cunning men, who used the hazel rod, and crystal, were most indignant at being confounded with wizards, and 'such slaves of the devil;' for they pretended to 'acquaintance with angels.' Such was old Mr. William Hodges, under whom the aforesaid John Scott studied. John Scott at length took his leave of his master, 'being to return to London,' to get married. Probably anxious to test the skill of old Mr. William Hodges, he requested him to show him his lady in the crystal. Hodges complied, and bade him say what he saw. 'A ruddy-complexioned wench, in a red waistcoat, drawing a can of beer,' is the reply. 'She must be your wife,' said the owner of the crystal. 'Never,' replied Scott; 'I am to marry a tall gentlewoman in the Old Bailey.' 'You must marry the

red waistcoat,' was the oracular decision. Away went Scott, fully determined to take his own way; but when he arrived at the Old Bailey, he found the tall gentlewoman already married. Two years passed; and then on a journey, going into an inn at Canterbury, John Scott went by mistake into the kitchen instead of the sitting-room, and behold there was a maiden in a red waistcoat drawing a can of beer! The stars had certainly led him thither—and who in the seventeenth century could resist their influence? So John Scott 'became a suitor' to red waistcoat, married her, and lived very happy ever after, as the old stories say. In this case, the prediction undoubtedly wrought its own fulfilment, and this was often the case when so much faith was joined to so much credulity. The belief in the power of the crystal to foreshadow future events, was held, however, by many a grave divine at this period. The bold and ambitious mother of James's last favourite was believed, when a mere humble dependent in a noble family, to have seen herself in this magic mirror, blazing with gold and gems, just as she appeared at Whitehall, when courted by the proudest nobles, and complimented by the king himself.

How singularly connected with dark marvels and mystery is every event of this reign; and how much more like a well-constructed fiction than a story of real life—more especially with the supernatural accessories which contemporary superstition threw around it—does the tale of George Villiers appear! The son of the obscure Leicestershire knight, scarcely heeded, as in childhood he played on the green slopes of Brooksby, but object of intensest interest to his mother, who, while she rejoiced in the horoscope that promised wealth and favour of princes to her new-born child, shuddered also at the ominous distich, muttered by some old crone, as the red and gusty morning heralded his birth—

'Red dawning, stormy sky,  
Bloody death shalt thou die.'

Sent over to France, but returning still unknown and unpatronized: and then introduced to the king himself, just when his wayward fancy was seeking a new favourite, just when Archbishop Abbot and the queen, those antagonist characters, and representatives of principles as antagonistic, compelled by a common danger, joined in a hollow reconciliation, and agreed in recommending the handsome young page to the king's notice; and then his rapid rise, his unexampled influence, his power over all men; insulting Abbot, by whose aid he had been raised; driving the sage and prudent Lord Keeper Williams about like a mere spaniel; passing contemptuously by that wisest and,

alas! meanest of men, as he sat ‘in an outer room, where ‘trencher-scrappers and lacqueys attended, on an old wooden ‘box, with the purse and great seal beside him,’ vainly endeavouring to move that upstart boy’s pity!—becoming lord paramount of the king, and filling the palaces with his relations and dependents, and a miscellaneous herd of serving-men, waiting gentlemen, and a whole tribe of nurses and children; so that the king, who, as Weldon remarks, never noticed his own children, was now surrounded by nurses and babies, while ‘little children did run up and down the king’s lodgings, like little rabbit-starters about their warrens.’ No wonder that the people looked with blank amazement on this change, and firmly believed that the beauty which had gained the favourite the name of Steenie—because, as the doting king declared, and James, in the midst of all his iniquities, was never at a loss for a text, ‘his face was as the face of an angel’—was a gift from the author of all evil. Indeed, the strange partiality of James, not only to the favourite, but to all his family, and especially to the mother, an avowed papist, and a scarcely less openly avowed patroness of the wretched crew who pretended to supernatural knowledge, was astounding.

And that Buckingham was guarded by charm and spell, and aided by influences not of this world, seems to have been the view which his bold, bad, but gifted mother was actually desirous to impress on the popular mind. We think there can be little doubt that it was to her directions that he owed his first rise, and to her constant superintendence, his continued advancement; but there seems little doubt, also, that she actually believed in the power of spell and talisman to secure it; and hence her ceaseless applications to astrologers and figure-casters, and her anxiety to avail herself of every agency which should more firmly secure his triumphant good-fortune. It was this that deepened the popular hatred more than all the rapacious exactions, the crushing monopolies, of the favourite and his grasping relations. Aldermen complained that wretched women, sent to beat hemp in Bridewell, were set free by command of ‘my lord’s mother;’ and even the court intelligencers, ere they hunted out a Jesuit or suspected foreigner, were obliged to ‘work warily,’ lest they should lay hands on one of the Countess of Buckingham’s ‘wizards.’ And strange were the tales told of the vain appliances sought with so much cost to secure the hated favourite. ‘Loadstones to draw favour,’ faultless agates to secure it; talismans of ‘angel gold,’ inscribed with holy texts, to ward off danger; and curiously graven jaspers, to guard against deadly violence; for, victim of her deep superstition, that rhyme which

prophesied ‘bloody death’ was ever present to the anxious mother. But years passed; the heir to the crown bowed to the spell of the all-commanding Buckingham, even as his father. And the old king died, and Charles succeeded; a dukedom graced the royal favourite, but still dark whispers told how his mother, more importunately still, sought after forbidden aid. At length, one of the wretches patronized both by mother and son, Dr. Lamb, ‘the duke’s conjuror,’ was pursued by a furious mob into the Windmill Tavern, in the Old Jewry, and there ‘done to death.’ And then arose the second rhyme, caroled exultingly by the common people, heedless of stocks or whipping-post:—

‘Let Charles and George do what they can,  
The duke shall die like Doctor Lamb.’

Little heeded the duke such threats; he had defied impeachment of the Commons, and the hatred of the whole land; but two months only passed, and then ‘the white-handled knife’ of John Felton avenged the nation, and awfully fulfilled the prophecy—

‘Bloody death shalt thou die.’

Can we wonder at the intense and unquestioning faith in supernatural premonitions that then prevailed, when we find even the course of events thus singularly encouraging that belief.

The period was fertile, too, in ‘signs from heaven.’ A comet heralded that severe visitation of the plague in London, of which George Withers has left us so curious, though so unpoetical a description. A comet also appeared at the breaking out of the Palatine war; an eclipse of the sun took place in the May preceding Prince Henry’s death; and that most rare appearance, a beautiful, well-defined lunar rainbow stretched across the palace of St. James when he there lay dying. With ominous eagerness was this sign pointed to by Dr. Mayerne, as an unquestionable proof that he *could* not recover. It is not surprising that almanacs at this period were in general use. Indeed, if the age of Elizabeth was the age of pamphlets, that of James the First may be called that of almanacs. We turned over, a short time since, a collection of these—above a score—for the year 1612; and truly no stronger proof of the ‘vanity of such devices’ could be given than the various and conflicting opinions of their authors, as to coming events. ‘The great eclipse’ of the 22nd of May is duly noted; but while one learned doctor determines that ‘by it we may foresee great robberies by the highways and burglaries,’ because ‘Mercury is in the ascendant,’

another declares that while its effects will not take place until ‘between the 12th of October and the 12th of January,’ the result will be, ‘jangling controversies between clergymen and lawyers.’ When the unexpected death of Prince Henry took place, doubtless men wondered that it had not been, if not foretold, at least darkly alluded to, especially with the marked prognostic of an eclipse of the sun! But the wily almanac-makers doubtless looked wise, and talked of constructive treason, and pointed significantly to the Star Chamber. It is in consequence, probably, of this fear of being supposed to meddle with ‘affairs of state,’ that these almanacs deal in no dark hints how ‘a certain personage, high in office, gets, about this time, into trouble;’ or how ‘things look black in a certain quarter, and let those about court beware.’ In the following reign, amid the strife of opinion and arms, almanac-makers were more outspoken; and roundhead and cavalier, episcopalian and presbyterian, even the fifth monarchy-man, thanks to Lilly, Booker, and Partridge, might each have an almanac just to his mind.

The almanacs of James the First’s reign, however, abound with general warnings. There is in most of them a long list of ‘things to be done in the increase of the moon,’ and what is to be done in the wane. They also quite emulate Murphy in their exact prognostics of the weather; not hesitatingly, like Francis Moore, with his ‘rain more or less about this time;’ but boldly, as though there were an actual ‘clerk of the weather,’ and his most efficient services had been procured,—declaring that the 21st shall be rainy, and the 26th quite fair;—with a due intermixture of days neither cold nor hot, and some with ‘a smart shower’ to finish with. But it was to the list of ‘lucky and unlucky days’ that our forefathers turned with the greatest interest. Some of the directions for conduct on these days, in ‘Bretmors’ almanac, are very curious. Thus, on the 3rd and 12th of January, the word is, ‘Presse for prefermente;’ while for the 6th, it is ‘Please the old one.’ On February 20th, the oracle says, ‘Speake and spedde;’ while on the 25th of March, it is ‘Look about you;’ and on the 2nd of April, ‘Be bold for it.’ The 27th and 31st of December give, ‘Presse on and prevaile;’ while December 24th, Christmas-eve, too, most ominously points to ‘A rope and a halter!’

The various information contained in these little ‘Handbooks of the People,’—for such, indeed, they then were,—gives us, on the whole, a favourable opinion of the general state of information. All of them have a sort of astronomical lecture prefixed; which, although certainly not Newtonian, is yet in accordance with the learning of the times. They have also ‘a

'table of distances of some of the most famous cities in the world, from the honourable City of London.' Mexico, Quinzas, (whatever city that may be,) Jerusalem, and 'Calicut,'—scarcely known, we should have thought, then,—the precursor of our eastern metropolis, Calcutta,—and Nineveh! and Babylon! which is just 2710 miles off, and about forty others, figure in this table. The compiler is, however, strangely out in his calculations respecting cities nearer home, for he makes Edinburgh only 286 miles off. We must, however, not forget to mention, that there is also a table of remarkable events, 'from the creation of the world.'

In contemplating the general character of the people, we cannot but perceive that it was inferior to that in the reign of Elizabeth. The influence of so corrupt, so abandoned a court was necessarily widely felt; and although its worst characteristics were confined to its immediate sphere, still greater profanity, greater extravagance, and less decorous manners were the result. The love of expensive dress seems to have increased so inordinately, that worthy mayors and aldermen, after the usage of the times, had constantly to promulgate newer and more stringent sumptuary laws, to prevent women 'below the rank of an alderman's wife' from wearing 'three-piled velvet,' and such braveries; and to keep the apprentices to their old-accustomed kersey hose and blue gowns. The dramatists of the day afford us many traits of the almost unimagined luxury and state of the 'city madams,' who were determined, as far as they could, to imitate the pomp and show of the ladies of the court. Nor have we reason to think that these descriptions are exaggerated, when we remember the modest request of Lady Compton, for 'twenty gowns, 6000*l.* to buy me jewels, and 4000*l.* for a pearl chain;' or the royal state of the Duchess of Richmond, who went to the chapel at Ely House—'three gentlemen-ushers, in velvet gowns and gold chains, going before with wands; six ladies following, and two to hold up her train.'

The 'pride of place' was stoutly maintained at this period by all who had claim to precedence of any kind. And this, sufficiently ridiculous in the court ladies, and source of endless squabbles, was emulated by the civic dames: nor when the daughter who has married a knight, in that amusing picture of London manners, 'Eastward Hoe,' tells her mother, with no little pride, 'and my coach-horses, mother, must take the wall of yours,' did the remark appear so very laughable to them as to us.

From the pictures of manners in the contemporary drama, so

much frivolity and extravagance, so much destitution of high and noble feeling appear, that we marvel from whence the next generation derived their lofty views and stern principles. It could not be the mere reflection of the dramatist's *own* mind that bodied forth the fine characters of the Elizabethan school, and then the reckless, mean-spirited, or else Quixotic personages of the succeeding. No, it was the earnest religious spirit of the earlier period that gave even to the drama its elevated character; and its deficiency was the cause of the deterioration, not of dramatic literature alone, but of national manners.

With many who take their estimate of King James from the servile dedication still prefixed to the Bible, the age that witnessed its new translation, made with so much care, and under the especial auspices of the monarch, must appear religious. And so, if 'forms and ceremonics' are the all in all, it certainly was. No prelate, indeed, uplifted his voice amid all the crying iniquities of the court, but many fought vehemently for 'the divine right of episcopacy'; and all inculcated the duty of church-going, and of adherence in the minutest points to the rubric and canons. Moreover, the churches were adorned with splendid altar-plate, and the king's choristers ministered in rich copes. And with much unction do the compilers of '*Hierurgia Anglicana*' detail the 'decent and orderly' array of church ornaments in Bishop Andrewes' private chapel. The two candlesticks with tapers, the bason for oblations, the canister for the *wafers*, 'silver gilt, like a wicker basket, and lined with cambric laced'! the flagon, the chalice covered with a napkin embroidered in coloured silks; the tricanale 'with screw cover, and three pipes for the water of mixture'; and the silver censer, 'wherein the clerk putteth frankincense at the reading of the first lesson; and the navicula, out of which the frankincense is "poured"! Can we wonder that the Puritans of King James's days were intractable as they had been in Elizabeth's, and that many preferred exile to ministering at altars thus decked?

Happily for religion, in many of the more remote parts of the land, some of these confessors found a secure asylum, and there kept alive the flame of religion, which but for their efforts would have died out. And despite of strict and severe search, many continued in London, sheltered as chaplains or tutors in the households of some 'worshipful merchant,' whose opportune loan to some nobleman purchased him court protection. The next generation, and even ourselves, separated by seven, owe no common debt to those worthy laymen who sheltered and patronized the persecuted ministers of that day. It is delightful, turning from the disgusting details of court

profligacy, to contemplate these worthies. Master John Temple, of Stowe, who had always some ‘grave and learned silenced minister’ in his house, and who so instructed his son-in-law, Lord Saye and Sele, in ‘church matters,’ that he stood nobly forth to bear his ‘testimony’ in the following reign,—and Sir Henry Mildmay, of the Graces, whose mansion was a secure asylum to the persecuted Puritans, and whose worthy lady, with her sisters, Mistress Helen Bacon and Mistress Gurdon, are so heartily praised by that ‘powerful preacher’ of that day, Master John Rogers, of Dedham,—and Robert Bruen, Esquire, of Stapleford, too, ‘who caused the desert to blossom as the rose;’ bringing the light of the gospel into the most obscure parts of Cheshire, and proving to the country round that the best Christian will also be the truest gentleman. We had frequently seen the account of this worthy in compilations of religious biography, but were never much interested, until we took up the original memoir. Here we see him to the life;—the true old English gentleman of the seventeenth century—exercising a power, and an influence far beyond aught in the present day, but using them—

‘As ever in his great taskmaster’s eye:’—

adopting the stately and formal usages of a time when even the internal regulations of a household were marshalled with the strict etiquette of the Heralds’ College; but looked up to with affectionate reverence by his dependents, for the gentle and considerate care that kept watch over their interests, as though they were his own.

And delightful is it, too, to contemplate those confessors, who, although not called upon to endure the pillory, and the branding-iron of the next reign, ‘took joyfully the spoiling of their goods,’ and sustained long and severe imprisonment. In the same Tower of London where Sir Thomas Overbury languished and died, a nobler prisoner, almost at the same time, endured a far sterner captivity, almost deprived of air and light—Andrew Melville. But his buoyant spirit, his heavenward hope, dwelt with him there, and the master whom he served enlightened the darkness, and he beguiled the long, but not weary hours, by writing graceful Latin verse on the walls of his cell. It was with a refinement of cruelty that James consigned his illustrious countryman to the Tower. Had Melville been sent to the Counter, the Marshalsea, or Newgate, there were numberless ‘pious citizens’ who would have rejoiced to have visited and soothed him. In the before-mentioned play, ‘*Eastward Ho!*’ two profligate young men are sent to prison; they become peni-

tent, and display their penitence by psalm singing. ‘They will ‘sit you up all night, singing of psalms, and edifying the whole ‘prison,’ says the jailer, ‘so that the neighbours cannot rest ‘for them, but come every morning to ask what godly prisoners ‘we have.’ How characteristic is this of a time of persecution, and the brotherly love that always prevailed:—the inquiry after the ‘godly prisoners,’—strange term to us—and the sympathy, and the gatherings, and the visits of the kind-hearted women, upon whom the duty of visiting the prisoners mostly devolved, and the interchange of good wishes, and prayers. There was much quiet heroism in the religion of those times, which we, in our days of platforms and speeches, have lost sight of. And then there were the exiled brethren, towards whom, those who remained at home cast many an anxious look. And on these did the government also cast an anxious look, as though conscious of the distinguished talents of their leaders, and the wide influence their principles would eventually command. It is curious to observe how often these, although under the general name of ‘puritan,’ are referred to in the writings of this time. The Brownists, indeed, must have been still rather numerous in England, to have attracted the notice of Donne, Beaumont and Fletcher, and Ben Jonson.\*

The reign of James the First is, indeed, a dark period in our history,—darker still from succeeding the ‘golden days’ of Elizabeth. But darkness, no less than the light, has its appointed use, and the period just contemplated formed part of the needful discipline through which the nation had to pass. Thus, the ultimate effects of James the First’s reign were beneficial to the public mind. The *prestige* of a court was no longer influential, when men were compelled to behold what wretches were the honoured and courted ones there; the old nobility could no longer maintain their ancient honours when a Northampton, a Somerset, a Buckingham claimed them; and monarchy itself

\* All the puritans whom he holds up to contempt in his plays, are Brownists. In his ‘Alchemist,’ written about 1610, Ananias is represented expressly as ‘one of the holy brethren of Amsterdam;’ and Tribulation is the pastor, deputed by the brethren abroad to visit the brethren at home. In like manner, Zeal of the Land Busy, in ‘Bartholomew Fair,’ is represented as a baker of Banbury, who has left his oven to turn preacher, and been ‘chosen by the brethren.’ His hostess is an ‘assisting sister of the deacons,’ and the ‘woman,’ who inquires at the Staple of News for intelligence, asks for news of ‘the brethren of the separation.’ That all these characters should be exhibited in disgusting caricature might be expected, but it is curious to observe the unconscious testimony Jonson bears to their talents and learning. The Banbury baker, while he eschews Latin, maintains the pre-eminence of Hebrew, and marshals his arguments in a scholastic form. Even the ‘she Brownists’ express interest in questions which would have been unintelligible to most women of that day. We seldom attack what we do not fear,—surely Jonson must have deemed the Brownists no common foemen, in these often repeated notices.

came to be regarded with widely different views than in the reign of Elizabeth, after James had ‘played his fantastic tricks.’ ‘The divinity that doth hedge a king’ had long ceased to awe the people, ere king and commons met on the battle-field. And each disgraceful event of this reign exercised the minds of the people, while the strong efforts to put down all free speaking chafed that proud spirit, which but required a stimulus to arouse it. And then, an age cradled in warlike feelings could ill brook the state of inglorious repose in which ‘*Jacobus Pacificus*’ delighted. Thus, when the Palatine war broke out, many a gallant spirit set forth to aid in the struggle for religious freedom, unconscious that within twenty years a nobler struggle would await him at home. Much does England owe to those ‘free companies,’ who set forth

‘To fight for the gospel, and the good king of Sweden.’

The lessons of warfare taught by the illustrious Gustavus, they in turn taught the parliament soldier, and a more important lesson still;—to view inevitable war as no mere game of pride or ambition, but as a last appeal, a solemn self-sacrifice, to be hallowed by psalm and prayer.

James the First died in his bed, surrounded by all that belongs to kingly state, and was duly interred with solemn obsequies, Laud declaring ‘that his rest was undoubtedly in Abraham’s bosom;’ and Williams, that to him this text might undoubtedly be applied—‘The zeal of thy house hath eaten me up!’ Popular opinion, however, whispered that his end was not peace; and that ‘the poisoned chalice’ had been held to his own lip. There seems no reason to believe this was the case, although the mother of Buckingham kept constant watch over him, with diet drink of her own supply. That the wretched king feared it, seems probable, from his earnest supplication to Lord Montgomery, his first favourite, ‘for God’s sake look that I have fair play!’ This we believe he had; for Providence does not always in this life pursue crime with open punishment; but when the troubles of his son came on, when his grandson was exiled, those who could not consider James the First as guiltless in the mysterious cases to which we have directed the reader’s attention, remembered the solemn threatening which pointed ‘even unto the third and fourth generation.’

- ART. V.** (1.) *Life in Christ. Four Discourses upon the Scripture Doctrine that Immortality is the peculiar Privilege of the Regenerate: being the Substance of Lectures delivered at Hereford, in the year 1845.* By EDWARD WHITE, Minister of the Congregational Church meeting at Eignbrook Chapel.
- (2.) *The Scripture Doctrine of Future Punishment. An Argument, in Two Parts.* By H. H. DOBNEY.
- (3.) *The Congregational Lecture. Twelfth Series. The Revealed Doctrine of Rewards and Punishments.* By RICHARD WINTER HAMILTON, LL.D., D.D.

THE controversy on the duration of future punishments, provoked by the attack of Mr. Winchester on the commonly received opinion, was maintained, as most of our readers know, with much ability and more asperity, on both sides, to the close of the last century. Since that time, it seems to have settled into the tranquillity in which all controversies naturally subside when the disputants have exhausted their resources, and their readers acquiesce in the goodly proportion of arguments, replies, rejoinders, demurrs, and supplements of their respective champions. So it has come to pass, that those classes of religionists who do not feel themselves bound to adhere strictly to the literality of Scripture, have almost universally considered the everlasting duration of future punishments to be absolutely incredible, and unworthy of serious refutation; while, on the contrary, the members of the evangelical denominations have as generally regarded it as being established, beyond the reach of objection, on the literal and certain testimony of Holy Scripture. We are aware that some few persons, holding evangelical opinions, have been troubled with doubts upon this subject; but their doubts have not grown into conviction; or if in any instances they have become convinced, they have not thought proper to disturb the popular belief, which has quietly settled into the state most likely to affect with salutary fear the minds of the unconverted. Such is the fact, whatever be the merits of the controversy; and it is, therefore, with no small concern, we hear for the first time, ministers, who hold in other respects the evangelical doctrine, avowedly ejecting from their creed the article on the everlasting duration of future punishment. Their new doctrine—new to the congregational churches, and, in one sense, new to the whole world, (for in the form they propose it, we believe it has never before been acknowledged by any party,) has called forth the able and eloquent defence of the evange-

lical faith, contained in the Congregational Lecture of the last year.

The fact is undeniable, however it may be explained, that in this country, the instances are very few in which the doctrine of the everlasting duration of future punishment has been renounced, without the surrender of other important articles of the evangelical creed. We do not mean to insinuate that such a surrender is the inevitable consequence of renouncing the prevalent doctrine of everlasting misery, much less that the writers who disclaim any such consequence ought to be held responsible for it. We doubt not that both Mr. White and Mr. Dobney cordially adhere to the evangelical doctrine in all the particulars from which they do not avowedly dissent; and we must, for our own part, utterly disclaim any share of those suspicions and insinuations, in which some of our orthodox friends have rather freely indulged. Where we think them wrong, we shall say so plainly, and leave the consequences to the decision of a higher tribunal. That their doctrine of future punishment would, *if it were received by us*, very materially affect *our* entire system of belief, appears to us an absolute certainty. In consistently reasoning upon the legitimate consequences of their doctrine, were we convinced of its truth, we should be compelled to dissent from many of our most sacred convictions of the attributes of God, the immaterial nature of the soul, the reason of the condemnation of the wicked, the redemption accomplished by the death of the Lord Jesus, and the glory of his everlasting kingdom. But although *we* could not remain orthodox on other subjects, if we surrendered this article of our faith, we are not disposed to charge upon others the consequences which may be attributed to our own modes of thinking or habits of reasoning. Even if we were assured that our own deductions were absolutely certain, our infallibility would not confer upon us the right to accuse others of consequences, which, in their modes of reasoning, they do not themselves perceive. *To us* they preach another gospel, because were we induced to proceed with them, we could not stand where they remain. Their new doctrine would, we doubt not, produce the same effect on the faith of the greater part of our readers. But whatever be the neutralizing principle in the minds of Mr. Dobney and Mr. White, whether it be in their great love to the evangelical doctrine, arising from their experience of the peace and joy which it imparts—or in the especial influence of Divine grace, obtained by fervent prayer, in the seasons of anxious thought through which they must have passed—or in the novelty of the light in which their own discovery is still contemplated, so that its consequences are not

clearly revealed to themselves—or in the possession of some reconciling theory unknown to us, we cheerfully acknowledge that, however inconsistent their creed may appear, they believe, as we do, in all the other important doctrines of the Gospel. Nor is it more than common justice to add, that if the awful subject of the duration of future punishments is to be submitted to controversy, we could not desire that our opponents should conduct their cause with more seriousness or more candour than we willingly attribute to the two gentlemen who have commenced this discussion. They assume no airs of superiority, indulge in no acrimonious reflections, condescend to no sarcasm, parade no vain declamation in the place of argument, but they reason seriously, earnestly, calmly, although, as we think, very incorrectly. On our part, abstaining from all insinuations, imputing no motives, we may hope for their careful and dispassionate consideration of what we mean to be fair argument and nothing else.

While we thus cheerfully acknowledge the spirit and manner with which our opponents have generally conducted this controversy, we are compelled to say, that there is one of their statements which cannot be too severely reprobated. They tell us (we refer especially to Mr. White) that some able ministers, whose views are, upon the whole, evangelical, have secretly doubted or denied the truth of the doctrine generally received by their brethren. These ministers, it is intimated, were content with employing scriptural language when speaking upon this subject; or they avoided such references to it as might endanger their reputation for orthodoxy, because they would not incur the responsibility or the odium of disturbing the popular belief, which appeared to them harmless, if not salutary. Such intimations, with whatever intention they are made, are uncandid and most discreditable to the parties who make them. If such statements, often expressed very indefinitely, be founded upon surmises and inferences, or upon the temporary doubts of an unsettled state of mind, such as thoughtful persons occasionally feel in reference to many important doctrines, we must record our earnest and indignant protest against the introduction of any notice of them in the discussion of a question which must be determined by the calm investigation of the meaning of Holy Scripture. We cannot forget the unfair use which has been made of the confessions which Dr. Watts wrote in a season of perplexity and doubt, respecting the doctrine of the Trinity. But if it be meant that some of our evangelical preachers have arrived at serious and settled convictions, but have thought proper to conceal them under vague expressions, or the unex-

plained language of scripture, and have so produced upon the minds of their hearers an impression different from their own, we must say that such men are unworthy to be heard upon the subject, for they handle the word of God deceitfully, and aggravate the guilt of their dishonesty by making a mockery of scriptural citations, in conveying through them ideas which do not correspond with their own belief. Nor is it any apology to say, that the words of scripture are used in their proper sense, or in the sense in which the speaker himself understands them. The signification in which he knows the words are commonly understood, is the signification for which he is responsible, and if he conceal any other under them, ‘he is a liar, and does not the truth.’ We believe that very few such men can be found among evangelical Christians; but, be they few or many, we should be ashamed to appeal to their authority, as if it were of the slightest value in this controversy. Their dishonesty disqualifies them from becoming interpreters of ‘the true sayings of God.’

No one will think that in these observations we intend any reference to the late Mr. Foster. Neither on this, nor on any other, subject did he practise the least reserve. What he thought, he candidly said, with such acknowledgment of doubt and hesitation as his own feelings suggested; yet his celebrated letter on this subject supplies a remarkable illustration of the fact to which we have adverted—that those who are bound by the literality of scripture usually believe in the everlasting misery of the impenitent, while those who are rather governed by the apparent reasonableness of particular tenets, as generally deny it. To his mind, ‘the language of scripture,’ and ‘the moral argument,’ as he called it, appeared in opposition to each other. The impressions which he derived from reading the scriptures, and those which he obtained from reflecting upon ‘the stupendous idea of eternity,’ were evidently at variance. As his authority, we believe, has done more to unsettle the minds of many than all the arguments of those who support his opinions, we entreat our readers to consider his own words.

He writes to a young minister\*—‘The language of scripture is formidably strong—so strong, that it must be an argument of extreme cogency that would authorize a limited interpretation. Nevertheless, I acknowledge myself not convinced by the orthodox doctrine. If asked, *why not?* I should have little to say in the way of criticism, of implications found or sought in what may be called incidental expressions of scripture, or of the passages dubiously cited in favour of final universal

\* Life and Correspondence of John Foster, vol. ii. p. 405.

'restitution; it is the moral argument, as it may be named, that 'presses irresistibly on my mind—that which comes in the stupendous idea of eternity.' Many thoughtful persons have felt as Mr. Foster did upon this subject. The 'moral argument' and the scripture testimony have appeared in opposition. The contemplative mind has often turned from 'the stupendous idea of eternity' associated with continual misery; but it has turned to the 'formidably strong' language of scripture, and has been compelled to acquiesce in the word of God. Mr. Foster ought to be attentively heard, as well upon the scriptural testimony as upon the 'moral argument.' He was a man who read the word of God with devout feeling and a very independent mind. To the minute criticism of particular passages he may have given too little attention, as he occasionally quotes single texts in a sense irreconcileable with their original application; but the general impressions of scripture must have been received by a mind of his order with singular accuracy and power. With the most profound veneration for the word of God, he had little respect for the opinions of men. Free from all bias in favour of the popular theology, he looked with scrupulous care on the decision of inspired authority. Upon his mind, the gloomy temperament of which was troubled with 'the stupendous idea of eternity' associated with suffering, there was left a general impression of the scriptural testimony as 'formidably strong' in attesting the everlasting misery of the impenitent. That he felt invincible repugnance to the doctrine, only renders his acknowledgment the more forcible and impressive. The scripture appeared, even to himself, to affirm what his own feelings compelled him to deny. With great respect for the *sentiment* of Mr. Foster, we have greater for his clear perception of scriptural testimony; while we say that 'the moral argument which comes in the stupendous idea of eternity' ought not to be taken into the account, as against the 'formidably strong' language of scripture. This assertion, we think, can be justified by considering two inquiries: 1. What is really the amount of this moral argument? 2. By whom ought its weight to be estimated?

1. What is really the amount of this moral argument? We shall not be accused of undue severity in our logic, when we say that the solemn impressions and feelings arising out of 'the stupendous idea of eternity' have no logical connexion whatever with the argument on the duration of future misery. If the moral argument be anything more than painful, though vague and indistinct impressions, we would fain know what it really is. But be it what it may, we maintain that it has no place here, because the question of the duration of punishment has no

necessary connexion with its amount or its severity. We can sympathize with those who weep over a lost spirit, but we cannot allow our sympathies to make us think little of ‘the wrath of the Lamb.’ It was no small thing, in the estimation of Mr. Foster, for he inquires, ‘What say the Scriptures ‘There is a force in their expressions at which he well may tremble. On no allowable interpretation do they signify less than a very protracted duration and formidable severity. (Vol. ii., p. 412.) Mr. White has published a most impressive discourse on the terrors of hell, in which he has said quite enough to exclude ‘the moral argument’ from the controversy so far as he and we are concerned. We have no desire to contend for a severer punishment than that which he attributes to the punitive justice of God. But the moment we cease to contend for a greater amount of suffering to be inflicted, we remove the argument from its implication with anything that can be called ‘moral.’ It no longer affects the heart. The true question then is, cannot that amount of suffering which Mr. White describes as so dreadful, be diffused through eternity, without increasing it, as well as be concentrated in its burning torments within the compass of a century, or a millennium, or any definite period whatever. There must be a proportion between a definite amount of misery, limited by a definite period, and a smaller amount indefinitely prolonged. It is idle to say that the smallest amount of suffering, indefinitely prolonged, must exceed the amount of the greatest suffering limited by time, because this excludes from the adjustment the indefinite postponement of a part of the suffering. With as good a show of argument, this proposition might be reversed, and it might be said, the amount must be diminished in the endless duration, because a part of the adjudicated suffering can never be endured. Both arguments are but idle forms of the old sophism respecting the swift hare which could never overtake the creeping tortoise, on account of the infinite divisibility of the space between them. That it is within the power of Omnipotence to adjudicate any amount of suffering to an immortal being without destroying his immortality is a proposition which we think no man will venture to deny. We shall recur to this objection, but at present we say, the question being whether, in adjudicating upon the proper amount of suffering to be inflicted on a sinner, that precise amount, whatever it be, should be compressed within a limited time, or extended through eternity, no place whatever is here left for the moral argument. We leave the proportion to the Judge of all the earth, who will do right.

In thus stating the case to an intelligent friend, who had been sorely troubled with the moral argument, we were somewhat surprised at his reply. ‘By spreading through eternity a finite amount of misery, adjudicated in proportion to the guilt of each individual, you so attenuate the suffering, as to reduce it to a very light deduction from the enjoyment of everlasting existence.’ If such a reply be suggested by the reader, there is at all events an end of the moral argument, founded on the too great severity of endless suffering. We are not to be charged with attributing both too much leniency and too much severity to the judgments of God. The question has no connexion whatever with either their leniency or their severity. It is simply, whether in the adjudication of the just amount of punishment, it cannot be diffused over the illimitable future as easily as compressed within a limited time, without either an increase or a diminution; or, in other words, whether God cannot justly make an immortal being feel the irrecoverable loss of original righteousness, without destroying his immortality.

2. By whom is the weight of this moral argument to be estimated? Conceding for a moment that it is impossible to adjust the proportion of interminable suffering, so as to make it an equitable commutation of that awful amount of misery which, according to Mr. White, is protracted through a very long period, what is ‘the moral argument,’ but the sympathy of the culprit for those who are in ‘the like condemnation,’ founded upon the sense of his own guilt. We do not deny the right of the convict to *reason* upon the amount of suffering which he may be justly condemned to endure. But we do positively deny his right to allow his feelings and sympathies to constitute the element of his reasoning in a discussion which refers to his own desert.

Before we leave this ‘moral argument,’ let us consider it in the view of the cross and passion of our blessed Redeemer. ‘It pleased the Father to bruise him; thou hast put him to grief; thou hast made his soul an offering for sin.’ The greatness of the work of our redemption is, unquestionably, proportionate to the magnitude of the evil which it removes. With that awful substitution of suffering before us, are we to resort to sympathy and feeling in maintaining that any amount of interminable misery is disproportionate to our desert. This ‘moral argument,’ if it be ever admissible, appears to us to apply with far more force to the intense agony of the holy Saviour than to the protracted suffering of any sinner. Yet who dares to construct a ‘moral argument’ of sentiment and sympathy against the ‘formidably strong language’ of scripture on the cross and

passion, the agony and bloody sweat, of the adorable Redeemer.

But our opponents appeal to metaphysical reasoning, when they assert that any amount of misery which is interminable, must surpass any amount, however severe it may be, which will terminate in annihilation. But is such an assertion consistent with the common sense and feeling of men? Does not every man admit that he must be conscious of a very great amount of misery before he would look to annihilation as his refuge from woe? The assertion is unsupported by evidence, and, proposed as an argument, is utterly worthless.

The great fallacy appears in the assumption, that misery is infinite because it is interminable, although nothing infinite can be predicated of a finite being. A spirit has not infinite perfections, because, with its attributes indestructible, it will live for ever. Angels are not infinitely good and happy, because they will be good and happy for ever. Infinite misery admits of no gradations; but endless sufferings may differ in the degree of their endurance. If at the present moment the degrees of misery are various, surely both the less and the more severe may continue comparatively the same through eternity. As soon as we allow gradations of misery, we concede the notion of its infinity, and make its proportions commensurate with a finite standard.

But confining our attention to the duration of an attribute, we observe, that infinity of duration, ascribed to that which has a beginning, is a manifest contradiction in the terms. Finite attributes can never grow into infinite. The beginning of the endless suffering is, and ever will be, the date from which the computation can be made. We have a line on which we can reckon, recede as we continually may from its terminus—a solid ground which we can fathom, rise as we continually may above its surface. The rule of the computation is the rule, not of infinity, but of an infinite series of finite quantities, and is therefore computable in every possible number of the progression of its series.

We are not to be told that misery will become infinite because it is endless, for, at every point of the infinite series, it will be as far from infinity as from its termination. So much may suffice for the fallacy which confounds infinity with an interminable series of finite numbers, measurable in every point of their progression.

That God, consistently with his justice, may create a being capable of becoming wicked, and therefore of becoming miser-

able through the whole of its existence, is undeniably true. Indeed, according to the scheme we controvert, God has already created many such beings. Every sinner rejecting the gospel, makes himself miserable so long as he exists. Why, then, is it inconsistent with the justice or the goodness of God to create an *immortal* being capable of becoming wicked, and so for ever miserable, by its own misconduct? No reason, which would not as well apply to the creation of a mortal, can be adduced against the creation of an immortal, the moral law and terms of their existence being precisely the same. The equity of the law under which the person exists, not the duration of his existence under it, is the only question referable to the justice of the Creator. The sinner of a hundred years old, miserable from the first hour he became responsible, has as good a defense against the equity of his sentence as the sinner of a thousand, or of any term, however indefinitely prolonged. If the law which inseparably connects sin and misery be unjust, now is the time to plead against it, and to assert our right to an exemption from the misery which our sins have brought upon us. But if it be just, it can never be revoked, however prolonged may be our sufferings. We take our stand, without hesitation, upon the self-evident principle, that if it be unjust to punish an immortal being, whose continued existence is stained by sin, with everlasting punishment, it is equally unjust to punish a mortal with misery which extends through the whole of his limited existence. In both instances the law is the same, equally just or equally unjust. As an inevitable consequence of denying this statement, our opponents must maintain that God cannot justly create an immortal being subject to the great moral law which inseparably binds together sin and misery, although a moral agent can exist under no other law.

To all this it may be said in reply, that the injustice of everlasting misery consists in its being the punishment of sins committed in the definite period of the present life. But is this a complete view of the subject? That everlasting misery is the consequence of the sinfulness of this life, we are ready to affirm; but whether it be so directly or indirectly—as the sentence of the Judge immediately carried into execution, or as the ulterior consequence of his sentence—is a question which, as we do not decide, our opponents have no right first to decide for us, and then to make their gratuitous decision the basis of an argument against us. If the sentence be, ‘Depart from me into everlasting fire, prepared for the devil and his angels,’ the adjudicated punishment may be in the command to depart to the fire, and the

declaration that it is everlasting, may be the publication of the law under which an immortal being must continue so long as it continues in sin. Who dare affirm that the sins of a future state will be exempt from punishment, or that the sinner will be no longer accountable to God?

Thus far our reasoning depends upon the inquiry—Are the spirits of men naturally immortal? Most confidently we affirm they are; and most anxiously we maintain the affirmation of what we regard as the fundamental principle of both natural and revealed religion.

In maintaining the natural and proper immortality of the soul, we do not assert that it may not be destroyed by an act of Omnipotence. Our meaning is, that although the soul is not indestructible by the power that created it, it has in itself no principle of destruction or decay. Our opponents are not materialists. But when they speak of the immortality of the soul, they speak in terms which, we maintain, are inconsistent with the sound belief of its separate existence as an immaterial substance; and, moreover, they expose themselves to the charge of inconsistencies which do not belong to any other system, either of spiritualism or of materialism.

The controversy upon the immortality of the soul has hitherto been considered to depend upon the existence of an immaterial substance, which retains its consciousness after the destruction of the body. If the thinking principle can be proved to survive the material organization, the controversy has always been considered as decided in the affirmative. If the spirit can live without the functions of flesh and blood, and act independently of material organs, what other death has it to fear? Escaping the danger of the dissolution of the body, where else, in its course through eternity, has it to fear destruction? Such fear is imaginary. At all events, we know nothing more likely to destroy the thinking principle than the destruction of all the instruments by which it has ever acted. So far both materialists and their opponents have considered the controversy as tending to its settlement. But now we have a school rising among us, in which the theory of materialism is repudiated, and the existence of a spiritual substance, independently of organized matter, is distinctly asserted; and yet its founders teach that the spiritual substance itself is subject to a law of destruction, like that of the body, which it may survive for centuries, or rather a law of destruction to which even matter itself is not subject—that is, to annihilation. Such is the new doctrine of the natural mortality of an immaterial substance, on which depends the theory of the limited duration of future misery.

But what is meant by the mortality of the soul? In other words, what is it for spirit to die, or what is dead spirit? The terms convey no idea. The substance and attribute are in palpable contradiction. Life, consciousness, thought, are, in the opinion of all men, except materialists, as much the essential properties of spirit, as extension and impenetrability are of matter. That body should exist without form is no more absurd than that spirit should exist without life. The death of the soul may be a figurative expression, but, understood literally, it conveys no idea whatever, unless annihilation be intended. But annihilation is an event of which we have no reason to suppose it ever has occurred, or ever will occur, in any part of the universe. No instance comes within the range of our observation. The analogies are all against it. The process is altogether imaginary. That anything should annihilate itself, or pass out of being by any properties of its own, is quite as inconceivable, and quite as absurd, as that it should create itself, or come into being without the exercise of Divine power. Omnipotence may create or annihilate, but while its creative energy appears in every variety of form, we can discover no trace of an act of annihilation. As God makes nothing in vain, so the resources of infinite wisdom appear in adapting to new purposes whatever has accomplished the first design of its creation. Ancient worlds, as to their original form and use, have ceased, but every particle of their substance remains, and the discoveries of geology continually remind us that God preserves the relics of one state to be the materials of another, as if He ‘who comprehended the ‘dust of the earth in a measure, and weighed the mountains in ‘scales,’ would not suffer an atom to be wasted. The bones of ancient quadrupeds, or the shells of more ancient mollusks, still serve to sustain the fruitful surface of the earth. They remain, like the stones of an older building, placed, in the economy of materials, for the foundations of a new edifice. Annihilation, we repeat, is an imaginary act, and the fossils beneath our feet warn us not to ascribe it to the Creator.

There is prevalent, as we are aware, an obscure and ill-defined notion that all things would cease to exist, were God to suspend ‘the general laws by which he conducts, in their orderly course, the changes of nature. But why should it be so?’ Decay and dissolution are as much the result of the laws of nature as growth and maturity. On their suspension—that is, on the supposition that God were entirely to abandon his works, organized matter would cease to grow, but it would also cease to decay. On the suspension of the law, by which certain substances imbibe the oxygen of the atmosphere, the blood would cease to

be vital, but at the same time iron would cease to rust. The reparation of one substance, and the waste of another, are effected by the same law. ‘Not a sparrow falls to the ground without your Father.’ The dissolution of the flesh in death is as much the result of law as its preservation in life. Were God to cease to act on earth, all things would be fixed as in stereotype. No process would advance, but none would recede. Life would cease, because it depends on laws and changes, and so, for the same reason, would the natural process we call decay. Matter would remain with its essential properties, and so would spirit. Extension would continue the attribute of matter, for what should change the shape of material things when the laws of motion were abrogated? And what should disturb, in that universal stillness, the consciousness of mind? Colour would fade, as the undulations of light, on which it depends, suddenly subside, but the most delicate blossom of the spring, with its frail petals ready to fall when touched by the slightest frost, would be fixed immutable in that state of suspended law, as if it were carved in marble. On the repeal of the laws of heat, the dew-drop would become everlasting as an imperishable pearl on the unfading blade of grass. The powers of corrosion and dissolution, with which oxygen, nitrogen, and other elements act upon matter, are as much the ordinances of God, as the powers of sustaining life, with which they, or their compounds, are endowed. Without the interposition of God, the one class of laws would be as inoperative as the other. But in such a state how should spirit be annihilated? It must remain with its essential properties, subject to no change, fixed in its consciousness amidst the stereotype of all material things.

In conducting this argument to a satisfactory conclusion, it only remains to inquire, whether Scripture teaches that the spirits of the condemned are to be annihilated. If they are not, the writers before us will admit that their sufferings must be everlasting, for neither of them has a word to say in favour of the eventual salvation of the impenitent.

The texts usually cited upon this subject are well known to our readers, and we are prepared to maintain the common interpretation of them. Restricted by the limits of a review, we must be content with referring to one or two, but these will be sufficient as instances of the different principles on which we and our opponents interpret Scripture. And we must say, although with great respect for Mr. White and Mr. Dobney, nothing in this controversy has surprised and grieved us more than the manner in which they explain the ‘formidably strong’ language of the Word of God.

We may select as an illustration, their exposition of our Lord's words—‘Cast into hell fire, where their worm dieth not, ‘and their fire is not quenched.’ (Mark, ix. 47, 48.) Mr. Dobney cites the passage from the prophet Isaiah: ‘And they shall go forth and look upon the carcases of the men that have transgressed against me. For their worm shall not die, neither shall their fire be quenched, and they shall be an abhorring unto all flesh.’ On this citation, he observes: ‘Here we have the origin of the New Testament phraseology. We first read of unquenchable fire, and of a worm that never dies, in the prophets.’ He then very justly shows that the unquenchable fire of the prophets refers to the fires kept perpetually burning in that most ‘noisome and hideous spot,’ the valley of Tophet, in which the carcases of malefactors were cast out from the city. We admit, that according to the imagery of the prophet, the people of God are represented as looking upon the carcases of their enemies, burning in the perpetual fires of Tophet. But when he adds: ‘The *usus loquendi* of the prophets from which it is derived, decides the matter, especially when this so completely harmonizes with all the other parts of Scripture,’ we utterly deny this most groundless assumption. To the same effect, Mr. White says: ‘Since the victims of Divine vengeance in Isaiah, are represented as lying dead corpses amidst putrefaction and flame, why may we not understand our Lord’s words in the same signification?—(p. 280.)

We reply, that our Lord’s words cannot be understood ‘in the same signification’ as they were used by the ancient prophet, and, further, that their signification must be determined, not, as Mr. Dobney asserts, by the ‘*usus loquendi*’ of the prophets, but by the ‘*usus loquendi*’ of the Jews in the time of our Lord.

Our Lord’s words cannot be understood in the signification in which they were originally used by the prophet, because the prophet describes the burning of carcases; but our Lord denotes the punishment of the soul. The prophet refers to material fire, and to the putrid exhalations of half-consumed flesh; our Lord, to the misery of remorse in the sufferings of hell. A materialist might reason after the style of Mr. Dobney, and say: the prophet speaks of carcases being burnt, and his *usus loquendi* must determine the sense of his words when quoted by our Lord, and therefore the punishment of hell is the burning of the *bodies* of sinners in material fire. And what should prevent us from pursuing this phantom of a *usus loquendi* a little further, and saying, as the prophet describes the valley of Tophet, that there is the exact locality of hell, and there the wicked will be cast into the devouring flames? It is evident

that our Lord, in his application of the words, ‘where their worm dieth not, and their fire is not quenched,’ did not adopt the signification which was originally given to them by Isaiah, because he referred to the *souls* of men, and the prophet to their *carcasses*.

But we further contend, if the words in their application to the future state do not convey their own meaning, so that after the manner of Mr. Dobney, we must look about for a *usus loquendi*, we find it not in the prophets, but in the current language of the Jews, as spoken in the time of our Lord. The true sense of this, as of every passage of Scripture, is the sense which the words would naturally convey to the persons to whom they were originally addressed. To this principle we appeal, in interpreting Scripture, as the only one on which we can fairly depend. If we would understand the words of our Lord correctly, we must place ourselves in the position of his immediate auditors. The fleeting opinions of every age cast their shadows over the writings of preceding times, and obscure their signification. The prejudices of one period refract the light of earlier luminaries, and divert it from its true direction. As, to understand the ancients, we must study them in the spirit of antiquity, so to discover the meaning of the words which Jesus addressed to the Jews, we must, with the feelings of a contemporary Jew, consider his instructions. Mr. Dobney justly says: ‘This phraseology was by no means new. It was familiar to the minds of the people who gathered round our Lord. From their early childhood it had repeatedly fallen on their ears, being of not unfrequent occurrence in the sacred books which were read in the synagogue every Sabbath-day.’ (p. 196.) As our Lord made an application of prophetic language in a sense in which it was not originally employed, the proper inquiry for us to institute is, how would this accommodated language be naturally understood by the Jews? What signification did they attach to the words with which they were so familiar? Their interpretation, we contend, is the true one; for we will not argue a moment upon the supposition that our Lord acted like the modern divines, who, according to Mr. White, are content with quoting Scripture, without intimating their dissent from the prevalent interpretation. However some preachers may excuse such conduct, they dare not ascribe such dissimulation to our blessed Lord.

But the sense of the phrases, ‘their worm dieth not, and the fire is not quenched,’ falling from the lips of a Jew, can be easily ascertained. The common people held the opinions of the Pharisees, and were accustomed to hear the expression of

these opinions in the words which have been cited. That souls are to be annihilated, would have been strange doctrine to the multitudes who listened to the preaching of our Lord. In their hearing, Jesus confuted the Sadducees by employing the language of the Pharisees, who strenuously contended for the immortality of the soul, and the everlasting misery of the wicked. He threatened the people who believed that the misery of hell is interminable, with the doom of the undying worm and the unquenchable fire. What else could they understand by such a threatening, than the eternal misery which, according to their own creed, would be the punishment of incorrigible sinners? Who can suppose that our blessed Lord would have used such language without explanation, if he did not mean to convey the ideas which the people would naturally receive? That he spake so as to confirm, and not contradict, the prevalent opinion of the immortality of all souls, is to us demonstration of the most incontrovertible kind.

That the Pharisees believed in the immortality of all souls, even of the wicked, is undeniable. Mr. White himself admits it, for he says, ‘they were altogether wrong in their notions of man’s natural immortality.’ (p. 120.) Should any of our readers desire further satisfaction upon this article of the Pharisaic creed, they may refer to the testimony of Josephus, who says that, according to the Pharisees, the souls of all men are incorruptible, and that the souls of bad men are subject to everlasting punishment. (War. b. ii. c. viii.; Ant. b. xvii. c. i.) Or they may turn to the writings of the Hellenists, who were especially zealous for the Pharisaic traditions, and learn from the books of the Apocrypha how those ancient believers in everlasting misery were accustomed to describe the torments of wicked spirits. The son of Sirach says, ‘The vengeance of the ungodly is fire and worms.’ (viii. 17.) The author of the book of Judith says, ‘The Lord Almighty will take vengeance on them in the day of judgment in putting fire and worms in their flesh, and they shall feel them and weep for ever.’ (xvi. 17.)

However false or foolish may be this tale, it affords an illustration of the manner in which the Alexandrine Jews were accustomed to speak of future retribution. Among men of such opinions, our Lord spoke just as they did, employed their figure of the worm and the fire, with no other difference than that, as if to teach his disciples that he held most firmly their doctrine of everlasting misery, their worm is by him represented as undying, and their fire as unquenchable. In the face of this undeniable fact, if any man will assert that, while the Jews believed the misery of the wicked to be everlasting, our Lord, in using

their language, and even in giving additional emphasis to it, did not concur in that article of their creed, it becomes him to consider whether he does not virtually, although unintentionally, represent our Lord as acting the part of a most dishonourable impostor.

St. Paul said to the contending multitude of the Jews, ‘I am a Pharisee, the son of a Pharisee; of the hope and resurrection of the dead I am called in question.’ If the natural immortality of the soul, and the everlasting misery of the impenitent, were, as Mr. White intimates, the traditions of the Pharisees, how is it that the apostle, so ready to assert the truth of God, never vindicates the pure Christian doctrine from the corruption of the school in which he had been himself educated. On the contrary, he speaks as a Pharisee, (for in this sense he was a Pharisee,) of those ‘who shall be punished with everlasting destruction from the presence of the Lord, and from the glory of his power.’

But Mr. White insists, with more confidence, upon an argument deduced from scriptural considerations, and therefore demanding our attention before we close this discussion. He cites the words of the apostle, Gal. iii. 14: ‘Christ hath redeemed us from the curse of the law, being made a curse for us; as it is written, Cursed is every one that hangeth upon a tree.’ The argument founded upon this passage, considered in connexion with other scriptures which refer to the death of Christ as the satisfaction of the law, is to the effect, that the curse of the law must have been something which Christ actually endured for the sinner. Thus, Mr. White says: ‘The construction of this sentence, and the quotation of one of the curses of that written law, under whose sentence he lay, appear to render it indubitable that Christ *did* bear the curse of the law to which we are liable. For if the curse of the law in virtue of which we are by nature children of wrath, were everlasting misery, there would be a strange disproportion between the two parts of the apostle’s statement.’—(p. 129.) So he maintains, at considerable length, that ‘the death threatened to Adam, was the death which Jesus underwent.’ The curse, or death, which Jesus endured, is thus defined: ‘He did not endure everlasting misery, either of body or soul, but he was, as a man, destroyed. He suffered a dissolution of his compound nature of body, soul, and spirit.’—(p. 130.)

This argument, however plausible, will not endure a moment’s examination. Its foundation is the assumption that the curse which Jesus endured must be the curse from which we are redeemed, because he was made a curse instead of us. This

curse, it is asserted, is natural death, ‘the dissolution of our compound nature.’ But from this curse we are not redeemed: every son of Adam must suffer the ‘dissolution of his compound nature.’ If the curse of the law be natural death, Christ has died in vain, for assuredly the sentence of death is irrevocable, and we have no redemption. If it be said that, although redeemed from the curse of death by the blood of Jesus, we have by actual transgression brought the curse again upon ourselves, the death of infants furnishes a sufficient reply for such an evasion. The curse of the law was, therefore, not literal death.

If it should be said, as Mr. White elsewhere seems to intimate, that the curse was literal death without a resurrection, we reply, neither did our blessed Lord endure such a curse. He died to rise again, ‘because it was not possible that he should be holden of death.’ To this, the reply of Mr. White is: ‘It is ‘frankly admitted that the objection would be fatal, if the Saviour ‘had been only a man.’ ‘As man he died, and his death became a sin-offering, but as God, he could not die.’—(p. 137.) He rose from the dead, we are told, not as a man, but ‘in right of his divinity.’ We reply: if, ‘as God, he could not die,’ assuredly *as God, he could not rise from the dead.* The death and the resurrection were both confined to the human nature. The human nature, therefore, never endured the curse, in so far as the curse was death without resurrection. To the whole argument of Mr. White, that the curse was not everlasting misery, because Christ did not endure it, we reply, neither was it natural death, because from that Christ hath not redeemed us; nor was it annihilation, for that Christ did not endure. When he so confidently says, the sufferings of a few hours on the cross could not have been the curse of everlasting misery, we reply, it could have been so in effect, quite as easily as the death of three days could have been the curse of the everlasting dissolution of the body.

We have not space to do justice to the able lectures of Dr. Hamilton; rich to prodigality in great thoughts, noble sentiments, and splendid illustrations. To some minds, we imagine, the reasoning on the duration of future misery will appear the least satisfactory part of the work. But even upon this subject Dr. Hamilton has done great service to the cause of truth, service of a kind which could have been done so well by few beside. We did not expect a course of reasoning logically conducted from its premises to its conclusion, with close concatenation of its several parts, for that is not the manner of our author. If to reason be to present truth, so that it shall appear most reasonable to the observer, Dr. Hamilton must be ad-

mitted to possess great power of this order. He demonstrates, like the anatomical demonstrator, by showing the thing clearly and distinctly before your eyes. So he will convince many. But if he fail in the reasonable statement and first demonstration, he fails irrecoverably. The tactics of the logician are not to his taste. He has no reserve of premises and corollaries, acute distinctions, closely cemented ratiocinations, ingenious deductions, summarics of probabilities, argumenta *à priori*, or *à posteriori*. These are weapons which he does not handle dexterously. Generally he does without them more execution than most men do with them. Yet, while we greatly admire the power which can compress an argument into a sentence, so that it shall appear incontrovertible as it stands alone, having neither dependence upon the preceding thought, nor connexion with the following, we sometimes, could wish that this great and independent thinker would occasionally condescend to listen to the instruction of logic, whose discipline, however severe and offensive it may be to men of genius and lofty thought, is sometimes as salutary to them as it is to the slowest and most stupid drudges of its school. A well adjusted and compact chain of reasoning Dr. Hamilton never constructs, but he forges links of the best tempered metal, and leaves plodding logicians, metaphysicians, mathematicians, and *hoc genus omne*, to combine them into the concatenation of philosophical argument.

- ART. VI.** (1.) *Etudes sur les Orateurs Parlementaires.* Par TIMON.  
Paris: Paulin, 1836.
- (2.) *Biographie des Députés, Session 1839.* Paris: Pagnerre, 1839.
- (3.) *La Chambre des Députés Actuelle Daguerreotypée.* Par UN STE-  
NOGRAPHE. Paris: Paul Lesigne, 1847.
- (4.) *Préceptes et Portraits Parlementaires.* Par CORMENIN. Bruxelles,  
1839.
- (5.) *Les Diplomates et Hommes d'Etat Européens.* Par CAPEFIGUE.  
Paris: Amyot, 1847.
- (6.) *La Présidence du Conseil de M. Guizot et la Majorité de 1847.*  
Par UN HOMME D'ETAT. Paris: Amyot, 1847.
- (7.) *Biographie Statistique, par ordre alphabétique de Départments de  
la Chambre des Députés.* Par DEUX HOMMES DE LETTRES.  
Paris; Dauvin et Fontaine, Passage des Panoramas, 1846.

THOUGH the coast of France is within sight of our shores, and Boulogne-sur-Mer may nearly always be attained by steam in 120 minutes, and often, in fair weather and with favouring winds, in less time—though Paris itself, the metropolis of France, may now, thanks to rail and other appliances, be reached within the limit of a single day, yet it is wonderful how ignorant we are in this our sea-girt little island, not alone of the writers and publicists, but of the eminent orators, statesmen, politicians, and public men of France.

There is scarcely a person moving in the classes of our nobility and gentry who has not frequently visited France, its capital and principal cities; few there are, even of the middle, or, to descend a step lower, the small shop-keeping classes of London who have not been to Paris, Calais, Boulogne, Lille, or Orleans; yet, among the hundreds of thousands who have paid flying visits to the capital, or made a longer sojourn there, how few are there, high or low, who, however tolerably acquainted with French literature, know anything of the public men and politicians of France, or of the secret springs by which they are moved.

That such a state of crass ignorance, as Lord Brougham would say, should prevail during the consulate or the empire, when the senate and chamber were silenced amidst the clangour of arms,—and when Englishmen had not the privilege of travelling in France, is not so very wonderful; that we should have been dimly and obscurely informed on such subjects during the reign of Louis XVIII., when the Chambers so infrequently met,

when long and dull speeches were badly read instead of being brilliantly spoken, and when a journey to Paris took four or five days, and cost, in the most economical fashion, ten or twelve pounds, is not marvellous; that even in the later epoch of Charles X., when discussions were more vehement and stormy—when ministries were changed more frequently, and peers and barons were created, like bakers' buns, in batches—we should be somewhat ignorant and insensible to the noise, hubbub, and queer character of a French session, is conceivable, and may be somewhat rationally accounted for;—but that, since 1830, when the people of England freely fraternized with those of France, and intercourse has become so common, if not so cordial, with our nearest neighbours, such comparative ignorance should prevail, almost surpasses human belief, and certainly surpasses human comprehension.

It is true, a great majority of British birds of passage go to Paris for health and recreation in the John-Bull season—i.e., from the end of August to the end of October, when the Chambers are closed, and the Courts of Justice in vacation. These, therefore, themselves practising barristers, lawyers, physicians, merchants, and the like, may reasonably be excused, for they have not opportunity to travel at any other time. But of the vast mass who visit Paris, from the opening of the Chambers just before Christmas, to their closing in May or June, how few are there that even enter their walls. It has been our own fate, man and boy, for the last twenty years, to have often, as the French say, ‘assisted’ at the sittings of the Deputies; yet although hundreds and hundreds of Frenchmen were always present, we never in our lives met above half-a-dozen Englishmen apart from the members of the Diplomatic body. The sittings generally take place in the busiest and best part of the day—i.e., between the hours of one and half-past five,—and at this period of the work-a-day world, English residents are engaged either in business, taking exercise, or visiting the sights and lions with which the capital abounds. Independently of general unfamiliarity with the language, another reason operates to deter Englishmen from presenting themselves. As the number of tickets reserved for the British or any other embassy are very few, there is always a great struggle to obtain them, and the race is not always to the swift, nor the battle to the strong. In this trifling, as in greater matters, interest and aristocratic connexion are all-powerful, and the ticket is handed to the Hon. Bumpkin Frizzle, instead of to that poor pale student of law or medicine, or that hard-working man of letters, who has been looking for it every day this month. If an

application be made to a Deputy, who, by the way, are much beset by strangers and constituents, and the ticket be luckily obtained, the person who receives it is obliged to be early in attendance, and to form part of the *queue*\* outside the door, otherwise he runs the risk of being excluded for want of room. Thus, perhaps, is the best part of one day lost in solicitation, and the whole of another in obtaining a good place at the *queue*, and in hearing the debate. These little harassing practical difficulties—and of such the great moralist tells us the sum of human life is made up—are even now, after eighteen years of *quasi* constitutional government, great impediments in the way of that general knowledge which Englishmen ever seek, if they be not thwarted by teasing and petty annoyances of the nature to which we have adverted.

But then, it may be said, Englishmen may go to the *Palais de Justice* and hear the great lawyers—the Berryers, the Dupins, the Chaix d'Est Anges, the Mauguins, the Odillon Barrots, the Paillets, the Maries, the Hennequins. So they undoubtedly may. But when it is further stated that the *Palais de Justice* is at least two miles and a half from the places in which the English live in the *Chaussée d'Antin*, and in a murky and muddy quarter of Paris, it may well be conceived that few are the visits paid there, unless by stray professional students.

That we should know French public men and publicists better than we do, all will admit. If, as we sincerely hope and fondly trust, our nearest neighbours are to continue our friends and allies,—or, for the misfortune of the whole human race, and more especially, for their own bitter misfortune, to become our unreasoning foes and deadliest enemies—it is important, in either case, we should know them, their weaknesses and their strength, better than we know them at the present moment.

Be ours, then, the task, after more than twenty years' experience of France and French society in all its phases, to pass before the reader's review, in a light and sketchy, yet in a sufficiently full and altogether fair and dispassionate manner, the principal orators, statesmen, and public men of France.

The man who has been foremost in the eye of the English public for the last seven years is Francis Peter William Guizot, now entering his sixty-first year. He was born at Nismes on the 4th October, 1787, at a period when the protestants of

\* A large class of idlers make a good thing of it, in Paris, by becoming regular members of and traders in *queue*. These fellows, who have nothing on earth to do, station themselves round the chamber during the days of a great debate so early as five or six in the morning, and at mid-day, or a quarter to one, sell their places for five, ten, or fifteen francs, as the case may be, to some gentleman more monied than matutinal.

France were pretty much in the condition in which the penal laws then placed the Roman catholics of Ireland.

The Huguenots of France were at that time excluded from many civil privileges; they were born, they married; and they died among themselves in sectarian obscurity; for the national registries took no notice of their birth or their decease, and the civil magistrate gave not to their union the official sanction and legal authority which such an act conferred on their Roman-catholic brethren. The Huguenots were then without temples, or churches, or chapels. It was in the open air, in the champaign country, in the arid plains and olive-grounds of Nismes, Narbonne, and Montpellier, with heaven for a canopy, and earth for a kneeling-place, that, like the earlier Christians, they united for the worship of their God. Two months after the birth of Guizot, the edict of Louis XVI. afforded to the Huguenots the *status* of an *état civil*, and the revolution of 1789 ultimately freed them from the thousand nameless humiliations they had theretofore undergone, and produced for them equality before the law. It was but natural the French protestants should gratefully receive the blessings they were about to enjoy. It was therefore no marvel that FRANCIS ANDREW GUIZOT, the father of the present prime minister of France, and a distinguished advocate of the bar of Nismes, should promptly give in his open adhesion to the new system. But the most sincere and ardent patriots were soon obliged to disavow the violence and fury of the revolutionary government. Too many paid with their lives the penalty of this act of duty; and on the 8th April, 1794, the father of M. Guizot laid his head on the scaffold, a martyr to his courageous resistance. A circumstance much spoken of at the time, and well known in the province, enhanced the mournful interest of his tragical end. In order to escape pursuit, the advocate Guizot was obliged to conceal himself, and he was found in a remote part of Provence by a *gendarme*, who, knowing and respecting his character, offered to allow him to escape, being undesirous to contribute in anywise to the death of so good a man. The worthy advocate, instinctively apprehending that in thus saving his own life he would infallibly compromise the life of his generous and humble friend, did not an instant hesitate to relinquish the last hope left to him.

Madame Guizot, the mother of the minister, was left a widow, with two sons, of whom the eldest, the remarkable subject of this brief sketch, was entering, at the period of the death of his father, into his seventh year. From the death of her husband and their parent, commenced, for this admirable woman, the austere practice of those painful duties which her friends have seen her so strictly

and religiously fulfil athwart all the temptations and difficulties with which Providence afflicted her path. Notwithstanding the interest with which the sad fate of her husband invested her in her native city, and that the inhabitants of Nismes were ready to succour and console her, she tore herself away from family, and friends, and relatives, and proceeded straightway to Geneva, where she felt she could give her children a more solid and serious education than they could find in any part of France. In the Gymnasium of Nismes the young Guizot had, in his adolescence, distinguished himself by remarkably steady application. In 1799, he commenced his studies at Geneva, and had entered his course of philosophy in 1803, four years having sufficed to give him a knowledge of the Greek, Latin, Italian, English, and German languages.

While the Directory still flourished in 1804, young Guizot proceeded to Paris to study the law. But the law was then at a very low ebb, the profession not having recovered the harsh regulations of the revolution, which admitted ex-butchers, ex-bakers, or ex-nightmen to assume the profession of barristers, under the name of *defenseurs officieux*. The individuals who performed the functions of counsel were called *hommes de loi*; but M. Berryer the elder tells us in his Memoirs, that happily for the clients, they had no right to demand a fee. Guizot, after having attended the lectures for some time, and probably not liking the profession as then constituted, appears to have abandoned the calling as a means of livelihood. Having become acquainted with the Swiss minister at Paris, he passed the greater portions of 1807 and 1808 with him at his country seat, where he read largely of Kant and German literature. Thus were his mind, memory, and taste improved—his stock of ideas enlarged—and his perceptive and reflective powers greatly augmented.

M. Stapfer—for such was the name of the minister—introduced Guizot to Suard, and the accidental acquaintance became the cause of the most serious business in the life of man—his marriage.

A Mademoiselle Pauline de Meulan, of whom Suard had often spoken at this time, edited a periodical called the *Publique*, with the greatest success. Being seized with a serious illness, she feared she should be obliged to suspend, if not to cease altogether, her labours, for lack of the necessary assistance. While these sad thoughts were revolving in her mind, she received, one morning, in an unknown hand, a letter, telling her to keep her mind at rest, for that if the zeal and industry of another could suffice, she might rely on the eager aid of a sub-

stitute. The offer of the unknown contributor, who was none other than Guizot, was accepted; and it was not till she was completely recovered that Mademoiselle de Meulan was aware of the name of her benefactor.

Nor was this good-natured act without its uses to M. Guizot. Independently of exercising and improving his pen, so humane and liberal a deed procured him friends and admirers; and when, in the following year, 1809, he published *Le Dictionnaire des Synonymes*, the literary world, propitiated by his kindness to a suffering sister of the craft, were civilly disposed towards him. Though the *Dictionnaire des Synonymes* is neither a finished nor a perfect work, yet it contains some ingenious observations on the peculiar character of the French language, which disclose habits of patient thought, and no ordinary power of expression. The work on the *Synonymes* was speedily followed by the first volume of the Lives of the French Poets—a work which, though unequal and sometimes obscure, is the result of reading and research, as well as of original observation. Guizot had now embraced literature, rather than law, as a profession, and towards the end of 1808 was known, by a number of ephemeral publications, as a perfect *soldat de plume*. At length, towards the close of 1808, or the beginning of 1809, appeared his French translation of Gibbon's *Decline and Fall*, enriched with valuable and erudite notes, indicating depth of scholarship and historical research. Such severe and straining labours as these had not the effect of rendering this young man, who had just then attained his majority, an anchorite or a recluse. In the years 1810 and 1811, he mixed much in society, numbering among his friends the learned and speculative Morellet; the eloquent and poetic Chateaubriand; the great newspaper panegyrist and journalist, de Fontanes; the *homme de société et des salons*, the Chevalier de Bouffle; Mdlle. d'Houdetot, and Madame de Remusat.

In 1812, being then in his 25th year, Guizot married Pauline de Meulan, of whom we have before spoken, and who was many years his senior. This lady was of a grave and reflective character, a superior woman, who struggled to make all who came into contact with her purer and more perfect. As was to be expected, she acquired a great ascendancy over the steady and sensible young man who had chosen her for a wife. The demure and hard-working student had many angularities to round off—many little defects of manner and gesture to correct or modify. Madame Guizot became his mistress; and thus early habituated to prudence and self-control, these virtues have become a part of his nature. Monsieur de Fontanes, appreciating the solid qualities of the young man, appointed him, in the very year of his

marriage, a species of coadjutor to Lacreteil, and subsequently divided the chair of history into Ancient and Modern, the latter of which was allotted to Guizot. Though it was intimated to the young professor that an eulogium on the Emperor would not only be gratifying but acceptable, yet, in his opening discourse, albeit he owed no fidelity to the party opposed to the government, the name of Napoleon was not once mentioned, and indeed Guizot refused to introduce it.

Efforts were made, in the year 1812, by M. Pasquier, afterwards Grand Referendary of the Chamber of Peers, and now Chancellor of France, and Madame de Remusat, to procure for the young professor the place of auditor at the council of state. These kindly efforts were unavailing, and probably it is well that they were so. Had M. Guizot found an easy and competent pension supplied to him in his twenty-fifth year, what warrant have we that he would have struggled on into the full splendour of literary, philosophical, and political fame?

Subsequently to the request made by these good friends, Maret, then secretary of state, and afterwards Duke of Bassano, asked M. Guizot to write a memoir on the Exchange of the French Prisoners with England; but as M. Guizot wrote in a sense favourable to a project to which the Emperor was opposed, his state paper, though ably drawn up, failed of its effect. The young professor returned with new zest, and no regret, to his studies; for his literary success then filled the measure of his ambition. Well it was for French literature, and his own fame too, that he so returned. The good seed which he had sown had taken root, and sprang up in a luxuriant crop. Many eloquent men—some his predecessors, some his contemporaries, some his disciples—actuated by his example, had entered the field. History resumed her rank, and St. Aulaire, de Barante, Thierry, Mignet, Michelet, contributed to the reaping of that harvest, the seeds of which had been sown by M. Guizot.

Though the period of the Restoration was now approaching, there was no such thing as a Bourbon party; but Guizot witnessed the struggles of the Imperialists from afar. The month of March, 1814, found him at Nismes, by the bedside of that sick and suffering mother who had formed and disciplined his mind. When he returned to the capital, the Empire was overthrown. His early friend, Royer Collard, now named him to the Abbé Montesquiou, to fill, gratuitously, the office of secretary of the ministry of the interior. M. Guizot at once accepted the berth, and this is the origin of his political history, and the commencement of his career in the constitutional cause. When, in 1815, the ungrateful task of drawing up categories of proscription fell

upon the ministry of justice, M. Guizot was appointed secretary-general. His career in this department seriously damaged his reputation as a Liberal, whilst, in justice to him, it should also be stated that he discontented the Ultras by refusing to go their lengths.

The events of the 20th of March, while they changed the fate and fortunes of many, had but little influence on his. He resumed his functions at the Faculty of Letters, laboriously and peacefully occupied in studies ever the solace and pride of his life. When it was evident, towards the end of the month of May, that Europe would not treat with Napoleon, Guizot consented to undertake a mission to Louis XVIII. He proceeded to Ghent, and laid before the monarch his views. The proclamation of Cambrai, in which the king acknowledged the faults of 1814, and added to the charter new guarantees, was the result. But notwithstanding the efforts of Guizot in a subordinate sphere, the *Chambre Introuvable* triumphed; M. de Marbois was overthrown, and M. Guizot retired with him. He was now but a simple *Maitre des Requêtes* at the Council of State, and in this position only had he the opportunity left of expressing his opinion in defence of those who had acquired the *bien nationaux*.

The first political pamphlet of M. Guizot was entitled, "Du Gouvernement Representatif et de l'Etat actuel de la France." It was written in refutation of a clever work of M. de Vitrolles, deputy for the Lower Alps, and who, on the second Restoration, was a minister of state and member of the privy council.

The dissolution of the 5th September, 1816, was due, in the greatest measure, to a Memoir written by Guizot, and placed by Decazes before Louis XVIII. The Memoir was supported by the opinion of Pasquier, then Minister of Justice, and since created Duke and Chancellor of France; Royer Collard, Camille Jordan, and De Serre, who became, in 1819, Minister of Justice, and was afterwards ambassador at Naples.

This small but able body of men were thenceforward known as Doctrinaires, and hence the application of the term to Guizot. Honourable such application must be undoubtedly considered, for these were the men who prepared and elaborated all the really constitutional laws then passed. The law of elections, of July, 1817; of the press, of 1819, which abolished the censure and introduced juries; of recruitment, which maintained the principle of equality, were owing to the efforts of this band of politicians and publicists. In the preparation of all, or nearly all of these measures, Guizot took a most active part.

Between 1820 and 1822, Guizot published three pamphlets,

all of which had not merely great success as literary works, but owing to their grave genius and constitutional spirit, great influence on public opinion. In these products of a powerful and reflective mind, there was neither flattery of the people, nor abuse of authority. You read the opinions of a calm, conscientious man, taking his stand between anarchy and despotism.

Guizot had, by these political treatises, become a sort of power in politics, and he was consequently threatened in his professor's chair. His political enemies—and would that this magnanimous course of policy were confined to Frenchmen or politicians—sought to drive him from the university, and to deprive him of bread; but he was not to be beaten down by the Artois Camarilla, or the frequenters of the *Pavillon Marsan*, and he nobly replied by his Collection of Memoirs relating to the History and Revolution in England. There was no man in France so capable of undertaking this great work, which extended to twenty-seven volumes, as M. Guizot. The Biographical Notices, and the Introduction to the History of the Revolution, are full of sound views and curious facts; and it is plain that the annotator, translator, and compiler had carefully and laboriously read and comprehended his authorities. This great work was followed by M. Guizot's Collection of Memoirs relative to the History of France, in twenty-eight volumes. The immense and valuable mass of chronicles which the present prime minister of France, in a manner disinterred and completely annotated, would, in regarding the mere bulk alone, appal our own puny *littérateurs* not a little. In the former work, the manner in which Guizot retraced the History of our Revolution, with the calmness of a philosophic statesman, and a spirit of little less than prophecy, as regarded his own country, attracted public attention; and though his labours on the History of France had not so direct a political tendency, still they shed a brilliant light on the ancient chroniclers. The Essays on the History of France, which followed, were popularly devoured. One would think that such strenuous labours combined with his professorship, were enough to fill up the measure of even a hard student's time. But no; this remarkable man found leisure which less well-regulated minds seek for in vain, and in such moments he completed his translation of the principal tragedies of Shakspeare, and his Historical Essays on Shakspeare and Calvin.

About this period, he became one of the founders of the *Revue Française*, a work that did much to enlarge the views of Frenchmen, and to elevate the tone of their periodical criticism. Thus

the time passed from 1822 to 1827, when Guizot first entered into the Society of *Aide-toi*, with no other views than to defend the independence and freedom of elections menaced by the party in power.

In 1828, the eloquent and gifted Martignac succeeded Corbiere at the Ministry of the Interior, and Guizot, Villemain, and Cousin now resumed their long-interrupted lectures at the Sorbonne. Guizot continued his course till the revolution of 1830.

Little more than a year before the revolution, in January, 1829, Guizot being then in the forty-second year of his age, was elected for Lisieux, in Normandy, a spot in which he had neither interest nor family connexion. His first oratorical effort within the walls of the Chamber was to combat that deplorable ministry, the proximate, if not the promoting cause of the revolution of 1830. Before he had long been a member, the Chamber was dissolved. Guizot, while exercising his privilege of an elector at Nismes, was again returned for Lisieux. At four o'clock on the memorable morning of the 26th July, 1830, he arrived in Paris, and from that day till the 7th August, took an active part in all the meetings of the Deputies.

In the ministry of the 1st August, 1830, he held the portfolio of the Interior, and during his incumbency changed seventy-six prefets, one hundred and sixty-one sous-prefets, and thirty-eight secretaries-general. Independently of these changes in the *personnel*, as the French call it, many important administrative changes were introduced. But the ministry of the 1st August was changed on the 2nd November, to give place to the presidency of Lafitte, who in his turn was overthrown on the 3rd March, 1831—principally by a speech of M. Guizot's, be it said in passing—to give power to the ministry of Casimir Perier of the 3rd March, 1831.

In the cabinet of October, 1832, presided over by Marshal Soult, Guizot was Minister of Public Instruction, and from that period, unless when filling the London embassy, he may be said to have formed a leading member of every administration. It is, however, as a member of the ministry of the 29th October, 1840—after he had filled the London embassy—that he has become best known to Englishmen, and that he has secured the longest lease of power. For seven years and a quarter he has now held the portfolio of Foreign Affairs—thus presenting a longer tenure of power than any minister since 1830. It is true that, for five years of this time, Marshal Soult was President of the Council, and therefore head of the ministry; but since the Marshal resigned the portfolio of War in 1845 into the hands of his former aidecamp, M. Moline de St. Yon, M. Guizot may

have been looked upon as virtually, if not actually, as the President of the Council, and he has been actually President of the Council for some months, though at one time it was questionable whether the post of honour would not be disputed by M. Duchâtel, the Minister of the Interior.

It cannot be denied, that on entering on power in 1840, the task of M. Guizot was exceedingly difficult. England and France, and indeed the whole of Europe, were affrighted from their propriety by the insane projects and mad ambition of M. Thiers, and it was no easy matter to calm the effervescence of the French, and to dissipate the doubts, and still the alarms of the English. But the device of *la paix partout*, *la paix toujours*, in a great degree succeeded, till the affairs of Tahiti again embroiled the two countries, and till the question of the Spanish marriages, arranged and accomplished with equal ill-faith, and in defiance of solemn treaty, again roused the suspicions of the slumbering Lion. Nothing could be more false, tricky, and disingenuous than M. Guizot's conduct throughout the whole of this matter; and the words "*en même temps*," will ever form a conspicuous blot in his family, as well as in his parliamentary and diplomatic blazon. There is not a public minister in Europe who is not now aware of the jesuitical and uncandid character of M. Guizot's diplomacy in this affair. His unscrupulous agent and instrument—too readily cast off when he had performed the ignoble task imposed on him—has since succumbed under the pressure of conscientious scruples, felt, alas! too late; and the family and friends of Count Bresson may well complain of those who, by too tempting offers, seduced him from the paths of rectitude.

The only merit which we can accord to M. Guizot, as a minister, is, that under his government the peace of Europe has been preserved. But this merit belongs not chiefly, nor yet in the greatest degree, to him, for the whole of Europe is now disposed to be peaceable; and with Great Britain the desire to be so is a predominant passion, not a mere capricious and fitful feeling. The desire for peace is ever a predominant feeling with the middle classes of France—those classes whose organ, and mouthpiece, and minister M. Guizot has ever been. He is *κατ σχολήν*, the minister of the French *bourgeoisie*; and if as such he has considered many material and some subaltern interests of France in an undue degree, he has too often forgotten the dignity and honour of his country in her foreign relations. It does [redacted] become a great, chivalrous, and gallant nation like France to be tricky or jesuitical, yet tricky, dishonest, and jesuitical that great and civilized country has appeared, and we fear has in

reality been, since 1840. In becoming the minister of the middle classes in France, M. Guizot has forgotten their virtues and remembered only their errors and vices.

Economy, and the absence of fanaticism, are distinguishing traits in the middle classes of France. These are their domestic virtues. But there is also a want of elevation, of depth, and of high tone in many of their sentiments and opinions. They do not loathe intrigue, nor abhor trickiness, where a national object is to be gained, and, therefore, many among them who have no love for M. Guizot's person, approve of his policy both in Spain and Switzerland. By his conduct, both abroad and at home, M. Guizot has done too much—far too much—to promote that egotism, selfishness, and love of material enjoyment, which the French *bourgeoisie* of our day have felt as a passion, and worshipped as a virtue. To hear those men talk, and to see them act, one would think the height of human felicity consisted in having a *din de truffée* or a *suprême de volaille* for dinner, and 100,000 f. *de rente*, no matter how obtained. *Rem quocumque modo, rem*, is their mercenary motto ; and provided the money be produced, they will, like the Roman emperor, never smell to the coin to discover the inodorous source from which it has been produced. On such a basis of selfishness as this a superstructure of liberty was never yet erected. Liberty is not the product of such a soil. It is a wild flower, spontaneously springing up, and needs not either the muck or manure of selfishness or corruption to stimulate it into mushroom maturity.

It remains, therefore, but to consider M. Guizot as orator, statesman, and politician.

The cabinet of the 1st of March left him many thorny questions to resolve. The questions of Morocco, of Public Credit, of Railways, of Tahiti, of the Right of Search, and many others. From 1842 to 1846, the intrepid and inexhaustible Minister for Foreign Affairs pronounced 187 speeches, double the number, as one of his admirers states, spoken by Cicero, Demosthenes, and Eschines. In the session of 1843 and 1844, he spoke 39 times; in that of 1844 and 1845, 25; in that of 1845 and 1846, close upon 50 times : so that moral and mental resources, as well as courage of the highest order, were necessary for these most wasting wordy encounters. But though Guizot had to deal with the ablest and best men of both Chambers—with Molé, Thiers, Berryer, Lamartine, Billaut, Dufaure, Barrot, and a dozen others—yet who is there that can say that any one of them has ever had a victory over him ? Let any impartial and unprejudiced man turn over his discourse on the Regency, on the Right of Search, his answer to Lamartine, his speeches on

the Syrian question, his speech, in 1844, on the legitimate gathering in Belgrave-square, on the United States, on the treaty of Morocco, his speeches on the United States, his discourses on Education, and his replies to M. Thiers, and we ask any such candid inquirer whether he has not proved himself the master and superior, *as a debater*, of all living Frenchmen? One living Frenchman, indeed, is more eloquent and spirit-stirring. But put M. Berryer to the every-day task of a harassed and jaded minister, and what a sad hash he would make of it. We entertain not, to use the words of Hume, the ancient prejudice industriously propagated by the dunces in all countries, that a man of genius is unfit for business; but we hold, nevertheless, that a man of the impetuous feelings, of the exquisite sensibility, and of the impulsive ardour of Berryer could not have lowered his nature down, even by drinking porter—to use the apt and familiar illustration of that most learned of lawyers, and exquisite of scholars, Mr. Justice Maule—to the level of the rank majority of the deputies in these varied and diverse questions.

Below the middle stature, somewhat square-built, and of an aspect always grave, if not severe, with a proud and piercing eye, M. Guizot strikes you at first sight as a man of thoughtful and reflective habits, and of an energy subdued rather than extinguished by severe study. Approach him nearer, and you will perceive that he is more spare in flesh, more sombre in appearance, more livid in look, than you had supposed at a distance. His features, when excited, assume a disagreeable aspect—his lips become contracted, his eyes appear deeper sunk in their cavernous orbits, and his whole appearance gives token of a person of a restless and melancholy, as well as of a meditative disposition. There is no gaiety in his look or manner. He does not laugh nor joke with his next neighbour on the bench of ministers, and appears altogether absorbed in public affairs or in his own reflections. He exhibits, on his entrance to the Chamber, the impassability of a professor or college tutor. He crosses his arms, inclines his head on his breast, and attentively listens to the discussion. But if the orator at the tribune attacks the man or his system, Guizot becomes restless and excited, rises from his seat, interrupts the speaker, strikes his desk with his wooden-paper knife, and, in giving a loud contradiction to the member in possession of the house, asks to be heard in reply.

At the tribune, notwithstanding his diminutive stature, his appearance is imposing, for he has an expressive countenance—there is much latent fire in his deep-set eye, and notwithstanding his dictatorial and pedantical air, there is a certain dignity

in his manner. His voice is full and sonorous, but it is neither very varied in tone nor very flexible. His style of speaking appears more of the Genevese than of the French school. It is dry, sententious, clear, dogmatical, luminous, lacking the suppleness and vivacity of Thiers, and the genial flow, pathos, richness, grace, and large manner of Berryer. But the tone of the deputy for Lisieux, it must be admitted, is generally philosophical and elevated, and he exhibits great power of expression, and often much adroitness in hitting the humour of the Chamber. No man seizes on a leading popular idea with greater address, or more artfully and elaborately produces it suited to the taste of a majority. Though he seldom breaks out into those happy bursts which enthrall and captivate in Berryer, which seize upon the auditor and hurry him along against his will, yet he is almost always copious and fertile, and shows his superiority to the mass as a scholar and a man of general information. He has, with all the fulness of Macaulay, much more tact and discretion—though he wants the fancy and rich wardrobe of words which the late M.P. for Edinburgh had always at command. Guizot is always self-reliant, and nearly always cool and self-possessed. The most frivolous and oft-repeated interruptions cannot turn him from the exposition and development of a favourite idea.

Of many of the details of business, and of much of the ordinary routine of office, Guizot is ignorant. To the praise of being a very learned man, a clever and copious writer, and a first-rate debater, M. Guizot has fully vindicated his claim. But though he has exhibited more dexterity, plausibility, and, we fear, insincerity, as a politician, than his warmest and sincerest friends would wish—he has failed to make out his claim to be a great statesman, or even a good man of business. Placed in the position in which he has been for the last seven years, he has had rarer opportunities of doing good, not merely to England and France, but to the world, than any man since the time of Canning ; but of these opportunities he has not availed himself, and history must hold him accountant for allowing great and glorious occasions to pass away, often unimproved, oftener still altogether unused. To please party, and to please a monarch, he has dedicated abilities, powers of speech, expression, and action which might have been used more highly—we may add, more honourably, in the service of his country—in the service of the whole human race.

In administrative knowledge, and in the art of conciliating men and majorities, M. Guizot is far surpassed by very ordinary common-place men in his own cabinet. Though, therefore, the present Prime Minister of France is fully entitled to the

epithets of able, gifted, eloquent, and learned, still the historian must refuse to him the epithets of a great man or a great statesman.

A man even better known than M. Guizot, though not so much in the eyes of the public for the last seven years, is M. Thiers. Of this personage we gave a rather hasty sketch in the 'British Quarterly Review,' No. VI., but it is indispensable now to state that more than a quarter of a century ago, he had rendered himself remarkable, not merely by the vivacity, but by the vigour of his intellect. The articles which he published in the *Constitutionnel* even so far back as 1820 were distinguished, not merely by vigorous thought, but by purity and pungency of style, and by a liveliness and dramatic power, second only to the pamphlet writing of Paul Louis Courier. If Thiers were an ordinary man, he would doubtless have been abundantly satisfied by his eminent success as a newspaper writer.

The position of an eminent newspaper writer in France is far different from that of a newspaper writer in England, and secures to the fortunate penman, social and political rank, as well as money, homage, and troops of friends.

But notwithstanding the brilliant success which thus dawned on him, Thiers looked for some more permanent fame than can be acquired even by the most successful diurnal disquisitions. He therefore determined to publish a work on the Revolution, the first volume of which appeared in 1823. But, hear it, young authors and aspiring statesmen—so unknown was Thiers at that time to the booksellers, that he was obliged to couple his name with a worn-out hack, a man of the name of Felix Bodin, who would be considered a safe character here by Longman, Hurst, Rees, Orme, Brown, and Co., or any other solvent and established firm in the Row. The first volume of this work created a sensation, and it soon acquired a party value altogether independent of its literary merit.

It was a new revelation for the men of the movement. The clearness, vigour, and beauty of the young author's style—the art and wonderful tact with which he dramatized circumstances—added an inexpressible charm to his development of an old, though never in France a hackneyed story. Each volume appeared with increasing popularity, and shortly after the revolution of 1830, the work had already gone through a third edition.

Thiers had long before the revolution of 1830 been known to Manuel, Foy, Constant, Perier, Lafitte, and the Duke de Rochefoucauld Liancourt. Manuel introduced him to Etienne of the *Constitutionnel*, and that able editor soon appreciated his

articles at their proper value. At the period when Polignac was named by Charles X. Minister for Foreign Affairs, Thiers founded, with Carrel and others, the 'National Newspaper,' and on the 26th July, 1830, was the first to exhibit a resistance in the shape of a protest, of which we have elsewhere spoken.\* His first service under the government was in the finances attached to the ministry of Baron Louis. In this subordinate station he afforded such unquestionable evidence of capacity, that Baron Louis did not hesitate to propose his name to the king as Minister of Finance, on the 2nd or 3rd November, 1830, when the cabinet of the 1st August was quitting office.

Thiers, however, declined this promotion, and contented himself with the post of under-secretary of state in the cabinet of Lafitte. Contemporaneously almost with this appointment, he was elected deputy for Aix, and soon distinguished himself by such financial aptitude, that Royer Collard addressing him after one of his earliest speeches, said, 'Young man, your fortune is made.' And made it unquestionably was; for, notwithstanding the prejudice of Casimir Perier against him, he conquered a position in the Chamber, and immediately after the death of that statesman, there was a question of introducing him into the cabinet. But there were susceptibilities and jealousies to assuage, and the day of his triumph was only deferred, and not destroyed. On the 11th October, 1832, he first became Minister of the Interior, and signalized his advent to power by the arrest of the Duchess of Berry. This measure accomplished, he surrendered the portfolio of the Interior for that of Commerce and Public Works.

In 1836, he became President of the Council and Minister of Foreign Affairs, and continued in this position till he was replaced by Molé, in 1837. Again, in March, 1840, he was raised to the Presidency of the Council and Ministry of Foreign Affairs; but his indiscretion, his turbulence, his personal ambition, his desire of personal distinction and notoriety, even at the risk of a war with Great Britain, caused the king to call Marshal Soult to his councils in December, 1840. Since that period, now seven years and two months ago, M. Thiers has been an exile from power, and in the interval he has occupied his leisure in travelling over a great portion of Italy and Spain, and in writing his brilliant and very readable *novel*, called the 'History of the Consulate and the Empire.' But notwithstanding all his faults and all his turpitutes, Thiers is the most considerable man in France after Guizot, and in so far as mere

\* See 'British Quarterly Review,' No. VI., p. 498.

natural talent and resources go, he is a more considerable, a readier, and infinitely a more flexible—we will not say a more honest man—than the deputy for Lisieux.

As to physical appearance, it is impossible to conceive a more ignoble little being than Adolphe Thiers. He has neither figure, nor shape, nor grace, nor mien, and truly, to use the unsavoury description of Cormenin, (Timon,) looks like one of those provincial barbers, who, with brush and razor in hand, go from door to door offering their '*savonnette*'. His voice is thin, harsh, and reedy—his aspect sinister, deceitful, and tricky—a sardonical smile plays about his insincere and mocking mouth, and at first view you are disposed to distrust so ill-favoured a looking little dwarf, and to disbelieve his story. But hear the persuasive little pigmy—hear him fairly out, and he greets you with such pleasant, lively, light, voluble talk, interspersed with historical remark, personal anecdote, ingenious reflections, all conveyed in such clear, concise, and incomparable language, that you forget his ugliness, his impudence, insincerity, and dishonesty. You listen, and, as Rousseau said in one of his most eloquent letters, ‘in listening are undone.’ ‘*C'est le roué le plus amusant de nos roués politiques, le plus aigu de nos sophistes, le plus subtil et le plus insaisissable de nos prestidigitateurs, c'est le Bosco de la Tribune*,’ says the incisive and pungent Timon.

Though there is something of what the French call ‘*malice*’ in this description, still it is in the main true. It is impossible for any human being, who knows human nature well, to think M. Thiers ever can be in earnest unless in a matter which intimately concerns his *own* interests, or—which is now pretty much the same thing, since he has become a leader—the interests of his party. It must be avowed that, unlike Guizot, there is neither bitterness nor acerbity in the man. But how can bitterness or acerbity find a place in the breast of an individual who is wholly without principle of any kind—without fixity to any banner or to any political faith? The little man laughs at right or wrong, for he has a sliding scale of virtue peculiarly his own. When Thiers is at the top of the scale, all is right; when his rivals Molé or Guizot are uppermost, all is wrong. The truth is, that in his innermost heart he laughs at all theories, other than the one which can raise Adolphe Thiers to power, and maintain him there. Nevertheless, although vulgar in a certain sense, ignorant in a mitigated sense, and generally rash, impudent, and shameless, Thiers is a remarkable man, and more fitly represents France of 1848 than any living Frenchman. He possesses all the restlessness, boldness, igno-

rance, and audacious self-confidence of the age and nation which he represents, and all its wit, quickness, cleverness, self-reliance, and strong spirit of nationality. It is because he represents France of the middle class as it really is, neither better nor worse, that he has been a considerable personage in all his undertakings, and has left behind him a trace of individuality—a trace, in a word, of Thiers. As a journalist, he was successful—as a historian, he was popular—as a minister, he was notorious, and national to a certain extent. He has, no doubt, many talents and many defects, but his successes in life are more owing to his worst vices, than to his negative virtues. He is probably the most intelligent man in Europe—if a perception of the wants and wishes of the million indicate intelligence; but he is possibly also one of the most insincere, mocking, and corrupt of public men, and at bottom one of the shallowest in all sound knowledge. ‘Donnez-moi un petit quart d'heure,’ he wrote to Spring Rice in 1834, ‘pour m'expliquer le système financier de la Grande Bretagne.’ In no other country than France could such a clever charlatan be tolerated or endured; and it says little for the national morality or feeling, that he has been so long not suffered, but petted and propped up by applauding deputies and admiring millions.

Molé is much more of a statesman—much more of a politician—much more of a man of the world, than either Guizot or Thiers. He is now in his sixty-ninth year, and descended of an illustrious legal family. Early in life, more than forty-five years ago, he entered the service of France under the First Consul, as Auditor of the Council of State, and subsequently filled high administrative functions under the Emperor. In 1817 he was named Minister of Marine, a post he continued to occupy till the end of 1828. This was his sole service under the Restoration, though he belonged to the school of Talleyrand, Malouet, Clermont, Tonnere, Portalis, and Fontanes. He was the first Minister of Foreign Affairs after the Revolution of 1830, and was President of the Council in September, 1837, and again in April, 1838, but for the last ten years he has been an exile from power.

Molé has been a French peer for many years, and therefore his discourses do not figure in the Chamber of Deputies. But although his name be not in the mouths of the public, like the names of Guizot, Thiers, and Berryer, every educated Frenchman knows that he is one of the foremost and most considerable men of France. He is rather a man of the world than a *littérateur*, or a man of science, yet he is infinitely more of a scholar and a man of science than M. Thiers, and understands

all questions of diplomacy and administration infinitely better than either Thiers or Guizot. Though not so brilliant, showy, or lively a person, in public or in society, as the deputy for Aix,—though less quick and apprehensive and ready, he is more solid, steady, and reliable. Though he could not write a state paper so quickly and so glowingly as M. Guizot, yet when written by him, after being fully perpended and slowly elaborated, it would be less open to criticism or objection—it would be more neatly and more succinctly drawn up, and present fewer assailable points to a rival or an enemy.

Experience in affairs and in administration, Molé has in a greater degree than any modern Frenchman, and it is the opinion of no bad judge,—himself nearly the most experienced statesman in Europe, and since Metternich has fallen into premature caducity, by far the ablest statesman and politician—it is the opinion, we believe, of Lord Palmerston, that Molé is the first statesman in France, if not the only statesman. But though Molé is a full, he is not, in debate, a ready man, and therefore lacks that confidence which, in such an opsimathist as Thiers, borders on presumption, if it does not even go beyond it. But Molé, though not so ready, is sounder and safer, and his style, in speaking and writing, though not so facile and glowing, is more classic and pure than the style either of Thiers or Guizot.

The countenance of Molé is serious and grave, yet pleasant and agreeable. His complexion is of a deep brown, and his hair of a dark grey. His language is rather choice and correct than flowing, rather distinguished by propriety and elegance than by copiousness or strength. He is calm, clear, neat, often ingenious; always equal to his subject; sometimes he rises far above it. Now that Talleyrand, Hauterive, and Roederer are dead, he is possessed of more anecdotal history than any living *homme d'état* in Paris, and is, perhaps, the best and most classic *raconteur* in France. His countenance is open and gentlemanlike, and there is breadth and elevation in the forehead. He is rather tall, thin, and delicately shaped, and possesses, in an eminent degree, what our neighbours call the ‘*air distingué*.’

Berryer is a widely different manner of man from either Guizot, Thiers, or Molé. He is not merely an orator, but a man of genius; and, without any manner of doubt, the only orator in France, and one of the few—and every-day decreasing number—in Europe. Nature has been in the highest degree bountiful to him; and it were, perhaps, no exaggeration to say, that in his own country he has not been equalled since the days of Mirabeau. His face is handsome and expressive—his manners

are cordial, frank, and agreeable. He is a gay, laughing, *debonnaire*, good fellow, who tells a good story, relishes a good dinner, and enjoys a good glass of wine. He is, in truth, a simple, natural, and enjoyable man, though '*tant soit peu sensualiste*.' But it is as a speaker and as an advocate that he is beyond comparison. To his incomparable, deep, and sweet-toned voice, he owes many of his parliamentary, and most of his forensic triumphs. In him you find combined the silvery tones of Murray, the exquisite grace of Wedderburne, and the polished rhetoric and playful fancy of Canning or of Bushe. Long before he entered the Chamber in 1829, he had attained the foremost rank in his profession, and in that very year he was offered an under-secretaryship by Polignac. '*C'est de trop, ou c'est trop peu*,' was his reply, and to continue in his profession was the only course left to him.

Whether as tribune or as advocate, never was a man more calculated to captivate and enthrall an audience. His action is simple and imposing, his imagination gorgeous and fertile, his perception quick and rapid, and his tact exquisite. But with the tongue of a poet and orator, the eye of a painter, the grace of a rhetorician, and the polished art of a perfect actor, you feel there is something wanting. There is a want of heart, of sincerity and conviction, of moral honesty and respectability of character, which is felt as a serious drawback. We have nearly the eloquence of Mirabeau, and all his want of principle—the sensuality and profligacy of Rochester and Lauzun, with their wit, their powers of repartee, their facility, and utter indifference and obduracy to any principle or opinion which interfered with their own selfish enjoyments.

A statesman or a great leader Berryer never can become. But when moved by a party question, or a topic in which he takes a personal interest, he will abandon the *coulisses* and *foyer* of the Opera Italien, and, eschewing Grisi and Lablache, dedicate himself for days to the Chamber. When he rises to give a *résumé* of the discussion, however intricate, you may hear a pin drop, and ere he concludes, you are convinced that he can run, like Sheridan—

“Through each mode of the lyre, and be perfect in all.”

It is melancholy to think that a man of powers of such extent and versatility, has sadly wasted, and not unfrequently misused them.

Dupin is a very different man from Berryer. He is now in his sixty-fifth year, and had already acquired the reputation of a profound lawyer and able advocate, when elected in May

1815, as a member of the Representative Chamber, by the Electoral College of Nievre. It is not our business, and indeed we lack the space, to go over his history since that time. But starting from the 27th July, 1830, when he contended, at the house of Casimir Perier, that Charles the Tenth had the right to issue the ordinances ; and when he was so triumphantly and indignantly answered by Mauguin, we may merely remark that Dupin did not attend the private meeting of deputies held on the following day at the house of Audry de Puyraveau, nor was he present at M. Berard's, at four o'clock on the 28th.

In the beginning of August, however, when all the fighting was over, he again appeared upon the scene, and made that famous pedestrian journey to Neuilly which deprived France of the private fortune of Louis Philippe. By the law of France, the private property of the king merges in that of the state. But Louis Philippe, swayed by a sentiment of self-interest, settled his enormous wealth upon his younger children, and his consulting and family counsel on the occasion was M. Dupin, Ainé, as he was then called.

He soon after looked for and obtained his reward in being made President of the Chamber. In this capacity he ruled the house rather sternly and strictly. But it must, on the other hand, be allowed, that shortly after the Revolution, a vivacity, a boisterousness, and an irregularity prevailed in the Chamber—a proneness to personality, and an ignorance of constitutional power, which it required a strong hand to restrain.

The chief defect of M. Dupin as a president was a want of blandness and dignity. His reproofs wounded, rather than soothed the vanity of the speaker. If, therefore, he was, in the president's chair, the impersonation of the French *bourgeoisie*—having as little love for grand *seigneurs* as *proletaires*, and an equal hatred of soldiers, aristocrats, and high priests—if he was brusque, impetuous, and unequal, acting by fits and sallies, and occasionally ill-bred, on the other hand, when a question became entangled by the diffuse and irregular speaking of a mob of ignorant declaimers, no man unravelled it with greater skill, or resumed more admirably its principle and salient features, than the late President of the Chamber.

As a parliamentary speaker, though the eloquence of Dupin is not so spirit-stirring and genial as that of Berryer—though it is neither so high in thought nor so pure and polished in form, nor so rich in imagery and illustration, yet it is more strong and sinewy, more logical and compressed, more impetuous, rapid, and vigorous, and more instinct with the strong, full good sense of the *bourgeoisie*.

Dupin has more logical power of reasoning, more clearness and compression in his arguments, than tact, grace, or judgment in the mode of handling them. He is often unequal, sometimes trivial, occasionally low, vulgar, and rude. Learned as a lawyer, and strong as a dialectician, he brings to the consideration of all questions great perspicacity and unquestionable knowledge; but then, on the other hand, he is self-willed and unbending, and rarely exhibits suavity or conciliation. To statesmanship M. Dupin has no pretensions; and as a politician, he has no other idea than Louis Philippe and the monarchy of the middle classes. As a writer, he has no pretensions whatever. He is the author of some professional works of utility, the style of which is no better than might be written by Lord Campbell or any practising barrister, however undistinguished as a literary man. In person, Dupin is of middle size, of mean exterior and appearance, and the large pair of spectacles which he is in the habit of wearing greatly impede his effect as a speaker.

Odillon Barrot is a stout, stalwart, strong-built man, with a comely, expressive, and meditative face. His voice is full and sonorous, and he has a pompous and measured style in speaking, and he generally gives you rather the idea of a professor of moral philosophy, or a lecturer, than a political debater. But occasionally he warms to his subjects, and at such times an auditor may ever and anon hear some finely conceived sentences, well delivered, with earnest and appropriate action. Lukewarmness, however, and temporizing are the characteristics of the man. He is almost always tame, and generally timid, and though he has come out with more fire and force recently during the reform banquets, yet if the people resist, Barrot will not be the man to lead them on. The great defect of this cold, calm, colourless man is, that he is too full of theories and abstractions. Though he occasionally generalizes luminously, yet being totally devoid of fine fancy and imagination, his didactic disquisitions fall on heedless and unlistening ears.

A man of infinitely more talent, readiness, and aptitude for leadership than Barrot is Mauguin, latterly fallen into pecuniary embarrassments of the most painful nature, and therefore neither trusted nor listened to as man or politician. But after the revolution of 1830, no man played a more brilliant or leading part than unfortunate Mauguin. Though not like Berryer in person, there are certain resemblances in character.

Both have agreeable and attaching manners, both are fond of society, and of that conversational triumph and success which is in France a *pouissance*. Both are clever, captivating, seductive

—both, we fear, are alike indifferent, if not unprincipled. Berryer is a man of much more learning, of greater eloquence, and of vaster memory than Mauguin, but he does not exceed him in neatness, address, and talent, or in that wonderful gift which the French call *esprit*.

Mauguin's action is graceful and noble, his voice clear and piercing, though not of much volume, and his presence frank and manly. His diction is more declamatory in the tone and manner, than in style; and he errs rather by the excess of art and of labour, than of carelessness. Nothing can be neater or more dexterous than his exordiums. He perfectly adjusts and disposes each part of his subject, putting the weak points in the background, and throwing forward the strong arguments with great cleverness. His mind is equally subtle and flexible, but though he is as keen at hair splitting as Sugden or Kelly, he is strong as well as subtle, and has occasionally risen to the very highest flights of eloquence. In 1830, in speaking on the Polish question, he exhibited oratorical power of the very highest order, and completely rendered captive his auditory. But these efforts are rare, for he is generally too much master of his own emotions to render tributary to his will those of others. It is in bitter sarcasm, and finely pointed irony that he shines, and it was with these weapons he so often crucified Casimir Perier. But now Mauguin has fallen into the sere of years, and the slough of pecuniary embarrassment, and unless the Buonaparte faction raise their heads on the death of Louis Philippe, his 'wine' of political life is 'on the ices.'

One of the most important men in France, not from his talents, but from his position, administrative talents, and power of managing men, is Duchâtel, Minister of the Interior, now in the 45th year of his age. He is the son of an humble *employé* of the Enregistrement of Domains at Bordeaux. During the Revolution and the Empire, the father advanced step by step in the administrative career, till he arrived at the Director-Generalship of Domains, and received the titles of Count and Counsellor of State. The present minister was bred to the bar, to which he was admitted during the Restoration. Being, as an advocate, without causes, he sought to make himself a position as a man of letters, and became one of the editors and proprietors of the *Globe*, about the year 1827 or 1828. In this paper he published some financial and economical articles which excited attention. After the revolution of 1830, he was named Counsellor of State, and in 1832, elected deputy. In 1833, he made his first speech in the discussion of the Budget, in which he displayed a more than

ordinary acquaintance with the subject. In the same session he was appointed secretary-general of the Minister of Finance. In 1834 he became Minister of Commerce, and had, in this capacity, to bring forward several laws of general interest and importance—such, for instance, as a law relative to savings-banks, to the customs, &c. In 1836, he brought forward the question of the Spanish funds, and introduced some reforms into the French administrative system. Into the Thiers ministry Duchâtel did not enter, and for the last seven years he has filled the important place of Minister of the Interior. Until 1843, he was considered as a sort of political and administrative aidecamp to M. Guizot, but since that year, finding that the favour of the king, the confidence of the Chamber, and the management of the *Fonds Secrets*, and his very considerable fortune, increased by a rich marriage, have given him a weight and influence, to which, be it said, intrinsically he has no pretensions, M. Duchâtel has had serious thoughts of setting up for himself. In the Chamber he is very popular with the members of the centre, and having a good house, a good cook, and being a safe and discreet man, and *tant soit peu gourmet*, he is influential, and, in a sense, popular.

Duchâtel possesses some of the qualities and some of the defects of Guizot. He is not so erudit or learned, and possesses not his powers of speech and exposition. But, on the other hand, he has more practical and administrative knowledge. On commercial economy and financial questions he is generally well-informed, without being profound, and he is what is called in France a good man of business. He is tall and good-looking in person, but has latterly become inconveniently corpulent. He is a generally well-informed and well-mannered man, though somewhat too pompous and pretentious.

We have thus gone through some of the leading men of France, but there are others who might well claim a place and a consideration, which we cannot give them in the present number, but which we shall accord to them at no distant day. The names of Lamartine, Dufaure, Passy, Salvandy, Dumon, Sauzet, Arago, Duvergier d'Hauranne, Sebastiani, Berenger, Bugeaud, Hébert, Pagés, Remusat, and many others, at once occur to us. But we must hold our pen.

Any sketch of the public men of France would, however, be imperfect which did not allude to—now that Talleyrand is dead—the most remarkable man in that country—need we say, to Louis Philippe himself—to the king who, notwithstanding all the efforts of M. Thiers, reigns and governs.

The remarkable man who now governs France is in his 75th

year. He has travelled much, he has seen much, and he has learned much ; and perhaps there is no man in Europe, whether sovereign or subject, who has had a greater commerce with, or experience of, men and things. Without possessing any brilliant or showy talents, he is a personage of great general information ; of a calm and tranquil nature, of a naturally cold and reserved disposition, in affairs of moment ; distinguished, alike in great things and in small, by prudence and perseverance. He is a man of immense labour, taking a pleasure in affairs and in the transaction and despatch of business. He examines, himself, all important papers connected with the affairs of state, reads the principal journals, and attends even to the details of his own private fortune, and to the management of the affairs of his family and children. He is an excellent linguist, speaking with fluency, English, Italian, and German, and very lately he astonished the ambassador of Bolivia, by addressing him in the primitive language of Peru. Though in public the king is an incessant and rather egotistical talker on ordinary topics of no moment, yet he speaks but little at cabinet councils, generally listening very attentively. Sometimes he interrupts, for the purpose of asking a question, and sometimes he interposes objections. It very often happens that he knows practically more of a question than all his ministers, especially if it have reference to foreign affairs or diplomacy ; and should the council not agree with him, delay is generally interposed, where practicable, and in the meanwhile the monarch sets about seriously to carry his point. In this purpose he is most frequently, by perseverance, successful, so that the *pensée immuable* is not a fiction. To say that he is a sincere, a fair-dealing, or an honest man would be impossible ; to say that he is a very superior man would be flattery ; but he is a cold, calculating, reflecting man ; resolute, prudent, unscrupulous, crafty, and sagacious. He knows the courts of Europe, and the characters of the principal statesmen and ambassadors better than any man in his dominions. He very well understands, also, the feelings of the richer middle classes, commercial and landed, of France ; and on them he places his firmest reliance. But for the last three years he has, in endeavouring to aggrandize his family, made great mistakes, and descended to more than questionable subterfuges, unworthy of a politic king, and disgraceful to a gentleman and man of honour. His ministers have been, for the most part, his tools, and to their persons and principles he is utterly indifferent, otherwise than as they, to use a vulgar phrase, ‘carry out’ his personal system.

- ART. VII.** (1.) *Essays on the Ministry.* Ward & Co. 1846.  
 (2.) *A Revived Ministry the Hope of the Church.* Second Edition, 1847.  
 (3.) *An Earnest Ministry the Want of the Times.* By JOHN ANGEL JAMES. Hamilton & Co., London. 1847.

THE story of the Christian priesthood is one of large compass. Rich and manifold are its lessons—hardly to be matched elsewhere. Its good and bad come out in vast proportions. The men are at once the best and the worst of their species. By their fruits we know them. As thus known, some of them appear to rise high above the level of the earthly, while others sink as many degrees beneath it. Wonderful are the light and shadow which meet in this enclosure. All things that have affinity with the upper or nether world—with paradise or pandemonium, are here found. The most diverse elements of the moral universe come together at this point, as if to their chosen battle-field, or as if doomed to contribute to a moral chaos. Every man, indeed, has had much of this spiritual admixture in him. Each soul has been this battle-field between the powers of light and darkness—this chaos struggling towards order, or towards confusion worse confounded. But it is easier to separate between the good and evil in the order than in the individual. History gives forth this grand line of distinction with tolerable clearness.

The line we speak of, however, is not that which distinguishes between Papist and Protestant—or between the east and the west. We are looking to a moral landmark, not to an ecclesiastical one—to that distinction between the Christian and the not-Christian, which is found within the pale of all sects and all churches. The moral extremes of which we have made mention meet everywhere—the difference is not one of fact, it is only one of form and degree. In your zealous Protestant, you often find a genuine Papist under another name. Your man of the conventicle is often as choice a specimen of the ecclesiastical intolerant as your man of the cathedral—just as your democrat may be only another form of the despot. Thus mingled have been the elements of things in this mighty stream—the stream of ecclesiastical power. The blessing and the curse, for our needy and dependent nature, have been always largely drifting upon it.

It will be seen that when we thus speak, we use the term priesthood in a definite, but in a large sense. We embrace

under it all men who have been in any way accredited by their fellows as ministers of the Christian religion. Many of these, in recent times and in times long past, have been good shepherds; they have loved the charge entrusted to them, and they have given care, and labour, and often life itself to befriend it. In the olden times of the church, and in many a later season, to be a pastor was to be as a standard-bearer in the thickest of the strife. It was a distinction, but a distinction more allied with burdens to be borne, and with perils to be encountered, than with the kind of eminence most welcome to flesh and blood. Nevertheless, these true successors of the apostles cease not: the line of holy and devoted men, like a stream of light descending through a dark world, never fails. At times it bursts forth with new splendour, as when allied with the names of an Augustine or a Chrysostom, a Luther or a Calvin, a Latimer or a Knox; at other times it fades so as to become almost invisible, like the ark amidst its floating clouds and troubled waters, all but lost to the eye of sense, in common with the world. Hard encounters take place, from time to time, between some of the keenest intellects, and some of the stoutest hearts, and creeds and symbols come forth as the result. In learning and in labour, these ecclesiastical heroes proclaim themselves as of the race of Anakim. Merely to read what they wrote, and often as the effect of hard thought, would be to some men the labour of a life. But these prolific scribes were nearly all men of action, even more than men of study. It was not more their office to teach the church than to govern it—not more their imperative province to feed the flock, than to front the lion and the bear in its defence. The strength of Jewish hostility ended with the fall of the Holy City; but the might of idolatrous Rome survived that catastrophe; and even when emperors and courts, and, after these, our own kings and barons and brave knights, professed themselves Christians, the demands made on the many-sided capacities of these ecclesiastical chiefs gave small signs of abatement. The civic government and their own ceased not to be rivals. The lines of demarcation between them soon became the occasion of manifold and bitter disputation. The spiritual weapons of the church were confronted with the coarser weapons of the state. In appearance, the odds always lay greatly on the side of the worldly in this conflict, but such was not always, nor indeed generally, the fact. The incursions of secular rapacity and ambition, the divisions between ecclesiastics themselves, and the constant upshooting of real or imaginary heresy, all contributed to keep the faculties of the great ones among the Christian priesthood upon the stretch.

Ever and anon were they admonished that they were the sons of the church militant.

Hence the vast accumulation of wisdom and folly which has been transmitted to us in the writings of those great actors in human affairs. They were men of letters even in the most unlettered times, and the labours of the pen have survived, where the ravages of the sword have left no trace behind. In these memorials, we have reflected both the wise and the unwise, by which the characters of the men themselves were moulded, and by which their projects were realized. They were men of their age, and they did their work by the means which it supplied, and after its fashion. This admixture still pertains to man, and to his affairs. We may be less ignorant than our forefathers, but our new knowledge brings with it a new liability to err. Great indeed as may have been the defects or the faults of that long-perpetuated order of men—the Christian priesthood, if you subtract their story from the history of Christendom, the one-half at least of its civilization will disappear, and with it nearly all knowledge of the agencies which have been inseparable from the mainsprings of the other half.

But, as we have said, the same fountain has sent forth sweet water and bitter. This sacerdotal influence, when wisely directed, has been more potent than any other, as the shelter of the weak, as the healer of sorrow, and as the liberator of them that were bound. The bereft, the care-worn, the prostrate—the children of grief and wrong in all grades, have looked, through many a weary century, to this source for relief, and not always in vain. But the wolf has often had place under the garb of the shepherd. The powers of this world and the next have been wielded to ensure the subjection of the worshipper. All man's susceptibilities of hope have been made the dwelling-places of fear. The fear of the priest has come to be far more terrible than the fear of any power which, having destroyed the body, has no more that it can do. Man, armed with the power of priesthood, has come into the place of God. The soul has passed into his hands. Hell from beneath moves at his call. The powers of light and darkness are but his ministers. Day and night, asleep and awake, the consciousness of this ghostly bondage has weighed on millions of souls as their greatest earthly evil. Crusades, inquisitions, dragonades—all have been obedient to the secret or avowed policy of the intolerant priest; but the manner in which he has contrived to scare men's souls—the manner in which he has peopled the regions beyond with the elements of wrath, all eager to do his pleasure upon his victims—this is the policy, much more than his power over lordly potentates, by

which he has shaken the world, spread through it its deepest woes, and subdued it most thoroughly to his will. In many a case, the finger of the priest has been heavier than the loins of the magistrate.

But it is a matter entitled to much more attention than we are wont to bestow upon it, that, in so far as Christendom is concerned, the past in this respect is simply the past. No future will be like it. The decline of priestly power is the most conspicuous fact in the history of the last three centuries: and this change, which the Reformation originated, has never been in quicker movement than now. In catholic, scarcely less than in protestant countries, this power, so far as regards educated and intelligent men, is as a power existing only in form—the soul of it is gone. It is strong against knowledge only as it can retain its hold upon the ignorant. The upper elements of society are with it only in appearance; its strength lies everywhere with the lower. To fail there would be to fail utterly. The ages of Wolsey and Laud, of Richelieu and Mazarine, are alike of the past. The ministers of the Christian religion have not only ceased to be known as great statesmen and courtiers, but even their province as instructors has lost nearly all distinctness. From having been the monopolists of everything in this department, they have ceased to be the monopolists of anything. Everywhere the priesthood of philosophy and the priesthood of Christianity are confronted, and Europe is about equally divided between them. Even in respect to religious teaching, the lay intellect measures its strength with the ecclesiastical; and the power of the press, wherever it is free, is certainly not second to that of the pulpit.

Our object in this article, which we design shall be brief, is to call the attention of our readers to a few facts of a less obvious and comparatively neglected description, bearing on the general subject of the Christian ministry. What we wish to say will, perhaps, be best said by presenting it as an answer to the following question—What is the present state of the Christian ministry in respect to Numbers, Qualification, and Prospects?

With regard to Numbers—if we judge from appearances, there is no lack of men in catholic countries ready to devote themselves to the functions of priesthood. France, and some parts of Germany, may furnish partial exceptions to this remark; but in such countries generally, and especially when you travel southward of the Alps, you appear to find an ecclesiastic of some description in every tenth man you meet. The exact number of priests in proportion to the population, of course varies in different states, but nearly everywhere the sup-

ply is manifestly superabundant—such as to dispose one often to ask, what sort of official work can be carved out for such multitudes, and how it is found possible to sustain them all?

In protestant countries, the proportion of the ministers of religion to the population is certainly much less. But the wealthy establishments of Europe, particularly the churches of England and Ireland, have little occasion to complain of the want of aspirants to the honour of ministering at their altars.

The matter, however, is much otherwise in some connexions. Professor Tholuck stated, in a conversation with ourselves, little more than twelvemonths since, that some seven years ago, the University of Halle contained between eight and nine hundred divinity students, while at present it does not reckon more than half that number. In the other universities of Germany there were the like symptoms of decline. We are not prepared to say that the falling off in the theological seminaries of the United States has been in so great a proportion as appears to have been the case in Germany; but we have been assured, once and again, by visitors from those States, that change of the same complexion is generally observable in that country, and that it is regarded by good men with sorrow and alarm.

If we look to the nonconformist bodies in Great Britain, we should, perhaps, except the Free Church of Scotland from the religious denominations having reason to complain of deficiency as to the supply of men willing to devote themselves to this service. The events which have given existence to that church are of such a nature, and so recent, as to explain this exception—for exception it is—and we fear the only one of its kind. Even this body, it seems, has only to cross the Tweed to become sensible to the common want. Independents, Baptists, Methodists, all concur in expressing their regret, often their astonishment, that while our population is so rapidly increasing, candidates for the Christian ministry do not at all keep a proportionate pace with this increase.

The increase of nonconformist colleges has not brought with it a corresponding increase of students. Where the accommodation is limited, the college may be tolerably filled, especially if the standard of admission be low, and the term of residence comparatively short. But other establishments are obliged to content themselves with something much below the number they could well receive, while some are all but empty, or on the verge of extinction.

If we look, then, not merely to English nonconformity, but to protestant Christendom at large, embracing both shores of the Atlantic, we find that the Christian ministry, with the ex-

ception of what may be seen within the pale of two or three opulent establishments, is much less attractive over this vast surface now than it was a generation since—that is, the increase in its numbers has not been proportionate to the great increase of the population, and that just now it appears to be dropping into the rear of the progress of population very perceptibly. If we could regard present appearances as indicating a slight positive increase—a conclusion to which we do not ourselves see our way—this, it must be remembered, would not be sufficient to protect us against a marked *relative* decrease. An increase of places of worship supposes an increase of ministers, but these facts are not sufficient to prove that the religion of a country is greater in proportion to its irreligion than formerly. In our own country there are manifest signs of increase in some quarters, particularly in manufacturing towns and districts, but these often seem to be greatly counterbalanced by the stationariness or decrease observable in other directions. In some of our large towns clear advances have been made, but when we compare the past with the present in not a few of our second-class and smaller towns, the results are often of another description. The knowledge of many of our readers will suggest to them many unwelcome proofs as to the justness of this statement.

Now it is to be carefully observed that the causes of this state of things are general. The evil is not confined to a sect or a nation; it affects nearly the whole of protestant Christendom.

But if this be the best report that can be made concerning the Christian ministry in respect to its numbers, what may be said on the point of Qualifications? If we cannot speak of the men as being adequate in point of numbers, are they, on the average, better men—men of greater competency to the duties of their office?

If we look to catholic countries, we must confess that we have not been greatly awe-stricken by the general aspect of the men who are there raised to the honour of priesthood. Some few of the persons in ecclesiastical costume remind you of the dignified functionaries in our own hierarchy. But speaking generally, they are a coarse, repulsive race who cross your path as priests and friars in Italy, and in other countries of the same faith. The distance in this respect between the better portion even of the middle classes, in such cities as Milan and Florence, Rome and Naples, and the majority of ecclesiastics, is very striking. You feel confident that in those classes respect for the priestly character and intelligence must have reference mainly to the few men who may be taken as exceptions to their order, rather than as samples of it. It may be, that the low

origin of the priest facilitates the discharge of his duties in respect to the lower classes of the people, but this does not affect the conclusion, that the great majority of the priests in catholic countries are men taken from that level, and men, in fact, who, in their appearance, manner, and attainments never rise greatly above it. In England, from obvious causes, this peculiarity is not so observable, but we have only to cross St. George's Channel to be speedily brought into contact with it. On the whole, though the catholic priesthood has been rising considerably in influence during the last thirty years, it has not regained the strength which departed from it through the action of the French Revolution, and it is at present but ill-qualified to deal with the literary and philosophical antagonists who are everywhere, either secretly or openly, resisting it, and who have left to it scarcely any sphere of influence above the ignorance of the poor, and the sensibility of woman. They know this—hence their severe censorship of the press wherever it can be sustained; and their sycophancy to courts in their character as the spiritual leaders of the crowd. But this cannot last.

With regard to the clergy of the Church of England, much might be said in this connexion. It must suffice now to remark, that whatever may have been their learning, their genius, or their piety, these have hitherto been of very limited service in reference to the war with that philosophical theology—or rather pantheism, which is now eating its way to the core of everything distinctively Christian among us. Evangelical men in that church still content themselves too much with their old round of theological topics; and more learned men are still detained, for the greater part, amidst their old forms of erudition. Both seem as if altogether unconscious of the new world that has grown up about them. The infidelity which is at work on their either hand is not of the coarse and outrageous cast which might strike them as an evil too palpable to be safely disregarded. It is, on the contrary, sleek, courteous, working by slow degrees, and in a thousand different and diluted forms; and because this is its nature, it may possibly proceed after this manner, without exciting alarm, until a voice shall proclaim—the judge is at the door! That these remarks are just in reference to the character of our clergy generally will not, we presume, be disputed. We are aware there are exceptions—we only regret that they are so few and far between. Our complaint is, that while mind has been in ceaseless movement everywhere else, the mind of this important class of men has remained in nearly all respects what it was some five-and-twenty years ago. So far as it has changed, the change has been almost entirely in the direction of

the obsolete follies of the past, not in the direction of a wise and manly preparation for dealing with the ever-multiplying exigencies of the present and the future. The fashionable and wealthy classes are of course retained as church-goers, and with them a large class of the less intelligent and inquiring—the passive among the middle and lower classes. But there is a daily augmenting class, embracing much of the reading and inquisitive mind of the community, which the ministrations of our established church should reach, and do not. This new feature in society is tenfold more conspicuous than it was thirty years since, and nothing approaching to adequate provision has been made to meet it by those who should have shown themselves as most competent to such a service.

But, with regard to the ministry of evangelical nonconformists—is this in a better state than it was a generation since? That the standard of ministerial attainment has been raised in this connexion during this interval is well known. Within this space, our Methodist brethren have added to their many good works that of founding colleges for the better education of their ministers. In the dissenting colleges, also, more preliminary knowledge has been required on admission, and the course of education has become more extended and complete, and has been placed in the hands of a more competent number of tutors. Still there is room for the question—whether the men who filled the nonconformist pulpit thirty years since, did not hold a better position in relation to the general intelligence of that time, than can be affirmed of the existing body of ministers of the same class in their relation to the intelligence of the present time? For in this connexion, as in reference to the question of numbers, it becomes us to look from the actual to the relative—from the advance which our ministry may be supposed to have made, to the advance which society has been at the same time making.

Look to the impression produced on the public mind by the nonconformist pulpit thirty years ago: has that impression been perpetuated? Has it been widened in proportion to the increase of the population? Is our present pulpit agency as much in advance, in respect to intelligence, of the agency then in action, as is the society now existing in comparison with the society which then existed? It would delight us to be able to answer these questions in the affirmative. Particular towns or districts might warrant such an answer; but the reply from the country at large, we think, would be, that, upon the whole, the same amount of impression can hardly be said to be produced at present; that certainly there has not been such an increase

of efficiency in the pulpit as is found to have grown up in almost every other department, and that this distance between the mind of the pulpit and the mind of the age appears to be widening, to the disadvantage of the former, every day.

It may be said that evangelical preaching in the church of England is much more general now than it was at the time mentioned, leaving much less ground for action open to non-conformists. We admit it. But we have seen, that with all increase of this sort, the increase of population must be coupled. We have seen, also, what this preaching really is, considered in its relation to the characteristics of the times. It consists, for the most part, not so much of doctrines which have ceased to be important, as of modes of presenting them which the reading and thinking mind of the age has outgrown—a mode too often characterised by tameness, narrowness, dogmatism—by almost every form of taste adapted to offend rather than conciliate the better informed or the doubting of our generation. Nevertheless, with all these drawbacks, the nonconformist pulpit has not evinced sufficient power, nor enough of the genius of adaptation, to make head even against this sort of instruction, as an instrument of popular impression. We may have more scholarship in our ministry than formerly; but we are compelled to ask—have we more talent, more native force, more real pulpit ability? We certainly are doing much more from the press than came within the thoughts of the last generation; but it is not so clear that the amount of power in the nonconformist pulpit is greater now than it was then; and we are confident that if there has been a sound average improvement, it has not been by any means to the same extent with that increase of mental aptitude which has been thrown into nearly all the other departments of human occupation. Our actual progress, if we suppose it to exist, has not been such as to save us from serious relative decline. In comparison with our own past, we may have made advances in some respects; but in comparison with the social elements which are pushing their way onward at our side, we are losing place constantly.

Now, if this be a just view of things, or something near it only, it is not difficult to define the prospect before us. To be constantly losing ground, by however small degrees, must be to lose everything at last. If the Christian elements of society are everywhere thus distanced by the antichristian, or the merely secular elements, with which they have to compete, the issue becomes a simple question of arithmetic. To be left behind only an inch in an hour, must be to be left behind altogether in the end. To have increased the number of Christian ministers

to the full extent of the increase of the population, and to have raised the standard of the order so as to have placed it fully abreast with the progress of society, would not have been to secure a single step of real progress. This would only have been to leave the Christian in relation to the Non-christian simply as it was. The conversion of the world to Christianity would have been as remote as ever. But even this is a more favourable view of things than our circumstances will warrant. It would be comparatively well to be able to speak of the little leaven as retaining the same proportion to the whole lump; but we are compelled to take lower ground. The elements of the spiritual and of the worldly do not bear the same proportions, and the loss has happened to the better side.

It is important now to inquire how this state of things has arisen? How the causes producing it may be best counteracted?

This halting condition of affairs is evidently regarded by many as an evil that should be traced to the pulpit, and to the pulpit mainly they look for the remedy. But we are not ourselves of this judgment, and we should not just now have touched on this subject at all, had we not felt it to be due to the Christian ministry to record our word in its defence. Something of blame, no doubt, may attach to the pulpit, but more—much more, we think—attaches elsewhere.

It is all very well that books should be written, that sermons should be preached, and that speeches should be made, setting forth what the message of the preacher should be, how he should deliver it, depicting at the same time the life of self-sacrifice he should be prepared to live. If, however, the evil were of a nature to be removed by such means, we might safely conclude that it has come to an end. If our Essays on the Ministry, our Revived Ministries, our Earnest Ministries, our Modern Pulpits, and similar publications were the sort of instrumentality embracing the *whole* case, or even the main disorders of it, we might, at least, account the worst as past. But these finger-posts on the better road, however useful in their way, are not, after all, the great thing required. The road itself greatly needs mending. The deep spiritual earnestness, and the higher pulpit ability insisted on in such publications, must no doubt be realized, if there is to be the general Christian onwardness we desire to witness. This we fully admit.

But speaking now as protestant nonconformists, we must be allowed to say that our grief on this point is, that our churches seem to be expecting these happy results to spring up before them as by miracle. Religion, we admit, is the opponent of

selfishness, the parent of self-sacrifice—but selfish pretenders to religion may be disposed to expect sacrifices of this nature from the unselfish on much too large a scale. Such men often speak of ministers as of a class who should be always prepared ‘to spend and be spent’ in this service. Very good, no doubt; but we have still to learn why this obligation to religious devotedness should be supposed to rest with such force on the preacher of the Gospel, and so lightly on the men who equally with the preacher profess obedience to the Gospel. We are convinced that the root of the present mischievous state of things lies in making this unauthorized distinction between the religious obligations of ministers and laity. It is in accordance with this error, that the man in the pew is so often allowed to become the exemplar of self-indulgence to almost any extent, while the man in the pulpit is expected to be the model of self-sacrifice.

Were we then required to state, in the briefest possible form, our judgment as to the source of the evil which we have just now ascertained and deplored, we should say that it has resulted mainly from the fact—that *the estimate of ministerial labour has not risen at all in the same proportion with the estimate of all other labour*. This defect in the policy of our churches may have followed from a low state of piety, or from the want of considerateness; but come whence it may, this, we think, is the main root of the evil needing to be removed; and it must be dealt with as such, if the Christian ministry among protestant nonconformists is to be of the character demanded by the age.

We have mentioned the remarkable decrease of the divinity students in the German universities. No man acquainted with the miserable pittance assigned to a large number of the Prussian clergy can wonder that such things have happened. While all other labour has risen in value, and all other forms of expense have been augmented, it has been assumed that the stipend of the minister of religion should be stationary—his little being always like the widow’s cruse, inexhaustible. But the rising youth of Germany have been somewhat slow to believe in such miraculous intervention even in favour of such a class of persons, and, accordingly, multitudes, even of the most estimable among them, may be seen drifting away into the various channels of secular life, leaving the service of the church to those who may be disposed to engage in it on such conditions. It was in the hope of checking this tendency in affairs that the King of Prussia, not long since, raised the value of all the smaller livings in the Prussian church to double their former amount. Nothing short of some such measure could have secured the requisite supply of clergymen, and even with this

provision, his majesty will be obliged to content himself, in a great measure, with a somewhat rough material.\*

It may be true that even in the Church of England, where this deficiency is not so observable, there are many livings and curacies of very small value. But this is an evil which our wise neighbours are constantly reducing to more narrow limits: and where prizes in the distance are so many and so brilliant, few are the bosoms so devoid of hope as not to anticipate some share in them. All these things, moreover, belong to a system in which these men are themselves included; and if willing to serve with so little personal advantage, by the side of so much magnificence, the greater the praise due to their self-denial and humility. The priests of an opulent hierarchy count all the wealth and splendour of that hierarchy as, in a sense, their own. These things constitute a whole, of which they are themselves a part. This is eminently the case where celibacy is the law of priesthood.

Widely different are the circumstances of the protestant dissenting minister. It is rare that he is not a married man. He is generally found at the head of a family. He is not one of a brotherhood for whom nearly everything is provided. He stands comparatively alone. His responsibilities are personal. The provision he has to make relates not to himself merely, but to a wife, a family, a household. Nor is there anything adventitious to his position to take away from the abjectness of poverty. His ecclesiastical system is not of a nature to impart any sort of dignity to such a condition. He cannot appeal to his church as the adopted of thrones and princes, as great in its historical associations, and as rich in its relations to authority, art, and splendour. Poverty in him is simply what it is everywhere else—or becomes only the more repulsive, as tending to secularize and vulgarize a sacred function. The sort of care and dependence which it generates seems to reduce the office he sustains to a level with the worldly and the common. In his

\* Dr. Carlyon, in his Recollections of Coleridge in Germany, thus writes on this subject:—‘Eichorn, one of the principal theologians in Germany, and a lecturer here, seems, from all accounts, to be doing his utmost to destroy the evidences on which we ground our belief. He is a good man, and extremely charitable, but this attempt speaks neither for his head nor for his heart. Coleridge, an able vindicator of these important truths, is well acquainted with Eichorn, but this latter is a coward, who dreads his arguments and his presence. Even atheism is not altogether unfashionable here, in the higher, and sometimes among the lower classes of society. The priests are generally weak and ignorant men, who pay little attention to their flocks, at least, out of the pulpit. *They are, however, paid badly.*’ The italics are not ours; they may be taken as indicating what is not directly expressed; and they point to a state of things, which, whatever may be the case in an age of miracles, will not fail to present itself when affairs are left to their ordinary course.

case you do not see poverty elevated by religion, you rather see religion degraded by poverty.

Of the six or seven thousand dissenting ministers in Great Britain, some three-fourths, we suspect, would be found to be in the class of the inadequately sustained—men whose income varies from one to two hundred pounds a year, the means of a large proportion being much nearer the former sum than the latter, and of some below it. The effect of such circumstances in the case of men with families, and in expensive district is often lamentable. The Christian minister should possess a considerable library; his home should afford facilities for quiet reading and meditation; his mind should be free from all distracting care about the things pertaining to this life—but it is abundantly plain that such advantages can be but very imperfectly realized by men left to such narrow resources. Every man in these circumstances knows, that to sustain what is called a decent appearance, and to do this so as to owe no man anything, is indispensable to his official credit—indeed, almost to his official existence. What the expenses of a family mean is no secret; and if the several items of necessary expenditure in the case of the large class of ministers adverted to were taken fairly into view, and contrasted with the means placed at their disposal, we suspect that many an inconsiderate religionist would be constrained to admit that, of all his arrears of debt, the debt due from him to his minister is the greatest. A few men of eminent ability, in large cities, may be without reasonable ground for complaint in this respect; but we are now speaking of the average of the class, and of the many whose income lies even much below the average line, and of these we do not hesitate to speak as sufferers to an extent highly dishonourable—we will not say to the liberal feeling, but to the sense of honesty in many of our churches.

It is in vain to say, the men themselves, in not a few instances, are of a humble grade as to origin and ability, and not entitled to high remuneration. We reply, that to proceed as you are now doing, is the surest possible course to perpetuate the supply of men of this grade, with few that rise above it. If you would possess something better, you must study better to deserve it. Let there be a general rise in the estimate of ministerial service, and the service itself will soon be seen to reach a much higher standard. Nor will it avail to say that talent and worth rise to their level, and that the position of the dissenting minister may always be regarded as a creation of his own. This may be true of men placed in large towns, or in thickly-peopled districts, and would be still more true if the ground in most cases were not already very much occupied by kindred or adverse agencies.

Over a large surface, however, even a high degree of talent would not suffice to produce more than a comparatively limited impression; and this fact, taken into connexion with the inadequate notions existing as to the claims of the ministry on the resources of the church, leaves such districts subject to a very defective agency. In the established church, the endowments of the state are the largest where the people are the fewest—in the agricultural districts. With us it is the reverse.

But if the preceding objections have little weight, we attach still less to the sneer of that class of men who, to cover their own selfishness, tell you, in a somewhat angry tone, that they do not want men who serve God for ‘filthy lucre’—who become ministers for the sake of ‘the loaves and fishes.’ Truly we none of us want such men; but it is one thing to require that men should not bring a selfish and sordid temper to the ministry, and another to require that, for the honour of being allowed to do us service, they should be content to become martyrs to poverty all their days. Ability has its marketable value, and if our young men of ability see that the walks of professional life or of an honest traffic hold out to them the promise of a valuable return, while the prospect before them as dissenting ministers is little else than a hard fight with necessity and dependence, it should not surprise us to see the world often turn the scale against the church—indeed, so often as to leave the church only a scanty supply of ability to choose from.

According to the testimony of observant men, this is too much the pass to which things have now come among us. Secular life is everywhere opening new and broader channels of occupation, and holding out bounties, or at least the promise of bounties, greatly in advance of anything which even men of ability can hope to realize in the nonconformist ministry. It is not that men of talent and piety would not be often prepared to make a reasonable measure of sacrifice in favour of the better cause; but the sacrifice demanded by our manner of thinking, and our usage, on this subject, they regard as unreasonable—as embracing more self-denial than the associations which bear the name of churches, have a right to demand in their own favour from the class of men bearing the name of ministers.

The demand that the persons sustaining this office should be men of solid acquirement and mental power, has been rising every year, as a natural effect of progress in the general intelligence; but a readiness to couple this demand of higher ability with a provision to connect a more adequate remuneration with ministerial service, this has not followed in anything like the same proportion. What is the result? Precisely such as might

be expected—the sons in our wealthy families rarely devote themselves to the duties of our ministry; and many beside, who might otherwise have been most efficient men in that office, have given themselves to the pursuits of science or of literature, to the professions, or to the enterprises of commercial life. This, we are assured, is the complexion of affairs in the United States and over the continent of Europe, and this, we scarcely need say, is very much the state of things in Great Britain. If we could expect to see a remedy applied to this evil by the intervention of miracle, then we might content ourselves with discoursing about the acquirements, the spirituality, and the earnestness which should characterize the Christian ministry; but, momentous as would be the effect of a signal improvement in this respect, it is not only true that this in itself would be only a part of the change needed, but to seek even thus much of improvement would, as we fear, be in great part in vain, except as it should be sought simultaneously with a thorough revolution in the customs and views of most nonconformist churches in reference to the claims of the pastoral office. We venture to predict that all expedients short of something which shall go thus deep, will be, in the main, a fruitless labour.

Many societies exist for the purpose of strengthening and diffusing the principles of evangelical nonconformity. One of greater utility, however, than all these would be, in our judgment, the society which should induce our larger churches to support two or three pastors in the place of one; which should bring the churches next to those in resources to measure the claims of ministerial labour by a much higher standard; and which should succeed in procuring the dissolution of a multitude of small associations which are called churches, but which should never have assumed that name, reducing all places which cannot be made to supply a decent maintenance to a pastor to the condition of preaching stations.

To some of our readers we may appear to have taken a somewhat pounds-shillings-and-pence view of this serious question. But we trust they will do us the justice to observe, that we are not pleading for a reform in the particular on which we have chiefly dwelt, as being the only kind of reform needed—we have pleaded for it simply as *one* great element of change which *must* be included in the complement of remedial measures, if remedy in this case is to be found.

Nor should we omit to state, that while we feel there is only too much reason for our seeking improvement in this respect, the subject is one concerning which censure should not be indiscriminately administered. To many churches it is not applicable at all, they already do nobly; and to a greater

number it is applicable from inconsideration more than from any other cause. Our conviction, however, is, that the number which need the hint we have ventured to give, and we hope with due respect, are the great majority.

But another element of improvement, not less necessary, if a really healthy condition of evangelical nonconformity is to be realized, will be a more general disposition to bear in mind the apostolic injunction—‘ And we beseech you, brethren, to know ‘them which labour among you, and are over you in the Lord, ‘and admonish you; and to esteem them very highly in love for their work’s sake; and to be at peace among yourselves.’ (1 Thess. v. 13, 14.) It is no light matter to govern men where the basis of association is that of equality. Even men who call themselves Christians are disposed to be more mindful of their *rights* than of their *duties*—of what they are entitled to *expect* from others than of what they *owe* to them. Many a pious youth has despaired of being able wisely to control those elements of democracy, inseparable in a large degree from our system, and has been literally scared from our ministry by the perils in this form with which in his view it has been beset. None are more likely to feel this than the sons in our families of the upper class. If possessed of commanding talent, the probability is, that they will be found to prefer secular life even to the most favourable positions in our ministry; and if they are young men of piety and acquirement, but of only moderate ability, then the very circumstances to which they have been accustomed, in their respective families, may almost disqualify them for finding a genial home in such pastoral counexions as the churches of dissent may open to them. Marked improvement in the respect due to the feelings, and, we will say, the authority of the pastor, is to the full as indispensable as improvement in the matter of ministerial support, on which we have touched more at large. But the two evils spring from the same source. To abate the former will be to abate the latter in the same proportion. Many agencies, however, are now at work, the tendency of which is to strengthen rather than to diminish this barrier in the way of our progress. As we have elsewhere observed, our external strifes take with them an unhappy tendency to generate an internal restlessness. Hot wars against the undue authority set up without, are not favourable to the maintenance of a due authority within. With us it is the tendency of churches to swallow up the rights of pastors. The secessions from our ranks to the ministry of the Church of England consist almost entirely of men who have despaired of the ability to govern more than of their ability to preach. Evil in this form must be abated, in common with its kindred evil, and that very signally,

before the general condition of our ministry will be such as to warrant us in aiming at those ‘great things’ to which we sometimes presume that we are equal. The number of buildings raised as places of worship, furnish little evidence as to the number of properly-qualified and adequately-sustained ministers. Our brick-and-mortar statistics may teach something, but it is in our moral statistics—statistics that do not admit of being set down with lines and figures, that we must find the strength or weakness of our cause.

Our readers must not conclude, from the tone of these remarks, that we are looking with sad forebodings to the prospects of Christianity in the world. On the contrary, we were never more confident in its stability and its ultimate triumph. Christianity is not bound up with any particular sect or church. Its foundations are much broader and deeper. It is just now passing through a somewhat severe ordeal. The last hundred years have witnessed the complete breaking up of the old order of things. But that all this change is preparatory to something very different from anything we at present see, is to us beyond doubt. We admit that religion is now mixed up with nearly all the disputes of Christendom, but this is not because Christendom is just now very religious—it is because there is nothing in religion that is not liable to become a moot point. The strife is from the collision between the religious and the irreligious. Men have been accustomed to believe too much; their fault now is, that they believe too little; but both stages of experience may have been necessary to prepare them for believing as they ought. A long interval of superstition may be naturally followed by one of religious indifference, and both may as naturally give place to an era of well-grounded piety. There are laws in mental science which account for these processes in individuals; and such is the influence of the social sentiment, that changes in this order are often no less observable in the history of communities and generations. The utilitarian worldliness of the age will, in all probability, proceed so far as to call forth in its season a powerful reaction. Some rash momentum on the part of a profane philosophy may become the culminating point from which the church will have to date the progress of a Christianity more pure and noble—more Christ-like than she has hitherto exhibited. This we can expect, and if we could not, we should still feel that to do our best in the service of the gospel, is the one thing for which we are responsible. This is the great injunction of our Lord, and to be found by Him so occupied will be to be found of Him in peace.

Thus far we have written without stopping to inquire as to what may be found on this subject in the works at the head of

this article. Mr. James complains that the second work in the series has not obtained a wider circulation, and infers from this fact, that even now the evil which that publication is designed to abate can have been but imperfectly felt by ministers themselves. We could name some other treatises of the same class, the sale of which would warrant a similar inference. Not a few, indeed, have we found among those who fill our pulpits, both young and old, who are manifestly safe enough from a disposition to suspect their own deficiencies. Mr. James's book will derive advantage from his name, and still more from the generous liberality of the persons who have engaged to secure it a large gratuitous circulation. But it is no more than just to say, that while his volume does not present some views of the subject which have been forcibly given by other writers, it possesses more of the character of general adaptation to its end than any one volume of the same description that has recently issued from the press. We congratulate the author on having given it existence; the good likely to result from it is beyond calculation.

On turning to the preface, we find Mr. James occupied with the inquiry which has engaged our attention in the preceding pages—viz., the comparative power of the pulpit at present, and some five-and-twenty years since. He concludes, that in so far as regards attendance on the preaching of the gospel, the numbers have never been so great in this country as at present. This we believe; but Mr. James does not look at this increase in its relation to the increase of the population. In the one view, there may be increase; and in the other, a falling off. But while it is concluded that there is a positive, if not a relative increase in the numbers who attend preaching, it is concluded that the power of the pulpit as an instrument of spiritual impression—of converting souls, has visibly diminished. The apparatus has been somewhat expanded, and the material brought under its action is greater than heretofore, but, from some cause, the work done is less. It is in the hope of doing something to check this deterioration, and to bring back to the pulpit the freshness and power which have characterized it in its best days, that the work is published, intitled, ‘An Earnest Ministry.’ We give the following passage from the chapter on ‘the Nature of Earnestness,’ as containing a sample of the searching thought with which the book abounds, and of the earnest spirit in which it is written:—

‘The Christian minister sustains a double relation, and has a double duty to perform; he is a preacher to the world, and a pastor to the church, and it is impossible he can fulfil, or be in earnest to fulfil, the

obligations he is under to either, without a large measure of personal godliness. As regards the church which is committed to his care, and of which he is made by the Holy Ghost the spiritual overseer, he has not only to increase their knowledge, but their holiness, their love, and their spirituality; to aid them in performing all the branches of their duty, and in cultivating all the graces of their sanctification. And what is the present spiritual condition of the great bulk of the professors of religion? Amidst much that is cheering, there is, on the other hand, much that is discouraging and distressing to the more pious observer. We behold a strange combination of zeal and worldly-mindedness; great activity for the extension of religion in the earth, united with lamentable indifference to the state of religion in the soul; in short, apparent vigour in the extremities, with a growing torpor at the heart. Multitudes are substituting zeal for piety, liberality for mortification, and a social for a personal religion. No careful reader of the New Testament, and observer of the present state of the church, can fail to be convinced, one should think, that what is now wanting is a high spirituality. The Christian profession is sinking in its tone of piety; the line of separation between the church and the world becomes less and less perceptible; and the character of genuine Christianity, as expounded from pulpits and delineated in books, has too rare a counterpart in the lives and spirit of its professors.

How is this to be remedied, and by what means is the spirit of piety to be revived? May we not ask a previous question—How came this spirit of slumber over the church? Was it not from the pulpit? And if a revival take place in the former, must it not begin in the latter? Is the ministry of the present day in that state of earnest piety which is likely to originate and sustain an earnest style of preaching, and to revive the lukewarmness of their flocks? I do not mean for a moment to insinuate that the ministers of the present day among the dissenters, or methodists, or the evangelical clergy of the church of England, are characterized by immorality, or even a want of substantial holiness; or that they would suffer, as regards their piety, in comparison with those of some other periods of the history of their denominations: but what I am compelled to believe, and what I now express, is that our deficiencies are great as compared, not only with what is always required of us, but is especially required by the circumstances of the times in which we live. Amidst the eager pursuits of commerce, the elegances and soft indulgences of an age of growing refinement, the high cultivation of the intellect, and the contests of politics, the church needs a strong and high barrier to keep *out* the encroachment of tides so adverse to its prosperity, and needs equally a dam to keep *in* its spiritual feeling. And where shall it find this, if not in the pulpit? It is not in the nature of things to be expected that the spiritual character of the church should ever be superior to that of the ministry; and it is perfectly consistent with what we know of human nature to expect that it will always hold itself excused for being inferior. It will not tread a path which its spiritual guides are slow to pursue; and will deem it an affectation of sanctity and a presumptuous ambition to attempt to advance beyond

them. How else than by believing in a deficiency of our piety can we account for the fact of a diminished efficiency in our ministry?—pp. 49—52.

With all this we fully concur. To repeat language of our own, which Mr. James has quoted with so much commendation, we say, ‘No ministry will be really effective, whatever may be its intelligence, which is not a ministry of strong faith, true spirituality, and deep earnestness.’ We confess, however, that we have been prompted, in great part, to the writing of this paper by a fear lest, while the responsibilities of the pulpit are discussed, those of the pew should be forgotten; for assuredly, while an earnest ministry may conduce to an earnest church, it is only as we possess both that we shall possess an earnest and powerful Christianity. We wish the evil to be looked at in its whole compass, and that the appliances brought to it may be such as to embrace it in its whole extent and complexity.

The ‘Revived Ministry’ is a judicious and devout performance, worthy of the praise which Mr. James has bestowed upon it. The ‘Essays on the Ministry’ present, in our judgment, a larger amount of wise thinking concerning the duties of the preacher and the pastor than has ever been brought together within the same compass. The publication is also so cheap as to be within the reach of the poorest. We should be gratified to know how many copies of it have been sold, and still more to know by how many of the present race of ministers it has been read—read with the Christian resolve to be the better for reading it. We publish the following table of contents, that those who have not made themselves acquainted with it may see what it is they have neglected:—

1. Mental and Moral Preparations for the Work of the Ministry.  
By the Rev. F. A. Cox, D.D., LL.D.
2. The Advancement of Biblical Knowledge. By Professor E. P. BARROWS.
3. Importance of a Knowledge of Mental Philosophy to a Christian Minister.
4. Literary Enthusiasm.
5. A Knowledge of his own Times important to the Christian Minister.
6. The Mode of Exhibiting Theological Truth. By Professor PARK.
7. Connexion between Theological Study and Pulpit Eloquence.  
By Professor PARK.
8. The Character demanded in the Christian Ministry. By Professor G. SHEPARD.
9. Unity of Pursuit in the Christian Ministry. By Professor HADDUCK.
10. Influence of the Gospel in Liberalizing the Mind. By President HOPKINS.

11. Some of the Causes of Corruption in Pulpit Eloquence. By the Rev. L. BACON.
  12. Boldness in the Preacher. By Professor COLTON.
  13. The Effective Preacher. By Professor SHEPARD.
  14. Discriminative Preaching. By Professor SHEPARD.
  15. Duties of a Theologian. By Professor PARK.
  16. Manner in the Preacher. By Professor SHEPARD.
  17. Expository Preaching. By Professor STOWE.
  18. The Art of Preaching. Translated from AUGUSTINE, by the Rev. O. A. TAYLOR.
  19. Ministerial Piety.
  20. Preachers and Preaching. By Professor TAPPAN.
  21. Importance of the Pastoral Office. By Professor J. D. KNOWLES.
  22. Eminent Success dependent on Eminent Piety. By the Rev. L. S. HOBART.
  23. Importance of Seriousness to the Christian Minister. By Dr. D. DANA.
  24. Ministerial Influence on Christian Character.
  25. Hints on Extemporaneous Preaching. By Professor H. WARE.
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- ART. VIII. (1.) *Free Trade and a Fettered Currency.* By ARCHIBALD ALISON, F.R.S.E. 8vo. Edinburgh: Blackwood and Sons.
- (2.) *Times Newspaper from September, 1846.*
- (3.) *England in 1815 and 1845, and the Monetary Famine of 1847.*  
By ARCHIBALD ALISON, F.R.S.E. (Fourth Edition.) Edinburgh: Blackwood and Sons.

IT was not, certainly, one of the most captivating traits of the character of the greatest Julius, when he wagged

‘——— that tongue of his to bid the Romans  
Mark him, and write his speeches in their books.’

To be formally quoted by another—to have it markedly noted down, ‘Thus saith the duke—thus doth the duke infer,’ is, when the subject happens to be both important and critical, a not very pleasant process; but to have to quote oneself is still worse. Egotism is, however, sometimes necessary. When some great fact is to be elucidated, it sometimes takes the shape of a sacrifice to truth: and if we now venture to lay ourselves open to this charge, by a reference in a tone which a captious critic may peradventure style triumphant, to former passages of this journal, on the at once vital and nice question of the Currency, past and present, let it be allowed us to shelter ourselves under the gloss which we have attempted to put upon such acts.

In an earlier number (No. III.) of this work we demonstrated at some length, and we trust with some clearness, that in the prosecution of his monetary reforms, Sir Robert Peel has unquestionably been guilty of two blunders of the first magnitude. It seems to us totally undeniable that the too celebrated Act of 1819 is manifestly liable to this charge. Misled by the extraordinary fall in price of gold, or rather the price of paper—for that is the more accurate expression—which took place during the years 1816 and 1817, and which is easy of explanation by those conversant with all the facts, Sir Robert Peel and his then chief adviser, the late Mr. Ricardo, fell into the lamentable error of fancying that the Act for cash payments could only cause a further reduction of '*three or four per cent.*' in prices. Fatal mistake. The reduction *subsequent* to the Act of 1819 has been *thirty per cent.*; the entire reduction in prices, since the peace of 1815, has been upwards of *fifty per cent.*; nor do we hazard anything by saying, as we have already said, that the value of the Currency, and consequently the weight of the National Debt and of the taxes, were fully doubled by the bill of 1819. That this was the most gigantic monetary blunder ever committed by any statesman we do not hesitate to affirm. The injustice flowing from this Act we have shown to be constant and perennial. It is a solecism to try to extract comfort and excuse, as some do, from the reflection that 'the mischief being done, cannot be undone.' This is not so. The mischief is *not* 'done.' It accumulates from year to year; and the time, we have no doubt, will arrive when a remedy must, perforce, be both sought and found. It is in vain, like the *Times* and other journals, adherents of Sir Robert Peel's monetary policy, to designate those who would refer our present sufferings to their true root, the Act of 1819, a coterie of crazy 'antiquaries,' who would create a money-pestilence by exhuming, in their pedantry, the mouldering remains of long-expired controversies. This sneer falls short of its mark. Sir Robert Peel was not only warned of the assured results of his Act at the time of its passing, but no year has since passed without some repetition of these remonstrances. To attempt, then, to apply this sort of 'Statute of Limitations' to this case is a gratuitous and useless absurdity. Sir Robert and his coadjutors may, like the ostrich, hide their heads in this corner and in that, and having shut their eyes, deem the mischief is over, and the hurricane passed, because they hear it and see it not. But this shift cannot avail. From the seeds scattered in 1819, a yearly crop of whirlwinds must continue to spring, and a fresh vegetation of 'dead sea fruits,' consisting of bitter ashes, perennially be

stimulated as long as that Act shall continue in force, unmitigated by antidotes.

We have pointedly reverted to the grand blunder of all in the annals of our Currency, as the root of the evils that, like a recurringague, shake the community, because this truth ought not to be lost sight of. When, however, we come to treat of the proximate causes of the turmoil and alarm which are afflicting manufactures and commerce, we shall have to advert to that *minor* blunder, which, in a former number, we also pointed out,—that is to say, the perilous disproportion between the amount of paper and of gold and silver circulated, under our existing regulations, since the era of 1819. To the great and undoubted perils arising from the disproportion, we have already alluded in terms not stronger than are demanded by the occasion. At the expense of an injustice so enormous that its extent almost defies calculation, the country was subjected to the action of a Currency, the value of which was measured by standard gold at Mint price. In other words, the paper money of England was thenceforward to be of such a value that ‘three pounds seventeen shillings and tenpence-halfpenny’ *in paper*, would always exchange for, or purchase, *an ounce* of gold of a certain standard of fineness. This is, by some persons, most erroneously and absurdly called ‘fixing the price of gold.’ It is, on the contrary, *fixing the price of paper*. Of the mistaken views under which this was done our readers are aware. One mistake was, however, added to another. Not content with subjecting the realm to the host of evils, the necessary progeny of the first ill-advised and misunderstood monetary step, Sir Robert Peel, at the same time, left in existence ample materials for another set of evils, differing indeed from the former, but of a nature sufficiently pungent. He was truly ingenious in his mistakes; for to the results, arising from a rash return to a circulating medium measured by gold, he contrived to add the peculiar risks and inconveniences that attend paper-currencies. The golden bride whom he had brought us we might have been allowed to take ‘for better for worse,’ but no! Sir Robert seemed resolved we should have none of the ‘better,’ and nothing but ‘the worse!’ By extinguishing the bank-notes for sums under *five pounds* merely; by causing thus the circulation to remain *four-fifths* of paper, or at best three-fourths of paper, he left his system exposed to all those alternate expansions and contractions to which paper systems are liable, and from which—more especially when the paper is ‘convertible on demand,’ as ours is—such terrible consequences flow. Of this mistake Sir Robert Peel soon became aware. The panic of 1839, and the sad necessity of an application

to the Bank of France for aid to save that of England from certain stoppage, taught him this truth. The fault was, as usual with him, confessed, with every appearance of candour and magnanimity. The remedy, as is also usual with him, was short of its mark, futile, ill-considered, and only half understood. That remedy was the celebrated Bank Charter Act of 1844. The then premier had become convinced of the truth, that with a circulation of which hardly one-fourth is metallic, and the rest consisting of paper ‘promises to pay,’ the management of a nation’s money-matters is too nice and perilous an office to be entrusted to any set of men, however knowing, however prudent, however disinterested, and however sagacious. Under this impression, he set himself to work to invent machinery which should, if possible, not swerve from that line which is too minute to be adhered to by the unsteadiness of the human hand. We need not repeat that the Act of 1844 was the result of his labours. We have no wish to deal harshly with the character of this statesman, who, amidst much mischief, has conferred benefits on his country, and may (we venture to hope) be the instrument of conferring many more. Of this famous Act we must, however, be permitted to say, that it is like its parent—specious, but not solid; strong when no need is, weak and yielding when the day of pressure comes; great in promise, poor in performance: wanting at the real point of attack, fortified to the teeth where the enemy’s approaches are not. We need not enumerate the provisions of this now obsolete piece of legislation. We did so some twelve months ago, at the same time that we foreshadowed its coming catastrophe. Suffice it to say, that the weakness which we then predicated experience has proved. We then pointed out the vulnerable ‘heel’ of this ‘Achilles.’ Into that heel the shaft has now deeply struck. Experience has now fully demonstrated the utter futility of this specimen of monetary regulation, once so lauded. As generally happens in such cases, it is now as extravagantly depreciated as it was once praised.

It was never really difficult to be discovered, by those who understood the subject, that, despite its apparent stringency, this Act was deceptive. It appeared to subject the Bank-directors to a code of Persian and Median laws. These laws, imperative as they seemed, were in truth self-subversive; so loose, as clearly to embody the means of their own destruction; and so ill-considered, as to leave undefended the point most liable to hostile casualty. This, surely, may be briefly pointed out. The reader need not dread being wearied by details. It is true, that for all issues of promissory-notes above fourteen millions the directors were compelled to have bullion in reserve.

But where is the stringency of this? In the sunshiny weather and halcyon days of commerce, when exports overbalance imports, and the exchanges cause gold and silver to flow inwards, the directors are left *really* as much to their own discretion as before. We talk of the stringency of these regulations, but never seem to advert to the fact, that even as recently as August, 1846, when, luckily for the country, the Bank's reserve of bullion and specie was (in round numbers) sixteen millions, the directors *might* have pushed their issues, had they been reckless or ignorant men, to a limit of which they have never dreamed since the era of 1815. Thus, then, in one direction they are a nullity, as far as guarding against a possible imprudence is concerned; how do they act in another? In the *crisis* of an excess of imports they certainly 'direct' the directors to take that course which all sane men would take under such circumstances; but even here their stringency is more apparent than real. This the reader may easily prove for himself.\* There needs nothing but an examination of the returns, in the *Gazette*, of the circulation and bullion during the past year, to see that the caution of the Bank-directors has generally kept them within, and much within, the scope of the provisions of the Act; and yet experience demonstrates that even this caution, highly creditable as it is to the much-abused 'Bank-parlour,' was somewhat too late in being roused, and that had the directors decisively reduced their rates of discount as early as August, 1846, when the destruction of the potato-crop became imminent, much eventual ruin might have been averted. Thus, then, a retrospect of the actual events of the last disastrous twelve months demonstrates that this once-boasted bill is never *really* 'stringent' until stringency becomes impracticable, and further reduction of the circulation becomes synonymous with bank stoppage and confusion. This is known to have been the true position of affairs on that memorable day which preceded the publication of 'the Letter of Licence,' addressed to the directors of the Bank, by Lord John Russell and Sir Charles Wood, at the 'eleventh hour.' On that day the action of the regulations had so diminished the reserve of notes in 'the banking department,' that any extension of the existing panic, to the credit of the Bank

\* It being premised that *three millions* is the amount of notes deemed necessary to be reserved in the 'banking department,' the following returns of notes, actually unissued, afford ample proof of the caution—nay, of the extreme caution of the directors, and the general inoperativeness of the Act of 1844, *until a Crisis approached*:—  
 1846. Jan. 3rd, 6,418,510*l.*; April 4th, 7,316,415*l.*; July 4th, 9,303,000*l.*; Oct. 3rd, 8,809,150*l.* 1847. Jan. 2nd, 8,227,058*l.*; April 3rd, 3,699,700*l.*; July 3rd, 5,168,235*l.*; August 21st, 4,448,023*l.*; Sept. 25th, 4,112,200*l.*; Oct. 2nd, 3,400,300*l.*; Oct. 9th, 3,321,700*l.*

itself, resulting in a withdrawal of any large portion of balances and deposits, must have been fatal. This is now notorious. The delay of a few days, nay, of a few hours, on the part of the ministers, might have produced this catastrophe. What, then, is the epitomised history of this bill? In brief, it is this. It is of no avail as a guard against possible imprudence, as even as recently as August, 1846, the directors *might* have increased their issues, by many millions, at the very period when, as experience now demonstrates, they ought to have begun a gradual diminution of these issues. It is of no avail in the case of a rapid and violent efflux of the precious metals, inasmuch as the ministers were compelled, in order to avert a general ruin, to interfere with its provisions at the very moment of the stringency of these clauses being really felt. It is of no avail to prevent speculation and over-trading, in certain contingencies, inasmuch as it was evident to all who understand this question, that as soon as the extensive destruction of the potato-crop was ascertained, it would be powerless to avert the consequent violent action upon prices and heavy importations of grain, whilst the effects of these very transactions (whilst its regulations were kept in force) were sure ultimately to involve the Act and its author in one general condemnation and obloquy, from the certain recoil of public opinion, under circumstances to most minds so perplexing, and results to most minds so unexpected. Political economy is a most imperfect and uncertain science, as a whole; but, we repeat, the knowledge of the nature and of all the phenomena of money is perfectly cognizable by human intellect. From the end of August, 1846, there needed to be no doubt as to the monetary results which a scarcity, approaching to famine, was certain to bring in its train. As the scarcity became more and more confirmed, the certainty of the deep importance of these results became more and more extended and augmented; we then felt it to be our duty to warn our readers of that which we knew to be inevitable and fast approaching. That warning, couched in very measured but very intelligible terms, was published on the 1st of February last. If it has contributed to rescue any from the disaster and ruin in which all commerce and all commercial men have since been involved, it will not have been written in vain. Those, if any, who then deemed it premature, will be convinced of their mistake. It was, in truth, difficult to exaggerate the danger of the crisis. It was, and still is, tremendous. Had not the Bank of England providentially possessed a reserve of bullion to an amount beyond all former precedent, famine to an extent that makes the strongest heart quail in the contemplation of it, might have

pervaded the realm, hand-in-hand with bank-stoppages and an universal prostration of credit. This must now be evident to all who are capable of reflection; and yet there are amongst us, even now, theorists (if such they must in courtesy be deemed) who would actually denude this country of metallic wealth, and leave us with a currency incapable of being exchanged for food from abroad, in the very possible event of another blight befalling a root on which far too many of our countrymen already depend for their existence!

We have now brought down to the present time the progressive history of a panic which must be ever memorable in our commercial annals as the 'Monetary Crisis of 1847.' We have seen that the true origin of the peril is in the mistaken Act of 1819, and not in that of 1844, which merely constitutes that which musicians term a 'coda' to the first named. It must, we think, be clear to every reflecting reader, that by those who praised and by those who denounce, this Act has been equally ill-estimated. It was not until the Bank was *in extremis*, that its operation had even the appearance of stringency. Relaxation of its provisions then became a matter of sheer necessity; it was the only step left to the minister, be he whom he might, and even then the results were uncertain in the extreme, as we shall shortly see. The question now to be considered is, what is the nature of our present monetary position? Is the imperfect and only comparative calm, which has succeeded the hurricane, permanent or evanescent? In plain terms, have we got 'a reprieve' or a 'respite' only?

If we are to solve this query clearly and successfully, we must have a clear appreciation of the real producing cause of that which we have witnessed. We must not suffer our minds to be led astray by the delusive fancies of those who would plunge us into *non causa pro causa*, and who, to shield Sir Robert Peel and his currency mistakes from public investigation, would turn the current of public dread against 'railways.' It is to us astonishing how any thinking person can be led astray by a *délusion* so manifest as this is; yet many have appeared to be so; and

‘Men should be what they seem.’

Strange that such persons cannot see that the money expended in a railway is not sunk there. The capitalists who provide it, do indeed part with their hoards, and get 'a railway' in exchange; but labour is the commodity there sunk, and not money: the capital is, for a time, *distributed*, but, by the operation of our existing system, it soon returns to the hands of other accumulators. If a capitalist 'sells out' of the funds, to 'speculate'

in a railway, he only gets the buyer of the stock to change places with him. The money thus obtained is paid away in wages of labour; it is distributed amongst engineers, iron-smelters, carpenters, smiths, navigators, masons, bricklayers, joiners, and handicraftsmen of all descriptions. These spend it at once upon articles highly taxed: half of it goes at once to the revenue, and in the shape of payment of the interest of the buyer of the stock, helps to make a fresh accumulation. The rest, ultimately, has a similar destination: it is received by tradesmen, all of whom pay heavy taxes; and the end is, the Exchequer gets back the whole. It needs only to calculate the accumulations that arise out of the monies received by public annuitants of all sorts, including army, navy, church, law, and their dependents and *employés*, to see that no speculative expenditure which has *yet* occurred could have produced the slightest of the results which we have witnessed. Individual embarrassments there have been, but to attribute the national embarrassment to this cause is, we repeat, a mere ‘darkening of counsel by words without knowledge.’ To what, then, is the present state of universal embarrassment owing? We reply, to one plain, patent, manifest cause—to a violent contraction of the currency by the Bank, brought about by the pressure of an inevitable exigence, and aggravated by the unsound nature of that currency. The reader is aware that the cash-payments Act of 1819, by only extinguishing bank-notes for sums below five pounds, left *three-fourths* of the circulation still paper.\* The peril of this we have pointed out. Under the soundest of currencies, a famine, by producing an extensive export of specie in exchange for food, must cause more or less of *inconvenience*. To this sort of pressure all nations must be liable: and we see that, even in France, where (as yet) gold and silver form the circulating medium, for the most part, *some* inconvenience was felt when France imported grain largely. The pressure, however, never went beyond *inconvenience*. In England, under the same circumstances, three-fourths of the money being fictitious, and worthless during such an exigence, the payment for food from abroad necessarily was made, nearly altogether from the reserves of the Bank. The consequences of such a state of things are as obvious, surely, as they are inevitable. After a

\* The writer believes he may state, with confidence, that the paper portion of the currency since 1829, when all notes for sums under 5*l.* were withdrawn, is *three-fourths* of the whole. He some years ago, by favour of the assignees of a great country bank, which became insolvent, investigated the different amounts of notes of various denominations circulated by it. The notes for sums less than 5*l.* were rather under *one-fourth* of the whole. This was, of course, during the period of ‘bank restriction.’

few months, it became a struggle for life or death between the Directors of the Bank and the importers of, and speculators in, grain. Prices the most preposterous were paid for food. As prices rose, grain, cattle, and provisions of all sorts, poured in; as the provisions came, the gold went; until, at length, it became evident that the Bank must either, by crushing down prices, and with prices speculation, put a stop to the rapidity of the imports, or be stripped of her reserves. Had Sir Robert Peel's bill of 1844 never existed, this *must* have been the course of the Directors of the Bank, assuming them to be sane men. It was a *dilemma* from which there was no escape; and the result, such as it is, has only been produced by ruin of an appalling extent and character. Not only were speculators in grain, but merchants of every grade were forced down into the gulf of insolvency. The depression in prices was, of necessity, universal. To crush down wheat, everything was to be crushed; and colonial produce, especially, was and is depressed to an extent disastrous in the extreme. With a general fall of prices necessarily came a general prostration of credit, until at length (strange instance of good springing of evil) so total was the discredit of English bills on the continent, that gold was sent in payment, though bills were in superabundance; and thus specie was exporting and importing at one and the same time! This anomalous position of all credit, coupled with the 'Letter of Licence' despatched by the ministers to the Bank, at the critical moment, averted, for the time, a violent catastrophe. To this we must add another strange feature of an eventful time—the purchase of English stock, to a large amount, by RUSSIA, for which *gold* has been transmitted in payment. Upon this application of 'bear's grease,' as it has been ludicrously termed, to our now jarring financial machinery, we shall not at present comment. It is peculiarly and remarkably significant; but our limits strictly confine us to the question before us.

If we be correct—and that we are so we cannot entertain a doubt—in our exposition of the proximate causes of the present distress, we come naturally to inquire as to the chances of its continuance. Is the slight relief which we now experience evanescent and temporary, or lasting and permanent in its nature, is the question that immediately succeeds. It naturally does so; and the view we have taken of the existing causes for existing evils, supplies at once guidance and material for an investigation of the probable future. We have seen that the disasters of 1847 have had their source in the sudden demand for foreign grain and other provisions, arising out of that mys-

people to the horrors of actual famine; horrors in which England, in some sort, partook. High prices in England, accompanied by free-trade and open ports, must necessarily bring provisions to this country from every quarter of the globe. With this import, sudden as it is, and springing from an unforeseen but temporary necessity, an export of the precious metals must co-exist. It is in vain to expect that this sort of importation, the offspring of a sudden and great need, will be balanced by any commensurate demand for manufactured goods from abroad. It would be an absurd proposition to say, ‘because ‘England, owing to a failure of her potato crop, has a sudden ‘need for many millions of quarters of foreign corn, *therefore* ‘Prussia, Russia, Denmark, and America must have a corresponding need of British cottons and woollens.’ This proposition is plainly absurd. Reciprocity in trade, like the oak, when once matured, bids defiance to the storms even of political mutation; but, like the oak, it is also the growth of centuries, and cannot be suddenly created. ‘Frankenstein’s’ man is not a greater monster in idea than that of a great foreign trade to be made by an act of parliament! The grain now importing into England must then, for the most part, be paid for in bullion and specie. Whilst gold continues to flow outwards, the Bank directors must, of necessity, use every means artificially to depress prices, until the import of foreign grain shall no longer be profitable. The whole question, then, resolves itself into these considerations: ‘*What* is the price of wheat which may bar importation; and *when* will that price be attained?’ In the reply to these two queries resides the solution of this difficulty. Are they, however, capable of being answered? We think they are capable of a *modified* answer, approximating to, if not precisely reaching, the truth; and this answer we shall do our best to supply.

If we direct our first inquiries backwards, and take experience for one of our guides, we shall find that the latest historical period of which the monetary and commercial circumstances are parallel to the present, is that which intervened between the American and French wars: that is to say, the nine years between 1783 and 1793. The circulating money of that time was of the same value as it is now. The population was still moderate. There existed no bar to the import of foreign corn, if wanted, and (as this country, up to this period, sometimes exported corn) the markets were consequently well supplied at all times. There did not exist, at that period, the machinery for ascertaining average prices throughout the country that we now have. If, however, we take the Mark-lane prices for these years,

and strike an average between the highest and lowest prices of each year, and then average the whole, we shall find that average price to be *forty shillings per quarter*, throwing out the fractions. This is lower than the results of the Eton and of the Oxford tables ; but this, we are convinced, is about the average price of the country at that time ; and our impression is, that if the actual price of wheat for Great Britain during that period could be exactly ascertained, it would not be found to be more than *thirty-six shillings per quarter* of our present measure—or, in other words, *four shillings and sixpence the bushel*. This, then, appears to be the *natural price* of wheat in England, when the markets are fairly supplied, and when the currency is of its present value ; but then the question still remains to be met—would this price now bar the import of foreign wheat to the extent to which it seems to have discouraged it previously to the war of 1793 ? This, we must own, we are strongly inclined to doubt. The means of transport have increased enormously since that era. That increase has lowered the rates of freight more than fifty per cent. since 1792. The rates of insurance have suffered a decline similarly great. Taking, then, these circumstances into consideration, and looking at the prices of wheat abroad as compared with those existing in England at various periods, we may arrive at some sober opinion as to this matter, with which interests so important are certainly involved. If, for the years of greatest cheapness and dearness in England, we institute a comparison with the consular and other returns of the prices ruling in Prussia Proper, in Pomerania, and in the Danish provinces, we shall find a wide margin between these and even the lowest British prices. In the terrible years (for instance) of 1817 and 1818, the average prices of English wheat were 94*s.*, and 83*s. 8d.* per quarter. What were the continental prices of these years ? They were as follows :—Prussia, 52*s. 7d.* and 49*s. 6d.* ; Pomerania, 60*s. 9d.* and 53*s. 5d.* ; Denmark, 57*s.* and 43*s.* Yet in the first of these years, 1,020,949 quarters of grain were imported ; and in the latter, 1,593,518 quarters. For the three years of 1829, 1830, and 1831, British prices averaged 66*s. 3d.*, 64*s. 3d.*, and 66*s. 4d.* per quarter. For these years the continental returns stand thus :—Prussia, 32*s. 3d.*, 29*s. 6d.*, and 39*s. 6d.* ; Pomerania, 35*s.*, 34*s.*, and 39*s. 1d.* ; Denmark, 39*s.*, 34*s.*, and 39*s.* Yet for these three years our imports of grain were 1,364,220 quarters, 1,701,885 quarters, and 1,491,631 quarters. If we examine the years of greatest cheapness, the results are extraordinary. In 1822, British wheat averaged the low price of 43*s. 3d.* ; and in 1835, the still lower price of 39*s. 4d.* per quarter. How, during these years, ruled the continental

prices?—Prussia, 26*s.* 6*d.*, and 23*s.*; Pomerania, and Brandenburg, 26*s.* 8*d.*, and 24*s.*; Denmark, 19*s.*! If, in addition to these, we take a medium year (1826), when in Great Britain wheat was 56*s.* 11*d.*, what do we find abroad? In Prussia, the price is 18*s.* 6*d.*; in Pomerania, 21*s.*; and in Denmark, 18*s.*!\* Were we to draw rash conclusions from these returns, we should put English wheat at a very low price indeed before imports could become unprofitable. In this case, however, we must not omit to allow for the operation on prices abroad of the British Corn Law during the years of 1822, 1826, and 1835. During these years, importation from abroad was virtually *prohibited* by our high duties under the ‘sliding’ or other scales; and continental prices of course depressed. Upon a consideration, however, of the whole of these facts, and of the additional fact, that the United States are now growing an annually increasing *surplus* of grain of every kind (excepting, perhaps, oats), we cannot but conclude that wheat must be very low in England before foreign speculation can be decisively damped. Our own impression is, that to obtain this result, it must at least be as low as *thirty-six shillings* the quarter. This we should esteem the *maximum*; nor can we, under the circumstances, come to any other conclusion. Upon a view of the whole case, therefore, it seems to result that a brisk import of grain and provisions from abroad must continue throughout the current year. We cannot conceive ministers to be so very unwise as to think of reviving Sir Robert’s last ‘sliding scale’ for the ten months which intervene between the 1st March next and the 1st January, 1849. A step so impolitic would not, however, affect (in our humble opinion) the range of importation. It would raise prices, but not stop supplies; nay, it would accelerate them.

It appears to be abundantly clear that, with a short plant of

\* As a corroboration of the quotations of prices given, and of the calculations based upon them, we may mention, that in the cheap year of 1823, wheat from the following ports was, to our own knowledge, laid upon an English quay at the following cost, throwing off the duty:—

From Koningsberg . . . . .	700 quarters,	at 25 <i>s.</i> per quarter.*
— Mecklenberg . . . . .	146	— at 20 <i>s.</i> —
— Antwerp . . . . .	290	— at 22 <i>s.</i> —
— Archangel . . . . .	229	— at 20 <i>s.</i> —

The following are actual rates of freight paid for corn *per quarter* in the year 1845:—Pomerania, May, 3*s.*; Rostock, July, 2*s.* 3*d.*; Keil, Aug., 2*s.* 6*d.*; Newstadt, Aug., 2*s.* 6*d.*; Lubeck, Aug., 2*s.*; Dantzig, Sept., 2*s.* 10*d.*; Stige, Oct., 3*s.* 6*d.*; Stettin, Oct., 3*s.*; Koningsberg, Oct., 3*s.* 4*d.*; Marseilles, Nov., 5*s.* and 5 *per cent.*; Griesswald, Nov., 5*s.* 6*d.*; Stralsund, Dec., 6*s.*; Wolgast, Dec., 5*s.*

The following additional charges may be added to freight of corn:—Sound dues, (if from Baltic), 6*d.* *per qr.*; average insurance, 6*d.* *per qr.*; loss on measure, on an average, 3*d.* *per qr.*; landing charges, 6*d.* *per qr.*.

the potato, and distress again raging in unhappy Ireland, grain cannot, during 1848, approximate to the rates which we have indicated. The result then can only be one. The foreign exchanges must again become unfavourable. An efflux of specie and of bullion, as supplies of grain pour in, must again result; and the Bank again approach to that perilous *crisis*, from which it has, for a time, emerged.

The reader must see that even the trifling amelioration of credit and mitigation of pressure which have followed the 'Letter of Licence' so opportunely issued by Lord John Russell and the Chancellor of the Exchequer, have been accompanied by a renewed import of corn, and a renewed tendency in the exchanges towards oscillation.

We might conclude here, and, perhaps, we ought to do so. We cannot, however, conceal it from ourselves, that the reader may, not unnaturally, urge us forward another step, and demand of us whether we really think wheat *can* be lowered to the limit we indicate, in time to stop the export of gold to a dangerous extent; and if not, what is to be the remedy? The first of these questions we cannot undertake to answer. When so much depends upon the seasons, such a reply is impossible. With regard to the last, which embodies the supposition of a total possible exhaustion of the treasures of the Bank, a reply is certainly more easy, or rather less arduous. To meet such a supposed crisis, there is, as it appears to us, only one conceivable mode, which is, at the same time, in its own nature, *practicable and safe*. We would, on such a supposition as an impending exhaustion of the reserves of the Bank, turn the drain for a time upon the general metallic circulation of the country, and fill up the temporary *vacuum* thus created by a temporary gradual issue of notes for one pound. This might be effected without resorting to the measure of actual 'Bank restriction.' It might be done by simply giving the directors power to charge a *premium* or *agio* upon all payments in specie or bullion for a limited period. By keeping this *agio* above that which would then be demanded generally by other dealers in coin and bullion, the directors might preserve their remaining treasure, whilst the *vacuum* in the circulation might be filled by the gradual issue of ten or twelve millions of notes for one pound, redeemable after a period of eighteen months; the 'order in council' authorizing the measure, of course, embodying in it a bar to all suits for any other payment during the period fixed upon. This we mention merely as a practicable temporary device to meet a temporary emergence. The further drain of the precious metals which we anticipate, may, we trust, be

checked before the necessity for this or any other device may arise. In the meantime, however, be it remembered that the errors of 1819 remain to produce their perennial crop of national suffering. This suffering may and will be multiform. The pressure may be now commercial, now agricultural, now both; but by no half measures can it be remedied. The only practicable cure is to retrace the steps which led us to a position so disastrous, and to pass those compensating measures which ought to have accompanied the bill of 1819.

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ART. IX. (1.) *Le Vicomte de Bragelonne*.—(2.) *Les Quarante Cinq*, 6 vols.—(3.) *Le Batard de Mauléon*, 4 vols.—(4.) *Le Chevalier D'Harmental*, 3 vols.—(5.) *La Fille du Régent*, 3 vols.—(6.) *La Chevalier de Maison Rouge*, 3 vols.—(7.) *La Dame de Monsoreau*, 6 vols.—(8.) *La Reine Margot*, 6 vols.—(9.) *Les Deux Dianes*, 10 vols.—(10.) *La Guerre des Femmes*, 4 vols.—(11.) *Le Conte de Monte Christo*, 8 vols.—(12.) *Les Trois Mousquetaires*, 6 vols.—(13.) *Vingt Ans Après*, 6 vols.—(14.) *Les Mémoires d'un Médecin*, 9 vols.—(15.) *Louis XIV. et son Siècle*, 5 vols. Par M. ALEXANDRE DUMAS. London: Jeffs. 1842-7.

ALEXANDRE DUMAS is a fine specimen of the negro blood, and exhibits, in an almost equal degree, the qualities of the indefatigable slave and the brilliant Frenchman. With an insatiable lust for notoriety, he contrives that his sayings and doings shall occupy the gossips of France. Not only as a writer—not simply as *le roi du feuilleton*, the *facile princeps* of the circulating library, but also as a ‘gentilhomme,’ as a ‘grand seigneur,’ and as a man, must he always ‘astonish’ the public. If not noble himself, he at least assumes a noble name, Marquis Davy de la Pailleterie; and talks with easy familiarity of his friends the princes. If not an accomplished duellist, he is, at least, very great on the theory of duelling. His pen is the inheritance which enables him to give banquets, rivalling in splendour the oriental lavishness of his own Monte Christo. He has not ‘smelt powder,’ but to see him on a grand review day, at the head of a company of national guards, you would fancy him the very Cæsar, Alexander, Attila, Napoleon, and Wellington of private life—his breast is a blaze of orders. The objects of his existence seem to be two: firstly, to make enormous sums of money to spend with princely prodigality; secondly, incessantly to astonish the world. Above all things, he courts notoriety, scandal, and the

power to set men wondering. He began life as a daring innovator, as a romanticist. Racine, and the whole traditional style of French art, he attempted to replace by effective melodramas, which he audaciously asserted were modelled after Shakspeare—his audacity was crowned with a loud but fugitive success. Since then his restless activity has exhibited itself in many ways, and of late, the *author* has almost been eclipsed by the *éclat* attached to the *man*.

Two celebrated trials have recently enabled him to gratify his craving for notoriety in a very striking manner. One of these was that strange revelation of corruption : the trial of Beauvallon for killing Dujarrier in a duel—a trial which, while its details scandalized all Europe, and showed them that the fearful pictures of French life painted by Balzac, in his ‘*Grand Homme de Province à Paris*,’ were not exaggerations, also enabled Dumas, who was called as a witness, to display his science in the duellist’s code, his delicate sense of ‘gentilhommerie,’ and his unquellable love of display. There was a buffoonery about his manner during this very serious trial of one man for the murder of another, which called forth general indignation. Aping the orators of the Chamber of Deputies, he said once or twice, ‘*M. le President, je demande la parole ;*’ and with a beautiful touch of French bombast affecting modesty, when asked his profession, he said : ‘*Monsieur, je dirais auteur dramatique, si je n’étais dans la patrie de Corneille.*’ Whereupon the president, a man of true French wit, replied, ‘*Oh, Monsieur, il y a des degrés.*’\*

The second occasion on which *le Marquis Nègre*, as the *National* called him, was enabled to display himself was in an action brought against him by a publisher for not fulfilling his contract, or rather, for dishonourably violating the terms thereof. It was a grand scene, colossal in its buffoonery. Dumas had engaged to furnish a specific number of volumes to certain newspapers, and to no others. He received the money in advance ; and the action brought against him was brought, not simply for having failed in his engagements, but also for having written in other journals, all the time declaring he had ‘no copy’ to furnish for his engagements. Dumas defended his own cause. It was too fine an opportunity of display for him to think of letting it slip. And how did he defend himself? By proving the nullity of the charges? by exculpating or even by extenuating himself? Not at

\* This speech and the rejoinder are so intensely national, that no reader can thoroughly relish them unless he be acquainted with French life. The *mot* flew over France like lightning, and a few days after, a cattle dealer, on his trial, in Normandy, being asked his profession, replied, “*Je dirais marchand de bœufs, si je n’étais dans la patrie de Corneille.*”—Corneille is a great cattle-dealer of France.

all. That would have been a plain, vulgar course, a course wholly destitute of *éclat*. He chose another. His defence was a masterpiece of effrontery and vanity. Evading or disdaining the charges brought against him, he detailed at great length the history of the preceding months of his life, and detailed it with the pomp and veracity of one of his own romances. He let the audience pleasantly into the secret of his intimacy with the princes—jauntily alluded to the government having placed a steamer at his disposal—sketched his Spanish expedition—launched into Morocco—recounted how he saved the lives of several Frenchmen about to be butchered by savages—spoke with becoming immodesty of his own writings, and how he kept two express trains and couriers awaiting ‘copy,’ which was dispatched piecemeal as it was written; and concluded with the magnificent boast, that although the Academy of France reckoned forty literary men as its members, yet he, Alexandre Dumas, had accomplished what those forty collectively could not have accomplished! ‘Alone he did it!’ Never, perhaps, did French sublimity transcend this: it was finer than the celebrated *Moi!* in Corneille.

Having ‘astonished’ his audience, instead of replying to the charges, Dumas left the court, and in presence of a gaping crowd, mounted a richly caparisoned Arabian horse, which stood waiting for him at the door, and rode off in triumph. He lost the action, of course; but he gained his object—he had produced a sensation.

We have given a specimen of the man in public; now let us give one of the man in private; not in that privacy of home which only impertinent curiosity has the conscience to penetrate; not in that sanctuary where the author retires behind the man. Such privacy, if Dumas ever knows it, is beyond our ken—beyond our curiosity; our glance is at that semi-publicity which may be spoken of without offence. When his dramatic arrangement of his own novel, *Les Trois Mousquetaires*, was finished, he invited all the performers to his house near Versailles, which he has christened the Chateau de Monte Christo, and sent carriages to convey them. The proposed object was to read the play to the performers. Arrived, they were shown over the grounds, and then seated before a splendid *déjeuner*. Having done honour to it, they imagined the reading of the play was to commence; but no: time passed in gay conversation; a magnificent dinner followed; then came the reading; then a supper, and finally, the whole party was conducted back again to Paris. The expense of such a *fête* we leave others to estimate. No wonder that couriers, ready saddled, and

express trains are necessary, when ‘copy’ is to furnish the proceeds for such prodigality.

But now comes the mystery: how does any mortal’s *pen* (we use the cant phrase advisedly, for there is much hidden meaning in saying that such and such works have ‘proceeded from the prolific pen of Mr. ——’) — how, then, we repeat, does any mortal’s pen traverse the vast regions of space — those realms, not realms, of fancy and invention which bear the signature of Alexandre Dumas? We have had rapid writers before now, and prodigies; but whose rapidity ever approached that of *Alexandre le Grand*? what prodigy ever surpassed this friend of princes? Mr. James has a pen which one can scarcely call slow; Mrs. Gore is not a tortoise; Mr. Warren has recently written a novel of five hundred pages in one-and-twenty days; and Lope de Vega, the personification of celerity, who took only three days to write a three-act comedy in verse, is credited by marvel-loving chroniclers with having accomplished twenty-one million three hundred thousand lines of printed verse in his not very long career. But Dumas distances them all. His rapidity is something so fabulous, that all sorts of suppositions are put forward to explain it; and one virulent pamphlet undertakes to prove that he has a regular manufactory where numbers of young men work, he only putting his name to their productions.

There is, however, one very strong objection to the current theory that Dumas sells under his own name the works of others; and in justice to the literary curiosity of the case, we must adduce it. It is this: if a number of men were employed writing novels, which Dumas had only to retouch, or if he only gave them a plot which they had to work out, Dumas would never be at a loss for ‘copy’ to satisfy the demands of those journals to which he is engaged. But in the trial before mentioned, it came out that not only had the journals great difficulty in getting from him the promised ‘copy,’ but that having printed one or more volumes, they were, much to their disadvantage, compelled to publish volumes by other writers, because Dumas had not furnished them with the continuation; thus considerable periods were allowed to elapse between the delivery of one volume and its successor. When we know that Dumas is in the habit of publishing several works simultaneously, and at this moment, has no less than six unfinished, and in course of piecemeal publication, we can understand the delay. He has not six hands to write six works at once; so he must finish volume three of this novel, volume three of that, volume six of another, volume ten of another, and volume one of another — in this way he has, volume by

volume, to satisfy the claims upon him; and on the supposition that he, in conjunction with Auguste Maquet, and, perhaps, also his son, really does write the works published under his name, the *delay* becomes intelligible. On the supposition of a manufactory, the delay is inexplicable; and we must also add in opposition to the idea of a manufactory, that all the works sold by Dumas are bound to be in his *own* handwriting; otherwise the publishers would be easy dupes. Now it is absurd to suppose Dumas undertakes the task of copying the works of his young workmen: absurd, because every one knows that a man who writes with ordinary celerity, will compose much quicker than he can copy anything—and it is the question of time which in Dumas's case forms the difficulty. On the whole, we believe this to be the truth: Dumas, in conjunction with Auguste Maquet, invents and dictates the novels, which young Dumas, whose handwriting is very like his father's, copies.

Should this be so, the fertility and rapidity of Dumas are really marvellous. Think of a man who binds himself, in consideration of a large retaining fee, not to publish *more* than five-and-thirty volumes in the course of the year—one more volume and it would be exactly three volumes a month! To accomplish such a feat for one month would be remarkable enough; but here is a man who is paid not to exceed that every month in the year!

And note, moreover, that these rapidly-written novels, like Lope de Vega's rapidly-written plays, are immensely successful—perhaps the most successful of all French books—eagerly read in France, drafted over into Spain, into Italy, reprinted, translated, and devoured in Germany and England, as if they were the works of a Scott. Whatever opinion may be formed of them as works—and we shall presently state our own with great explicitness—their enormous success is a fact, which in this portion of our article we wish to insist upon. We happen to know, that not only our aristocracy and our middle classes read these works with eagerness, but that even the highest person in this realm is impatient for the continuations of these endless romances in eighteen volumes. Into the palace Alexandre Dumas penetrates immediately; into the poor man's lodging he is not long in penetrating, by means of cheap translations. It is the same in Germany; and this fact forces us to write the present article: we cannot affect to ignore the presence and popularity of such works.

*Rien ne réussit comme le succès*, says Jules Janin, with his usual wit; and amply has Dumas illustrated the remark. He keeps the public in a fever of excitement and suspense; and

the public having wondered at him in the café in the morning, are held breathless in the theatre in the evening by some comedy or drama from the indefatigable, inexhaustible, incessant, startling, sparkling, *grand Dumas*. Wherever he walks, Pactolus flows. He writes with a golden pen, and makes the fortunes of journals and theatres. Success enables him to do anything and everything with impunity. The ordinary rules of composition he violates, and turns his violation into a merit. Most persons agree in thinking that nothing can be more injurious than making three yards do the work of ten; every one objects to ‘spinning out,’ as tedious. Dumas reverses the axiom, and makes tediousness a condition of success. Instead of a novel in three volumes, he gives you one in eighteen. You are forced to read it; ‘everybody does.’ Having closed the eighteenth volume—that is the third novel of the series—you find the story is not finished yet, and you see no reason why it should not continue for eighteen more.

Success smiles upon all his efforts. He has recently built a theatre, which, with an unintentional irony, he has entitled the *Théâtre Historique*, and there he produces dramas made up from his own novels, and they—yes, they succeed! We have, àpropos to his managerial and dramatic career, one more beautiful specimen of his mind to give, before proceeding to notice the historical novels; a specimen which, inasmuch as it relates to Shakspeare, and exhibits the French interpretation of our great poet, has more than a passing interest. Shakspeare has a great reputation in France, as may be seen by the frequent quotation of ‘*voilà la question, comme dit Hamlet*,’ as also by the exquisite apostrophe of Eugène Sue:

‘O great Williams!’

in which a Frenchman’s well-known accuracy is gracefully exhibited. Well, it appeared to Dumas that a play by the ‘great Williams,’ if properly adapted, might create a sensation. He chose one for his *Théâtre Historique*; of course it was *Hamlet*.

But ‘Williams,’ great as he may be considered, is, after all, not a poet to present to a French audience without considerable alteration. It is one article of a Frenchman’s faith, that in point of taste he gives the law to Europe—we beg pardon—to the Universe! A French critic always understands a work of art so much better than the artist, and is at no loss to see where it might be ‘improved.’ Thus Shakspeare, whose works we in England, as well as our brothers in Germany, believe to be, in spite of imperfections, singularly profound in their con-

ception, and felicitous in their development—even Shakspeare was not able to conclude his Hamlet logically and effectively; at least Dumas and his admirers think so. Shakspeare must be ‘improved’—made more ‘effective’—passages cut out—passages thrust in—above all, a new dénouement is required, for the present is singularly weak. Dumas takes up his pen, and in a few hours of that ‘*travail rapide et foudroyant*’ (the phrase is an admiring critic’s!) of which he alone possesses the secret, enriches the poem with a dénouement at once grand and poetic, logical and effective. The reader may imagine our curiosity to see this famous alteration, which critics pronounced so ‘logical,’ and he may imagine the feelings with which we read it. Here it is: instead of Hamlet killing Laertes and the king, he calls upon the Ghost to appear:—

*Hamlet.* L’ombre! l’ombre!  
Viens voir tes meurtriers mourir, fantôme sombre!  
*Le Roi.* (*Sous la main d’Hamlet.*) A l’aide!  
*Hamlet.* (*Aux courtisans sur un signe de l’Ombre.*) Laissez-nous.  
(*Hésitation des courtisans.*)  
Qu’un de vous fasse un pas,  
Il n’en ferait pas deux! Je suis roi, n’est-ce pas?  
Roi de votre existence et de votre agonie?  
Il sied qu’entre nous cinq la pièce soit finie.  
Sortez tous! (*Tous intimidés sortent lentement.*)  
A présent, vous trois, le voyez-vous?  
*Laërte.* Dieu puissant! le roi mort!  
*Le Roi.* Mon frère!  
*Gertrude.* Mon époux!  
*Laërte.* Grâce!  
*L’Ombre.* Oui, ton sang trop prompt t’entraîna vers l’abîme,  
Laërte, et le Seigneur t’a puni pour ton crime;  
Mais tu le trouveras, car il sonde les cœurs,  
Moins sévère là-haut. Laërte, prie et meurs! (*Laërte meurt.*)  
*Gertrude.* Pitié! pitié!  
*L’Ombre.* Ta faute était ton amour même,  
Pauvre femme!  
Va, ton cœur a lavé ta honte avec tes pleurs;  
Femme ici, reine au ciel, Gertrude, espère et meurs! (*Gertrude meurt.*)  
*Le Roi.* Pardon!  
*L’Ombre.* Pas de pardon! va, meurtrier infâme,  
Va; pour ton crime affreux, dans leurs cercles de flamme,  
Satan et les enfers n’ont pas trop de douleurs;  
Va, traître, incestueux, va, désespère et meurs! (*Le Roi meurt.*)  
*Hamlet.* Et moi, vais-je rester, triste orphelin sur terre,  
A respirer cet air imprégné de misère?  
Tragédien choisi par le courroux de Dieu,  
Si j’ai mal pris mon rôle et mal saisi mon jeu;

Si, tremblant de mon œuvre, et lassé sans combattre,  
 Pour un que tu voulais j'en ai fait mourir quatre,  
 Oh! parle, est-ce que Dieu ne pardonnera pas,  
 Père, et quel châtiment m'attend donc? . . .  
*L'Ombre.*

Tu vivras!

To dwell upon the poetic value of this would be invidious, but since the critics have set up a claim for it as being so very ‘logical,’ let us ask: if the Ghost has this avenging power in his own hands—if, at his awful bidding, Laertes, the King, and Gertrude die,—what is the meaning of his former appearances, wherein he so sternly urges Hamlet to avenge him? If the Ghost was like a perturbed spirit, condemned to wander nightly till his murder was avenged, why did he not wander straight to the palace of the King, and breathe away his murderer’s guilty soul? This would have finished the piece at the first act, it is true, but it would at least have been ‘logical.’ In M. Dumas’s version, the Ghost is powerless till the last act; and then, like the dumb men in melodramas who recover their speech in time to accuse the villain, he suddenly appears armed with all the terrors of the ghostly world, and becomes his own avenger.

This, then, is the man who is the Historical Romancist of our times. Our rapid survey of his activity and his mode of life will have prepared the reader for the style of the novels which, under the pretence of being historical, and therefore ‘instructive,’ are read by those who could not otherwise read them. He is a man utterly without a literary conscience, so that conscientious works must not be expected from him. He chooses historical subjects, because it is the easiest style of fiction: in that department, a writer only requires a reasonable fund of historical ignorance, and, with a dashing pen, he is sure to succeed; if he unhappily knows anything about the period he has selected, he is in great danger of being troubled by misgivings, and his facile progress will be stopped.

But if we cannot accept Dumas as ‘instructive,’ we must, at least, do him the justice of saying that his writings, for the most part, are free from two of the vices which deform the generality of French novels: he does not often stain his works with disgusting subjects, nor with the modern cant of gilding rags and dirt. Curious it is to observe the modern Frenchmen, having escaped from their old servilities, and no longer proclaiming the divine right of kings and kingly virtues, rushing to the opposite extreme, and deifying the lowest classes. The Romantics proclaim that *le vrai beau c'est le laid*, and the new school of novelists proclaim that the seat of kingly grandeur and sublime virtue is not on the throne, but in the kennel. The wealthy

classes have an incurable sin: their hands are white. This does not arise from the fact of their having no occupation which would dirty them, but from their inherent infamy and egotism. The people, on the contrary, have dirty hands: they are dirty and virtuous. They are great, moral, chivalric, disinterested, Christian—all by virtue of dirty hands and questionable linen. The People! Does not the very name exalt your soul? ‘The People’ is not only a name, it is an *Idea!*\*

Dumas indulges in no such rodomontade. He is not ‘philosophical,’ he is not ‘earnest,’ he has no ‘theory of society,’ he cares very little for the People, and still less for Ideas spelled with a capital *I*. He leaves to Eugène Sue and Company the whole realm of filth and rags, of sentiment and social regeneration. He loves to deal more with velvet doublets and slashed satins, with ‘amiable’ roués, and ladies who rouge and coquet. There is not much to be said for the moral worth of the persons whom he clothes in velvet and satin; but it is some comfort to find that he does not imitate his contemporaries, who treat the reader as Raleigh treated Queen Bess—throwing the rich velvet cloak upon the ground, that her feet might not be soiled by the mud. They take you into very bad company, but your pockets are in no danger; they take you into very dirty places, but you have no occasion to hold your nose: the morals of the library and the perfumes of fancy are provided for the occasion. That young girl you see in yon ‘boozing ken,’ with brandy before her, and strange language in her mouth, is not what you might suppose; in fact, she is a type of Innocence, the incarnation of Purity: while associating with cut-throats (who are, after all, no more than ‘victims of society’) and ladies of *uneasy virtue*, her thoughts are with babbling brooks and flowery meadows. She will marry a great prince, who, strange to say, is virtuous, although a prince: to be sure, he is a German prince!†

Dumas has not this sort of vice to answer for, but we should, nevertheless, be sorry to be understood as defending him. The tone of his morals is decidedly low, if not worse. If he has no cant, on the other hand, he has no apparent respect for moral worth. His heroes and heroines are often more than questionable. He seems more at home in the atmosphere of *la Régence* than in any other: its gaiety, easy morals, and love of adventure quite charm him. Hear him on the subject:—

‘Moreover, the spirit of the times was not one of melancholy: this is a modern sentiment, caused by the overthrow of fortunes and the

\* It is respectfully hoped that no one will demand an explanation of the meaning of the above.

† See *Les Mysteres de Paris*.

weakness of men. In the eighteenth century, it was a rare occurrence for any one to think of abstractions and aspire to the ideal; every one pursued pleasure, fame, or fortune; and, provided he was handsome, brave, or intriguing, was sure to succeed. It was an epoch when no one was ashamed of his own happiness. Now, mind is too much exalted over matter for any one to venture to own that he is happy.

'Besides, it must be confessed, the wind set in for gaiety, and France seemed in full sail in search of one of those enchanted islands which are to be found in the golden map of the Arabian Nights. After the long, dreary winter of Louis XIV.'s old age, suddenly appeared the joyous and brilliant spring of a young reign; every one basked in that new sun, so radiant and beneficent, and went about humming and careless like bees and butterflies in the first days of summer. Pleasure, which had been absent and proscribed, once more returned; it was hailed like a friend never expected to be seen again: it was received with open heart and arms, lest it should escape anew. Every moment was made of use.'

This is from *Le Chevalier D'Harmental*, and refers to the period when the orgies of the Regent were in unblushing career, when two royal princesses quarrelled for that reprobate, the Duke de Richelieu, and Mesdames de Nesle and de Polignac fought for him with pistols: a charming period, as every one knows who has read Duclos, or any of the French Memoirs!

Dumas has, in truth, a strong partiality for that period; he likes its manners and morals, and belongs to the set of men now in Paris, who think it a fine thing to revive the orgies of *la Régence*; and we are sorry to say, the gloss he gives to the vices of that epoch—the brilliant colours in which he paints it—the absence of anything like reprobation of its worthlessness and frivolity, have a very immoral tendency. The Regent, Philip of Orleans, himself—one of the most reprobate of rulers, in whom history can detect scarcely any good qualities beyond an easy temper—is painted by Dumas as a loving father, a careless, good-natured, easy sovereign, and an excellent companion.

This is among the objections reasonably raised against History perverted to the purposes of Fiction: the romance writer abuses the licence allowed him, and goes far to undo the very purposes of History. It is thought, we know, that inasmuch as novels are entertaining, and many persons *will* read them who will not read more serious works, to make them the medium of historical instruction is to 'do the state some service,' and to convert a necessary evil into an advantage. This is a very popular notion, and is entertained by parents who would not suffer their children to read novels, were it not for the supposed advantage of 'giving a taste for history.'

We must be permitted to disturb this notion. Whether

novels should be read or not, is a question we leave each family to settle for itself: there are very strong arguments on both sides—arguments which cannot be refuted—and according as education and temperament determine the question, the arguments have their weight. But when it is maintained that the historical matter in novels is of itself a sufficient excuse to warrant their being admitted into our families, then, indeed, the argument seems to us absurdly feeble and rickety. With the greatest respect for Scott, for his manly, healthy tone, his genial spirit, his astonishing powers, and gratitude for the delight he has scattered over Europe, we cannot shut our eyes to the fact, that as far as the historical portion of his novels is concerned, they have been of very questionable utility.

Not to mention their inaccuracies, which, after all, were not important, inasmuch as for the most part they were what may be called external inaccuracies—matters of chronology and *couleur locale*—the picture being in the main accurate, being true as to essentials—it is scarcely to be denied that he has damaged the study of history in two ways: Firstly, in his influence on readers; secondly, in his influence on writers.

In his influence on readers, because his entertaining style has made them impatient at the more laborious and conscientious study of History, causing them to regard a serious work as ‘dry,’ making them careless of facts, and more solicitous of pictures than of ideas; in his influence on writers, because it has made them desirous of feeding this awakened taste, and led them to sacrifice the more honourable portion of their office to the vain attempt of rivalling him in picturesque effect.

It would be unjust to deny, on the other hand, that Scott has done some service to historical art, in making men aware of the picturesqueness of history, as well as in indicating certain historical views with great sagacity. Thierry, a great authority, and an accomplished historian, who is certainly not open to the reproach of having shirked the labours of study and research, has deliberately pronounced Scott to be the greatest of all historical divinators. Had he employed his varied erudition and keen historical sense in essays, rather than in romances, the good would have been unalloyed; as it is, we cannot acquit him of having encouraged, if he did not originate, the evils above mentioned.

But if Scott, with his minute and abundant knowledge, has damaged history by his employment of it in fiction, what are we to say to his imitators? They have the worst of his vices, with none of his merits. They falsify history, they confuse the simplest notions, they fill the reader’s mind with a mass of rubbish

which it is very difficult to eject by a course of serious study, even if they have not enervated the mind, and made it averse to study. For observe, the error of a grave historian—and the gravest and acutest often err—nay, in so difficult a matter, it is difficult to avoid error—is, nevertheless, easily replaced by the mere presentation of the truth; but if once the novelist has succeeded in filling your mind with a false but brilliant picture, it will resist a long assault of evidence the most conclusive. The historian appeals to the judgment; the novelist enlists the sympathies and feeling; and when once he succeeds in forcing his conception of a character upon you, the most striking appeal to your judgment will scarcely destroy that impression. It has been said that “no-knowledge is better than mis-knowledge; and the scraps of history picked up from the novel are just sufficient to mislead the indolent into the idea of their possessing ‘information.’ Either history is worth knowing, or it is not: if worth knowing, then worth studying in proper sources.” Who that has ever opened the imitators of Scott can for a moment suppose that they understood anything of history?

Alexandre Dumas is the great manufacturer of this contraband ware, and from these introductory pages the reader will be enabled to form some idea of his fitness for an historian. Scott had at least abundant knowledge; but Dumas, who travels over the whole history of France from the thirteenth to the nineteenth century—not to mention Italy, Spain, and England—has, perhaps, less knowledge than even our lady novelists. His falsifications are perpetual, and of all kinds. He not only fails to present a picture of the epoch—its beliefs, its feelings, and its manners—he also carelessly misrepresents almost every personage. We forgive him his magnificent mistakes about England. Frenchmen seem to have a prescriptive right to blunder on the smallest detail of that subject; but what are we to say to his miserable failures with regard to French characters, whom he misrepresents apparently *de gaieté de cœur*? If any persons ought to be accurately painted, surely Mademoiselle de Launay—the charming Madame de Staal—and Jean Jacques Rousseau, are the persons: they have left us minute and ample details of themselves, in works with which every one professing to know anything of French literature must be familiar; yet how has Dumas drawn them in *Le Chevalier d'Harmental* and in *Les Mémoires d'un Médecin*? The first named is an agreeable romance on the subject of the Cellamare conspiracy; the memoirs of that period are abundant and explicit in materials, and give us full-length portraits of all the principal actors; but if any one has the curiosity to compare these portraits with those painted

by Dumas, he will know what to think of the value of historical romance!

Then, again, such portraits as Dumas presents us with of Cardinal Dubois in *La Fille du Régent*, and of Catherine de Medicis in *La Reine Margot!* The Cardinal was a man of whom impartial history can say little that is good, either as to his aims or his means; but to make him the mere pimp and pander, the mere police spy of a Surrey melodrama, incarnate selfishness, pettiness, and intrigue, is to fix an idea in the reader's mind which will distort the whole career and character of the ambitious Abbé. Catherine de Medicis is, it is true, a traditional bugbear; but even she was not so black as she is painted. She was at any rate a woman, and Dumas has made her the fiend of a puppet-show. This is not historical, but hysterical romance!

The falsifications, of which these are only specimens, may be said to run through his works; in all we have read, we have met with no single historical character correctly drawn, with no single event accurately presented. As to blunders of detail, they are as thick as leaves in Vallambrosa. Here is a specimen: in *Le Batard de Mauléon*, he makes Blanche of Castile, the wife of Don Pedro, in love with Don Henri de Trastamarra. This is a double blunder: the innocence of Blanche is so well established, that only fabulists and scandalmongers pretend to doubt it; moreover, the person with whom she was suspected of having been guilty was not Don Henri at all, but a very different person, Don Fadrique.

Mistakes, however, in periods so remote are, perhaps, excusable in one who has never taken the trouble to study it; but Dumas is equally blundering when he comes down to comparatively recent times. In *Les Mémoires d'un Médecin*, he gives us society just before the breaking out of the French Revolution, and on one occasion he jauntily says, ‘Il n'y a pas d'érudition à faire à propos d'une époque si bien connue de nos jours, ‘qu'on pourrait presque la dire contemporaine, et que la plupart ‘de nos lecteurs savent aussi bien que nous.’ If the majority of his readers know it no better than he does, they cannot be complimented on their erudition, for the work abounds in errors, great and small. He cannot even speak of Zamore, the governor of the Chateau de Luciennes, a negro servant of La Dubarry, but he must make him a child, occupied with eating sugar-plums and rolling his eyes, instead of the astute, servile, ungrateful man he was: and Dumas also makes him hideous, when it is notorious he was handsome—he was always styled *le beau nègre*.

Perhaps it is unfair, pedantic, to allude thus to the inac-

curacies of a writer whose existence, instead of being passed in the solitudes of spacious libraries, ransacking the treasures there contained, is passed in scampering over Europe, and writing ‘impressions’—in lounging with princes—patronizing the Emperor of Morocco—saving the lives of *les braves des braves*—glittering at Spanish marriages—giving splendid fêtes—and keeping couriers, ready saddled, as well as express trains, to convey his manuscripts. To expect erudition from such a man is to expect a greater marvel than all the rest. We do not expect it; we will not harshly blame him for the deficiency; but we may be permitted to express a doubt whether the ‘instruction’ derivable from such works as he produces be really sufficient to give a taste for history.

Before quitting this part of our article, let us call attention to the evil effect likely to be produced by these works upon an excitable and unsettled population such as that of France, by the very frequent employment of conspiracy as the subject-matter. The French are but too much disposed to revolutions, and when their ingenious youth see Dumas’s heroes constantly plunged into some romantic conspiracy to overturn the government, it is natural they should regard a conspirator as a hero; the more so, as the author never drops a hint that conspiracy is either criminal or objectionable. Whatever the cause, be it even such a frivolous affair as that headed by the Duchesse de Maine, the romance of the thing is insisted upon, and the reader’s sympathies are wholly enlisted on the side of the conspirator.

Whatever we may think of Dumas, his immense popularity requires some explanation. Mere rapidity, mere voluminousness will not account for it—for who reads James or Mrs. Gore? But in all Europe Dumas is read, and in all classes. His faults are very striking; nay, we are inclined to assert that his worthlessness is complete, unless some value is to be attached to the power of producing a transitory amusement. No one ever re-reads him. No one ever ponders on what he has written. He has added nothing to our intellectual stores; he has hung no fresh pictures in our gallery of imaginative portraits. What, then, has he done? He has amused thousands. How has he done it? To answer this question, it is necessary to take a survey of his qualities.

Dumas has gained loud popularity in three distinct departments of literature, and gained it by the same merits. He began as a dramatist, attacking the traditional form of French art, and substituting for it that hybrid species called *le drame*: the great conquest of the Romanticists in their assaults against Racine. He succeeded in creating a noise. Three *drames* were performed to furious acclamations. As works of art they

were worthless, but they made an uproar: their novelty, audacity, and clever use of stage effect attracted attention. But the novelty wore off, and his succeeding efforts grew feebler and feebler, till they ended in the astounding dulness of ‘Caligula.’

He next succeeded as a traveller, and his *Impressions de Voyages* are certainly the most amusing, impudent, and reckless works ever published under the pretence of travels. His light, careless pen skims over the surface—his admirable power of telling a story is called into play, and with it his audacious disregard of truth or probability; you read with a smile, and close the volume without a yawn; but there can be no misgiving as to the value of what you have read.

Novels succeeded; at first they were poor enough, but by practice he learned the art of telling a story with such rapidity and precision, with such a complication of incidents, yet such clearness in their conduct, and with characters so clearly represented, that it is difficult to open a volume and not proceed with it to the end. True it is that if once you set down the volume unfinished, you have little temptation to take it up again; and we found the reading necessary for this article rather tiresome work. But there is no disguising the fact that he possesses some of the qualities which command success, though none of those which render success enduring.

Style he has none; but he has an easy, agreeable, off-hand manner, destitute of pretension, and possessing in an extraordinary degree the excellent union of minute detail with rapidity. His dialogue, unless when the passions are called into play, or when the more ideal characteristics of man are touched on, is very life-like, gay, sparkling, and rapid. His characters are always happily presented, though never deeply conceived, or minutely analysed. They have somewhat the merit of Scott's portraits, only more superficial. Passion he has none; nor has he much humour; but considerable gaiety and a good eye for the picturesque. Such men as the Captain Roquefinette, in *Le Chevalier d'Harmental*, or the old copyist, in the same novel, who thinks it never too early to begin a child's education, and accordingly sets it a copy of *straight strokes* before it is a year old!—such men as Chicot and Gorenflot, in *La Dame de Monsoreau*; as Coconnas, in *La Reine Margot*; or as Porthos, in *Les Trois Mousquetaires*, are characters he draws with great felicity. Some of the incidental personages, such as Caderousse, la Carconte, and Benedetto, in *Le Comte de Monte Christo*, are also powerfully sketched. But his great art lies in the power of minutely yet vividly painting a long scene of adventure or of intrigue, so that it stands before you with almost unrivalled precision.

Probability is a thing he utterly sets at nought; and this is

the great defect and drawback of *Monte Christo*, where the *incredulus odi* rises in the reader's mind at every chapter. This improbability is the more unpardonable as it is accompanied with great power of accurate delineation of the situations thus improbably brought about; but when we reflect upon the rapidity with which he writes, and on the gross indifference of his multitude of readers to anything beyond the sensation of the moment, we are not to wonder at this defect. People who read simply for amusement, who want their sluggish imaginations to be gratified without being called into active co-operation, whose indolent minds crave an excitement which they are unwilling to take the trouble of inducing by any activity of their own, find immense delight in a writer who, like Dumas, does everything for them, leaves nothing to their imaginations, and does not trouble them with explanations or with probabilities. Dumas never ruffles their repose. No reflection disturbs the even current of his narrative. No felicity of style causes them for an instant to pause and admire; no trait of human nature rouses a train of thought in their minds; no subtle glimpse into the complex world of character—no searching analysis of motive—no moral indignation bursting forth from the preacher drawing a lesson from the examples he has given—none of the *instruction* which it is in the novelist's power so felicitously to convey, ever retards the breath-suspended interest of his tale. The reader is hurried onwards to the end, impatient to see how the hero will extricate himself from the difficulties he is in. To express our condemnation, and to characterize his writings in one sentence, we should say: Dumas stimulates the vulgarest curiosity, but never stimulates the mind.

'Waste of time' the reading of his works assuredly is, except to those who want to fill the vacant hours of their worthless lives with a little amusement; or to those who after the fatigues of a laborious day are unable to bear any greater mental stimulus; yet no one who knows the frivolous public will wonder at the enormous success of these works: written rapidly, read rapidly, and as rapidly forgotten. It was wittily said by that acute critic, Gustave Planche, that 'l'art dramatique aux mains de M. Hugo n'est plus qu'un escamotage de place publique:' a sentence which applies with tenfold force to Alexandre Dumas, since gaping crowds do really gather together to wonder at his 'escamotage,' and having seen him perform his tricks of legerdemain, lounge further on to gape at the next adroit audacious charlatan whose lusty voice bids them behold and wonder.

We are at no pains to conceal the contempt which we feel for Dumas, in spite of an undeniable cleverness and adroitness dis-

played in his works; but neither are we desirous of fulminating critical thunders against him for the absence of qualities to the possession of which he makes no pretence. Our object is to characterize him as briefly and as distinctly as we are able. He is not an artist, and cannot be criticised as such. He has no literary conscience; little literary merit. He is not a teacher; has no moral influence for good or for bad; if he does not proclaim truths, he abstains from dressing up sophisms. Amusement, and that of the lowest kind—the mere stimulus of the curiosity—is his object and his only object; and regarded as a sort of literary pyrotechnist, he is the most remarkable man of his time.

With deep sorrow and unspeakable bitterness might one regard this desecration of literature, this fantastic misemployment of a God-given life, were one to look seriously at it. For it is a truth that literature, which is the mental life of mankind—the incomplete, incoherent utterances of the thoughts which surge within the minds of men, struggling for distinct recognition—is not represented at all by ten volumes of incident and intrigue—and that our spiritual culture is in no degree fostered, purified, or strengthened by marvellous narratives of escapes, duels, murders, feastings, love-makings, processions, conspiracies, and executions; nor was any man ever endowed with reason, imagination, feeling, energy, and a perception of the incongruous, for the purpose of employing these on *Monte Christos*, *Trois Mousquetaires*, or *Reines Margot*. A truth, however, it seems pedantic to insist upon in reference to Dumas. We cannot be serious with him. We feel none of the sorrow for a fallen angel; none of the deep, painful pity for a misguided mind. No touch of the divinity of mind awakens our misgivings and compassion. The specific levity of the man forbids it. He is so light, so worthless, so reckless, so untroubled by any earnestness, that to speak a serious word to him would seem as misplaced as to preach sermons to drunkards, or demonstrate the problems of mathematics to idiots. We should speak in language unintelligible to him; and he would answer us with a new romance in thirty volumes.

Neither shall we, beyond the above hint, say anything in admonishment of his readers; for either they are quite aware of his triviality, or they are not aware of it: in the one case, our protest would be superfluous; in the other, incomprehensible. The minds which can find food in Dumas will laugh at our objections, and continue to accept as ‘historical instruction,’ and as correct representations of life, the farrago he sets before them.

As before remarked, we do not utterly condemn his readers, for there are moments in the lives of the most occupied when, a little intellectual relaxation can without impropriety be indulged, and Dumas is not ill-fitted for such moments; but we wish it to be distinctly understood that these writings are only fitted for such moments; though the idle loungers who hurry to Mr. Jeffs' shop, in the Burlington Arcade, seem, by their anxiety to get the last volume published, as if it were the great occupation of their lives. To such as may intend reading some of Dumas' writings, it may be useful to mention that they are often connected together, though published as separate works: thus *Les Trois Mousquetaires* is followed by *Vingt Ans Après*, and that, again, by *Le Vicomte de Bragelonne*; thus, also, *La Dame de Monsoreau* is continued in *Les Quarante Cinq*; and *Le Chevalier de Maison Rouge* is properly only a continuation, though published before it, of *Les Mémoires d'un Médecin*; and *Le Chevalier d'Harmental* may in some measure be considered as the precursor of *La Fille du Régent*. We have been dealing hitherto with the general characteristics of Dumas, and have not thought it necessary to occupy our space with detailed criticism. Indeed, it would be unjust to him to look at the details; for he relies for his effect upon the general impression. It is not easy to make extracts, because he deals not in reflections or in sketches; and his incidents are so dovetailed together, or else related at such length, that we have had some difficulty in selecting a scene which might serve as a specimen, and at the same time with the advantage of not having been translated before.

To render what follows intelligible, we must premise that Gaston is a young Breton, upon whom has devolved the task of carrying out a conspiracy of assassinating the Regent. He comes to Paris for that purpose, and, by a series of contrivances on the part of Dubois, is presented to the Regent, who receives him under pretence of being the Duke d'Olivarès—one of the conspirators. The Regent endeavours to dissuade Gaston from his project, for he has suddenly conceived a great regard towards his intended assassin—a regard which is strengthened by the discovery of an attachment existing between his natural daughter, (*la fille du Régent*), whom he has not acknowledged yet, and this Gaston. To his purpose, however, Gaston is devoted, and the Regent (still known to Gaston as Olivarès) promises to lead him into the presence of his majesty, where he may then accomplish his purpose. He is invited to a grand fête given by the Regent; and it is when amidst the glittering festival that our extract introduces him. The reader will not

fail to note the effective distribution of the scene, and its artful contrast with the thoughts and purposes of the assassin:—

‘Gaston knew no one, and yet he instinctively guessed that he was in the midst of the best society of the period. Among the men were the Noailles, the Brancas, the Broglies, the Saint Simons, the Nocés, the Canilhacs, the Byrons; the women were not, perhaps, quite so select, but certainly neither less witty nor less elegant; with the exception of a few great names, sulking at Sceaux and Saint Cyr, with Madame du Maine and Madame de Maintenon, the whole aristocracy was there, having rallied round the bravest and most popular prince of the royal family. Nothing was wanting to complete this representation of the great century but the bastards of Louis XIV. and a king.

‘The truth was, that no one in the world, and his enemies themselves did him that justice, could arrange an entertainment like the regent. The tasteful luxury, the admirable profusion of flowers, perfuming the salons; the myriads of lights, multiplied by looking-glasses; the princes and ambassadors, the exquisitely lovely, and deliciously sprightly women; all these produced their effect on the young provincial, who, at a distance, had considered the regent but as a man, and who now acknowledged him as a king, and as a powerful, witty, gay, amiable and beloved king, and one eminently popular and national. Gaston felt the perfume of all this luxury intoxicating him. Eyes shining through masks went through him like red-hot daggers. His heart leaped whenever he saw a black velvet domino amongst the crowd in which he sought the man for whom his poniard was destined. He wandered on, elbowing and jostling, allowing himself to be tossed to and fro like a bark without oars or sails, on the waves which flowed around him, sinking and rising beneath the breeze of melancholy or joyous poetry which enfolded him, and passing, in one second, from heaven to hell.

‘Without the mask, which concealed his face, and hid from all eyes the alteration of his countenance, he could not have taken four steps in one of those rooms before being pointed at, and every one exclaiming, ‘there is an assassin!’ There was truly something cowardly and disgraceful, and Gaston did not conceal it from himself, in coming to the house of a prince, his host, to change those burning sconces into funeral torches, to stain those glittering tapestries with blood, to bring terrors amidst the joyous murmurs of the festival; at this thought, his courage forsook him, and he made a few steps towards the door.

‘I will kill him outside,’ said he, ‘but not here.’ He then remembered the indication the duke had given him, the card which was to open for him the door of the isolated conservatory, and he murmured between his teeth:

‘He had foreseen, then, that I should fear the crowd; he had guessed, then, that I was a coward.’

‘The door to which he had directed his steps led him to a sort of gallery, in which were placed sideboards, where the guests came to eat and drink.

‘Gaston approached like the rest, not that he was hungry or thirsty, but, as we have mentioned, he had no weapon. He chose a long, sharp knife, and after a rapid glance around, to see if any one was looking, he put it under his domino, with a funereal smile.

‘A knife!’ he murmured; ‘a knife! — the resemblance to Raillauc will be complete. To be sure, he is a grandson of Henry the Fourth.’

‘This thought had scarcely found entrance to his mind, when, as he turned round, Gaston saw a mask, dressed in a blue velvet domino, approach him. A little behind this man came a woman and another man, likewise masked. The blue domino suddenly noticed that he was followed, stepped back to the masks, said a few words to the man, in an authoritative tone, which made him bend his head respectfully, and then returned to Chanlay.

‘You hesitate,’ said he to Gaston, in a well-known voice.

‘Gaston slightly opened his domino with one hand, and showed the duke the knife that glittered in the other.

‘I see the glittering knife; but I also see the trembling hand.’

‘Yes, monseigneur, that is true,’ said Gaston; ‘I was hesitating, trembling, and I felt ready to fly. But you are here, thank God!’

‘And your ferocious courage?’ said the duke, in his sarcastic voice.

‘It is not that I have lost it, monseigneur.’

‘Well! and what has become of it?’

‘Monseigneur, I am in his house?’

‘Yes, but you are not in the conservatory.’

‘Could you point him out to me first, that I might get used to his presence, and so excite the hatred I have for him; for I do not know how to get at him in this crowd?’

‘Just now he was near you.’

Gaston shuddered.

‘Near me?’ said the young man.

‘As near you as I am,’ solemnly replied the duke.

‘I will go to the conservatory, monseigneur, I will go.’—

‘Do so.’

‘A moment, monseigneur. Let me recover myself.’

‘Very well; you know that the conservatory is out there, at the end of this gallery. See, the doors of it are closed.’

‘Did you not tell me, monseigneur, that by showing this card, the servants would open it for me?’

‘Yes, but it would be still better to open it for yourself; the servants who let you in might wait for your coming out. If you are thus agitated before striking, it will be far worse afterwards; the regent will not fall, perhaps, without defending himself, or uttering a scream; they will rush in, you will be arrested, and adieu to your hopes for the future. Think of Hélène, who is waiting for you.’

It is impossible to express what passed in Gaston’s heart during these words, of which the duke seemed observing the effect in the countenance and on the heart of the young man, without losing a movement of the former, or a throb of the latter.

"Well, then!" asked Gaston, in a hollow voice, "what shall I do? Advise me."

"When you are at the door of the conservatory—the one opposite that gallery to the left, do you see?"

"Yes."

"Feel under the lock, and you will find a chased button; push it, and the door will open of itself, unless it should be locked inside; but the regent, who suspects nothing, will not have taken that precaution; I have been in some twenty times thus for a private audience. If he is not there when you go in, wait for him; if he is there, you will know him by his black domino and golden bee."

"Yes, yes, I know, monseigneur," said Gaston, without knowing what he was saying.

"I do not reckon on you much this evening," continued the duke.

"Ah! monseigneur, the moment is approaching, and in one minute I shall have exchanged all my past life for a very doubtful future—a future of shame, perhaps—at the least, of remorse."

"Of remorse!" returned the duke; "when you accomplish an act which you think just—an act commanded by conscience, you can have no remorse. Do you then doubt the holiness of your cause?"

"No, monseigneur, but it is easy for you to talk thus. You contemplate but the idea, I am about the execution of that idea. You are but the head, I am the arm. Believe me, monseigneur," continued Gaston, in a gloomy voice and choked accents, "it is a fearful thing to kill a man who gives himself up to you defencelessly, and smiles at his murderer. I thought myself strong and courageous; but it must be so with every conspirator who has undertaken what I have. In a moment of effervescence, of pride, of enthusiasm, or of hatred, the fatal oath is taken; there is all the space of time which is to elapse between the victim and yourself. Then the oath once taken, the fever is calmed, the effervescence decreases, enthusiasm dies away, hatred diminishes. You see appearing on the horizon him towards whom you must go and who comes to meet you; each day brings you nearer to him, and then you shudder, for then only do you understand to what a crime you are bound. And yet inexorable time flows on, and at each hour that strikes, you see the victim advance a step, until at last the interval disappears, and you stand face to face. Then, then, believe me, monseigneur, the bravest tremble; for a murder is always a murder. Then you perceive that you are not the minister of your own conscience, but the slave of your oath. You started with uplifted head, saying, 'I am a chosen instrument;' you arrive with it bowed down, and say, 'I am accursed.'"

"There is yet time," said the duke, quickly.

"No, no, monseigneur, you know well that there is a fate urging me on. I will accomplish my task, however terrible; my heart may shudder, but my hand will remain firm. Yet, I tell you this, if there were not out there friends who await life from the blow I am about to strike, if it were not for Hélène, whom I shall clothe with black,

if I do not cover her with blood, I should prefer the scaffold—the scaffold with its preparations, and even its infamy; for then it does not disgrace—it absolves.'

'Come,' said the duke, 'this is right; I see that you will tremble, but act.'

'Do not doubt it, monseigneur. Pray for me, for in half an hour all will be over.'

The duke made an involuntary movement, but with an approving gesture, and was lost in the crowd.

Gaston found a window partially opened, and which looked into a balcony. He went out, and walked about a moment to lull by cold the fever which made his arteries throb, and cool the blood which blinded him. But the internal flame which consumed him was too intense, and continued to devour him. He once more entered the gallery, made a few steps, advanced towards the conservatory, returned, then approached the door, and put his hand on the button; but it seemed to him that several persons, collected in a group at some distance, were looking at him; he turned back to the balcony, and heard one, strike from the neighbouring church.

'This time,' he murmured: 'the moment is come, and there is no drawing back possible. Oh, God! I commend my soul to you. Adieu, Hélène—adieu.'

Then, with a slow but firm step, he traversed the crowd, walked straight up to the door, pressed the spring, and the door silently opened before him. A cloud passed before his eyes: he thought himself in a new world. The music only reached him as a distant melody full of charms—to the factitious perfumes of essences had succeeded the sweet perfume of flowers—to the dazzling light of a thousand candles, the delicious twilight of a few alabaster lamps lost in the foliage; then, through the luxuriant vegetation of tropical plants, could be seen beyond the glass windows of the conservatory, the sad and bare trees, and the snow covering the earth like a vast shroud.

All was changed, even to the temperature. Gaston then only became aware that a shiver ran through his veins. He attributed this sudden impression to the height of the friezes beneath which clambered by the side of the most magnificent blossoming orange-trees, magnolias, with velvety disks, and lance-like aloes; whilst the broad leaves of aquatic plants slumbered in basins of water, so limpid, that it seemed black wherever the rays of mild light did not penetrate.

Gaston at first advanced a few steps, then remained motionless. The contrast of this verdure with the gilded saloons had amazed him. It seemed to him still more difficult to connect thoughts of murder with the suavity of a charmed though artificial nature. The sand, as soft as the softest carpet, yielded beneath his footsteps, and the fountains, leaping up to the summit of the tallest trees, breathed a monotonous and plaintive harmony.

He continued his way, however, following a sort of walk which wound about, like a path in the midst of an English park. Gaston saw but confusedly, for his dim eyes feared to see. His glance pierced

the clusters of trees, fearing to distinguish a human form in them. Sometimes, at the sound of a leaf falling from its stem he turned round, full of vague terror, towards the door, thinking that he saw enter the majestic black figure whose fatal visit this dream promised him.

‘Nothing came. He continued to advance. At last, beneath a large-leaved catalpa, surrounded with rhododendrons in luxuriant bloom, which formed a background to bushes, where flowered myriads of roses, perfuming the air, he perceived the black phantom seated on moss, his back turned to the side by which Gaston came. Then the blood, after suddenly making his heart bound within him, mounted to his cheeks, and throbbed at his temples; his lips trembled, his hand was covered with a cold dew, and he mechanically sought a support which he could not find.

‘The domino was motionless!

‘Gaston drew back unconsciously. His right hand left its hold of the handle of the knife which he pressed tightly with his left elbow. Suddenly he made a desperate effort, forced his rebellious legs to walk as if to burst through some impediment. His clenched fingers seized anew the handle of the knife, and he advanced towards the regent, stifling a groan ready to escape.

‘At that moment, the domino made a slight movement, and on his left arm, Gaston saw, not shining, but flashing, the golden bee, which struck him as a burning focus, a sun of flames.

‘Then, as the domino gradually turned round towards Gaston, the young man’s arm stiffened, his lips foamed. His teeth chattered, for a vague suspicion entered his heart. Suddenly he uttered a piercing cry. The domino had risen. He had no mask on his face, and the face was that of the Duke of Olivares. Gaston, thunderstruck, stood there, livid and dumb. The regent (for there was no longer any doubt that the duke and the regent were one and the same man)—the regent preserved his calm and majestic attitude. He looked fixedly at the hand which held the dagger, and the dagger fell. He then looked at Gaston with a smile at once kind and sad, and Gaston sank on his knees like a felled tree.

‘Neither had spoken. Nothing was heard but the half-suppressed sobs which burst from Gaston’s bosom, and the water near them as it fell monotonously back into the vase.

‘‘Rise,’ said the regent.

‘‘No, monseigneur!’ exclaimed Gaston, striking his forehead against the ground. ‘‘No, I ought to die at your feet!’’

‘‘Die! Gaston, you see you are forgiven!’’

‘‘Oh! monseigneur, for mercy’s sake, punish me; for you must despise me very much to forgive me!’’

‘‘But have you not guessed?’ asked the duke.

‘‘What?’’

‘‘The reason why I forgive you.’’

‘Gaston looked back into the past, thought over his whole life: his sad and isolated youth, the death of his brother, his love for Hélène, those days, so long when separated from her; those nights, so short

when spent under the convent window; the journey to Paris; the duke's kindness to the young girl; finally, this un hoped-for clemency: but in all this he saw nothing, he guessed nothing.

“ ‘Thank Hélène,’ said the duke, seeing that the young man sought in vain for the reason of what happened to him; “thank Hélène, for it is she who saves your life.”

“ ‘Hélène! monseigneur,’ murmured Gaston.

“ ‘I cannot punish my daughter’s lover.’

“ ‘Hélène is your daughter, monseigneur,—and I thought of killing you!’

“ ‘Yes, think of what you said just now: you start an elected being, you return a murderer; and sometimes even a man returns more than a murderer, you see,—he may return a parricide,—for I am almost your father,’ said the duke, holding out his hand to him.

“ ‘Monseigneur, have pity on me!’

Respecting the historical truth or probability of this scene, and its accordance with what is known of Philip d’Orleans, we will say nothing; but the reader cannot deny that it is cleverly presented and dramatically conceived. *Ex uno discit omnes*: there are abundance of such scenes in Dumas’ writings, and we close this paper with this recognition of the indubitable merits which, in spite of all drawbacks, make Alexandre Dumas one of the most popular writers of the day.

**ART. X.** (1.) *Chemistry, Meteorology, and the Function of Digestion, considered with Reference to Natural Theology.* By WILLIAM PROUT, M.D., F.R.S., Fellow of the Royal College of Physicians. Third Edition. London, 1845.

(2.) *Actonian Prize Essay. Chemistry as exemplifying the Wisdom and Beneficence of God.* By George Fownes, Ph. D., Professor of Practical Chemistry, University College, London. London: John Churchill. 1844.

THE recent appearance of a new edition of Dr. Prout’s ‘Bridge-water Treatise,’ and the publication, not long before, of the ‘Actonian Prize Essay,’ induce us to think that the present is not an unsuitable occasion for showing that chemistry is not behind the other physical sciences in rendering service to natural theology. It is not likely that for some time we shall see a new discussion of chemistry in this relation, nor shall we readily find more accomplished chemists than the authors of the works placed at the head of our article. Dr. Prout is one

of the most distinguished of our senior chemists, and Professor Fownes one of the ablest of the juniors. The former furnishes the results of the investigations and meditations of years; the latter, himself an original observer, brings to the discussion an accurate acquaintance with the most recent discoveries. Both are able writers, but their works are much more valuable as treatises on chemistry, than as discussions of its bearing on theology. On this we shall have somewhat more to say, further on, but meanwhile, we propose, without subjecting these works to detailed criticism, to endeavour to give our readers some conception of the way in which chemistry assists, as well as perplexes, natural theology.

An argument of a twofold kind is deducible from chemistry, in proof of the existence of a great Designer and an Omniscient Chemist. In its one aspect, it considers matter as displaying the characters of what, for want of a more dignified and equally appropriate term, we must call a 'manufactured article.' In this respect, it seeks to show, that the properties of chemical substances are regulated by laws most uniform, most simple, and harmonious; and proceeds thereafter to infer that there must have been an Author of all this uniformity, simplicity, and harmony; and that these are reflections of similar attributes of his own being. The scope of this argument excludes entirely from notice any relation which may subsist between the properties of chemical substances and the welfare of living beings whose bodies are fashioned out of them, and whose life may be compatible only with the properties which are found to exist. It professes, from a consideration of the qualities of matter, apart from all uses to which that matter may be put, to show that it owes its existence and attributes to the will of a Great Creator, and that it proves him to be 'excellent in counsel, and wonderful in working.' Into this, which is the more limited and more difficult part of the chemical argument for a God, we do not propose, on this occasion, to enter. It would require an amount of space in the mere enunciation of the purely physical facts, on which the theological argument should afterwards be founded, such as we cannot at present command. Nor could the discussion be easily made to run so, that the great mass of our readers should follow it with pleasure, and leave it with profit. We shall not, accordingly, pursue it at all.

The other and more familiar form of the argument from chemistry for the existence of a Creator, is that which considers this science not as complete in itself for that purpose, or as

sufficient, when taken alone, to supply proof that there is a God; but as acquiring significance for that end only when taken in connexion with the living beings (plants, animals, and men) which are indebted to it for the elements of their frames, and beholden to it for the maintenance of those functions, the arrestment of which brings life at once to a close.

The atmosphere, for example, which we shall select as the text whcreon to discuss the limits and kind of assistance which chemistry lends to natural theology, is a mixture of oxygen, nitrogen, carbonic acid, water-vapour, and ammonia, which, considered in itself, would not be looked upon by most persons as good or bad, as directly supplying evidence of the absence or the presence of design. But when we consider it in connexion with the fact, that every living being on the dry land is bathed in it, and lives on it, and by it, and that those that are in the sea drink it in, dissolved in the element in which they live, then certain conclusions force themselves upon us, concerning the cause why it proves so exactly suited to the necessities of all the animated beings for whom it is the breath of life.

With a view to put the question before us in the clearest light, we shall suppose that it had pleased God, after creating and fashioning this globe, and fitting it for the residence of living beings, to have himself abstained from adding to it an atmosphere, but, as a mark of favour, to have commissioned one of his angels to do so. Let this angel be further supposed to have been a most accomplished anatomist, botanist, physiologist, and chemist, and to have had the chemical elements and their compounds entirely at his command, so as to have been free to make any use of them he pleased.

To our angel philosopher the following task is assigned:— To furnish an atmosphere fitted to maintain in full vigour the life and health both of plants and animals. This atmosphere must, further, be of such a nature that neither class of living beings shall impair its suitableness for the other, but, contrariwise, shall be a powerful means of preserving it in a salubrious state for the opposite class: the plant constantly adding to it food for the animal, the animal constantly supplying food for the plant. Moreover, it must be as nearly as possible quite uniform in composition, and as pure in one direction as in another, and must contain within itself a power of self-purification, so as to be able to remove or destroy all substances injurious to animal or vegetable life, which may find their way into it. This much settled, our angel proceeds to work in the selection of ingredients for an atmosphere. In the first place, he is aware that neither plants nor animals can live or grow for any length

of time in darkness, but must be exposed (speaking generally) for at least some twelve out of every twenty-four hours to the influence of light. No dark-coloured gas, then, which would absorb and extinguish the sun's rays in their passage towards the earth, can be admissible as a permanent constituent of the air. The ruddy-brown nitrous acid and bromine, accordingly, the purple-vapoured iodine, and yellowish green chlorine, are all, on account of their colour, even if not otherwise objectionable, quite out of the question.

In the second place, the gas must be tasteless and inodorous; for neither plants nor animals can exist, unless for a short period, in any of the odorous or sapid gases. Chlorine, bromine, iodine, and nitrous acid are on this account again excluded; and so are all the gases, simple and compound, excepting oxygen, nitrogen, hydrogen, and perhaps some of the compounds of carbon and hydrogen.

In the third place, the gas or gases of the atmosphere must possess a considerable solubility in water and saline aqueous solutions, for they must be able to become liquid in the blood to produce certain changes there; and to dissolve in lakes, rivers, and the sea, so as to maintain the respiration of the animals living in them. On the ground, then, of their sparing solubility, nitrogen, hydrogen, and carbonic oxide must be excluded. On the other hand, the solubility must not be very great, otherwise the blood will be supersaturated, and prove too exciting, and the bodies of water on the surface of the earth will dissolve too much, and thereby come to be hurtful to their inhabitants, whilst they rob the atmosphere of too large a portion of its vital ingredients. On this account, then, as well as on others, chlorine, bromine, nitrous acid, carbonic acid, and nitrous oxide must all be excluded.

In the fourth place, (not to enumerate at too great length the qualities desirable in a respirable elastic fluid,) the gas or gases to be breathed by animals must be able to unite with carbon and hydrogen, and to evolve heat in so doing, otherwise, although the other conditions of life were present, the animal would perish from cold.

Upon reflection, it would soon be apparent to our angelic chemist, that of all the gases, simple or compound, there was but one that possessed the necessary properties—namely, oxygen. The other gases, moreover, would be excluded by him, not because they were deficient in single serviceable qualities, but because each one of them was, on several grounds, quite inadmissible.

Thus, chlorine, bromine, iodine, and nitrous acid possess

colour, odour, taste; are too soluble in water; cannot combine with carbon; and, in addition, are deadly poisons. Carbonic acid and sulphuretted hydrogen, with the exception of colour, have all the noxious qualities of those gases also. Hydrogen, the carburetted hydrogens, and carbonic oxide, are too sparingly soluble, and cannot unite with carbon and hydrogen; carbonic oxide, moreover, is a poison, and all have the serious objection of being combustible in oxygen. Of all the gases, there is but one that can for a moment be compared with oxygen—viz., nitrous oxide, or laughing gas. It has the objection, however, of having both an odour and a taste, and of being exceedingly soluble in water and in saline solutions. But what is worst of all, though it may be respired for a short time, not only without inconvenience, but even with pleasure, its continued inspiration occasions violent excitement, and ultimately death.

It appears, then, that oxygen is the only gas which will serve to maintain the life of animals. It is transparent, colourless, tasteless, and inodorous; has a medium solubility in liquids; combines with carbon and hydrogen, and evolves heat in so doing. We may suppose our angel, accordingly, (whom we assume to be an accomplished philosopher, but ~~not an omniscient one,~~) proposing, in the first place, to construct his atmosphere, so far as animals were concerned, entirely of oxygen. But on making trial of it, he finds that, if taken alone, it proves too stimulating. The actions of the body go on with undesirable rapidity; much more heat is evolved than the animal requires, it passes into a state of excitement and fever, and if allowed to breathe the undiluted gas, speedily perishes. The indispensable oxygen, then, must be diluted to the strength proper for animal respiration, by some bland, innocuous gas; and there cannot be a moment's hesitation as to where that gas will be found. The colourless, tasteless, inodorous, scarcely soluble, incombustible, negative nitrogen is clearly the diluent required; and we may suppose a series of trials leading our angelic atmosphere-maker to the conclusion, that, though the proportions might vary to some slight extent, in the one direction or the other, without causing the immediate destruction of animals, sustained life was compatible only with the respirable mixture containing four-fifths by volume of nitrogen, and one-fifth of oxygen. Animals in lakes, rivers, and the sea, having cold blood and a sluggish circulation, may have more oxygen than those breathing air by lungs, but it is not necessary to make a special additional provision for them, as it is secured by the circumstance that oxygen dissolves in water to a greater amount than nitrogen does. Water-animals are

by this simple device, supplied with a more oxygenated air, suited to their peculiar condition.

It may here be asked by some thoughtful person, if nitrogen plays no other part in reference to animal respiration than to dilute oxygen, might not the same end have been equally well gained by diminishing the respiratory organs of animals, so as to have had them four times smaller in capacity than they are? They would then have been filled at each inspiration, with one-fifth of the volume of air which at present enters them, so that the atmosphere might have consisted entirely of oxygen. In reference to such a suggestion we would observe, in the first place, that we have no right to assume that nitrogen is of no use to an animal, merely because we cannot show that it is of service; and secondly, that such is the balance of organs in a living creature, that the dimensions of one could not be altered without requiring an alteration in the size or capacity of all. If we alter the lungs, we must alter the heart, the blood-vessels, the nerves,—indeed, the whole animal. Now, without entering into minute discussion, we may suppose, that on the whole, even so far as the animal alone is concerned, it might be better to dilute the oxygen by a negative gas, and so maintain the bulk of the animal considerable, than to give it undiluted oxygen ~~to~~ breathe, at the expense of dwarfing and altering its whole organism. Moreover, we are not entitled to assume, that oxygen given alone, would have the same effect as that gas mingled with four times its volume of nitrogen. In all probability, it would not. We are not called upon, however, to enter into these discussions, but are entitled, on the other hand, to protest against any such suggestions being made as we have for a moment turned aside to consider. In such an argument as the one we are pursuing, we must either accept the animal as we find it, and consider whether or not the constitution of the atmosphere harmonizes with its necessities, or accept the atmosphere as it is, and ask whether the animal is so constructed as to live within it. We are at present, however, discussing the subject solely as chemists: it is quite competent for us to suggest, if we can, improvements on the atmosphere, but we are not at liberty to change the structure of the animal.

Neither, perhaps, is it impossible to indicate positive benefits which flow to all nature from the presence of nitrogen in the atmosphere. We would venture to suggest, in the face of those constant declarations, that no use can be found for it,—that it was necessary for the welfare of animated beings that the mass of the atmosphere should be considerable, and this for many reasons; among the rest for these three:—

First—Because the vicissitudes of temperature at the earth's surface would be much greater than they are, and, in truth, would be incompatible with life, if there were no atmosphere to temper the extreme alternations of heat and cold, which would occur on a naked globe. Our atmosphere equalizes, more or less, the temperature of the earth, as in small islands like Madeira, lying far out in the ocean, the climate is rendered equable by the mass of water surrounding it, which cools it in summer and warms it in winter. We do not desire to affirm, that it was necessary that our atmosphere should have neither more nor less than the bulk it possesses, in order to temper our climate. It would be very difficult to find data from which to decide positively on this point. All that we say is, that it was requisite the volume of air should be considerable.

Secondly—A mass of atmosphere was necessary, that there might be considerable refraction of the solar rays, and a corresponding scattering and diffusion of the light, heat, and other agencies of the sunbeam; otherwise, certain essential conditions of animal and vegetable life would not be fulfilled.

Thirdly—A large volume of air was required, in order that great winds might be produced in it, by the rarefying action of the sun's rays, and the revolution of the globe round its axis. We need not stop to remind the reader how these winds bring us clouds, and carry them away, waft us fertilizing showers, and when they are too abundant, sweep the earth dry again: how they plough up the deep, and refresh all living things there; how they transport man and other animals over the sea, and in a thousand other ways are ministers of good.

Now, it would have been (so to speak) a waste of force to have made the mass of the air of a gas having powerful chemical affinities, seeing that these are not needed; an inert, elastic fluid, susceptible of vibrations and undulations, being all that is required. This, however, is to say too little; any of the readily combining gases would have been positively prejudicial. We have already seen that the air could not have had its volume increased by addition of oxygen, for that would have poisoned the animals. Moreover, it would have corroded the rocks at the earth's surface; oxidized every oxidable body; and wasted all things. To the other elastic fluids still greater objections apply. No gas would do half so well as nitrogen, for increasing the mass of our air without altering its properties otherwise than by dilution. What water is among liquids, in blandness, neutrality, and indifference, nitrogen is among gases.

On the whole, then, we may suppose our angel-chemist, after such a balancing of considerations as we have been discussing, and not being at liberty to alter the constitution of the animal,

satisfying himself that the best possible atmosphere he could mingle for sentient living beings would be one consisting chiefly of nitrogen, and with a fifth of its volume of oxygen.

Having, then, provided for the welfare of the animal, our angel turns to the plant. It appears that the latter requires, speaking generally, four substances to maintain its growth; namely, certain inorganic salts, which, in general, it obtains from the soil; water, ammonia, and carbonic acid, which it looks for, from the atmosphere. Supplied with these, it asks no other food, whether moss or oak-tree, but with its wonderful and quite inimitable chemistry, transmutes them into hard wood, green leaves, and beautiful flowers.

A certain proportion of water-vapour, then, (which, in truth, is as necessary for the animal as for the plant,) must be added to the atmosphere; likewise carbonic acid and ammonia. The quantity of the two latter will be determined by the number of the plants which are to grow at the same time on the surface of the earth. Let us in the meanwhile, however, not to complicate the problem, suppose the question of quantity left out of sight, and be content with an atmosphere, in which a certain unspecified number of plants and animals may live together.

It remains to ascertain that neither class of living beings shall injure the atmosphere for the other. The problem, however, is found to solve itself.

The oxygen which the animal breathes, it converts into carbonic acid, and water, and returns as such to the atmosphere. These the plant appropriates, disposing of the water to suit its own exigencies, making no use of the carbonic acid during darkness, when it sleeps, but drinking it in at every pore as soon as daylight awakes it, taking from it its carbon, and returning its oxygen to the air. There is no accumulation, then, of carbonic acid in the atmosphere, which would kill the animal, for the plant destroys it as fast as it forms. Neither is there accumulation of oxygen, which would ultimately slay both plant and animal, for the latter consumes that gas as quickly as the former supplies it. As for the ammonia, no additional device is needed to furnish it for the plant. The animal supplies it, as well as, in part, the carbonic acid. During life, the animal is evolving ammonia, which reaches the atmosphere, and nourishes the plant; and when the former dies, in return for feeding, directly or indirectly, on the vegetable during life, it leaves it a legacy of its flesh, blood, and bones, converts itself into carbonic acid, water, and ammonia, and leaving its inorganic salts in the soil, to be appropriated by the roots of the plant, ascends into the air, and feeds it through its leaves.

All this our angel foresees, and also that there shall not only

be a constant mutual dependence between plants and animals, but likewise a balance as to relative numbers. For, if the plants shall strive to outgrow the animals, they will be stopped by a deficiency of carbonic acid and ammonia to maintain them; and if the animals shall seek to outstrip the plants in number, they will be poisoned by the accumulation of carbonic acid and the deficiency of oxygen. Each class, then, of living beings will control the other, and maintain its own privileges.

As to further provisions for maintaining the purity of the atmosphere, it appears, on reflection, that none are needed. If any organic bodies are carried up into it, being compounds of carbon, oxygen, hydrogen, and nitrogen, and all oxidable, they will be converted into carbonic acid, water, and ammonia, and do service instead of harm. If any soluble inorganic bodies find their way into the air, they will be carried down again to the earth by the rain when it falls. And insoluble inorganic substances, being none of them volatile, cannot be raised into the atmosphere.

All this, then, being foreseen, we may suppose our angel-atmosphere-maker about to mingle the ingredients we have named, when it suddenly occurs to him that such a mixture as he proposes to make, will not remain homogeneously mingled, however thoroughly its ingredients may be at first incorporated.

With the properties of individual gases he is fully acquainted, but not with all their actions on each other. He knows, however, that all kinds of matter obey the law of gravitation, and that liquids which do not act chemically on each other, arrange themselves according to their relative densities. If it should be so with gases—and why should it not?—what will become of his atmosphere? The carbonic acid will descend dry, and poison the parched up plants and animals. The oxygen will float in a layer above it, the nitrogen above that, and far out of sight, the watery vapour will form an encircling zone, above which any stray hydrogen, or other light gases, which are thrown into the air, will arrange themselves in thin concentric spheres. In such an atmosphere, not to mention other peculiarities, every object on the earth's surface which reflected light, would be mirrored in fantastic images, like those of the mirage and the *fata morgana*, at the lines where the different strata meet.

All the goodly chemical contrivance already recorded seems likely, then, to go for nothing. The problem proposed to our angel he cannot solve, with the data which we have supposed furnished to him, and he returns to the great Creator, to confess, that whilst that universal law of gravitation relentlessly rules all things, he must be foiled in every attempt to clothe the earth with a respirable atmosphere.

The reply of the Author of all things we may suppose to be, that the law of gravitation, though wide in its bearings, is not universal, but can be suspended or overruled by other laws, when its operation is inconvenient or hurtful to the creatures who live under its influence ; and that its action being prejudicial in the circumstances supposed, another law takes its place. Our angel is instructed, that though gases gravitate like other forms of matter, and exhibit greater differences among their relative weights than either solids or liquids do, nevertheless, when they meet, each acts as a void or vacuum to the other, and they intermingle completely : so that not only will any number of elastic fluids, if once mixed, remain homogeneously mingled, but every gas or gaseous mixture possesses a power of diffusing equally through itself any new gas added to it. The problem of a respirable atmosphere is now solved : and here we may bid farewell to our angel, and descend to breathe the air provided for us. Perhaps we have made too much of him, but there seemed something unnatural in assigning the task of atmosphere-making to a mortal, who both had an interest in its construction, and who, moreover, must have been miraculously preserved till that atmosphere was furnished for him.

How beautifully that property of interdiffusiveness among elastic fluids, comes in to crown and complete the other beneficial qualities of the atmospheric gases, will now be apparent. Every chemist who has written on his science as supplying proof of design, has dwelt long and lovingly on this law. We do so likewise, because the idea of a great Designer is never so fully brought out by physical science, as when a law permitted up to a certain point to rule without let or exception, is all at once suspended, and its place supplied by another. The example in the case before us, is the more instructive that the force overruled is the most universal of all known physical influences—that, namely, of gravitation. In general, science deals only with forces and powers, and carries us, at best, back to a great first *cause* ; but here, if anywhere in the circle of her dominions, we seem, if but for a moment and dimly, to catch something like a glimpse of a personal God, saying to one law, ‘ hither shalt thou come, but no further, and here shall thy power be stayed,’ and calling for another that was not, and it is, and all nature acknowledges a new rule.

We would pause, then, for a moment, to point out a little more fully than we have yet done, how beautifully this force or law of gaseous diffusion works in nature.

It may seem at first sight, as if the law were an almost unnecessary provision ; for the winds, it may be said, would

intermingle the gases, and sweep away carbonic acid, for example, from the places where it was generated, and the currents occasioned by combustion would carry off that produced by fire. Moreover, it may be urged, that this poisonous gas would not accumulate in the air, for the sea and other waters would dissolve it, and remove it from the atmosphere; and even if it did collect there, the mass of air is so great, that all the carbonic acid produced in a century would not sensibly deteriorate it.

Without entering into minute discussion on these statements, it may suffice to say, that to maintain the atmosphere uniform in composition by the action of winds, would require tremendous hurricanes to sweep in every direction through it, and even the fiercest winds would only effect a most imperfect mixture. The currents occasioned by combustion would carry the noxious gases but a very short way, and would soon let them fall. Solution of the carbonic acid in the sea would kill all the living creatures there; and although it is true that the impurities added to the atmosphere are very small in quantity compared with its mass, it is equally true that they would prove most destructive to life, if not diluted through its entire volume: and without the law of diffusion no such dilution could occur. Even if all the forces we have supposed able to supplant diffusion were at work, they would in many cases utterly fail to ward off evil. A solitary sleeper in a confined chamber, could gain nothing from the winds, or thermo-currents, or the far off sea. The carbonic acid from his lungs gathering heavy round his head, would soon steal away his senses. His breath would be to him the breath of death, and his first sleep his last. As it is, though we were inhabitants of an atmosphere as motionless as that in which the Ancient Mariner and his crew lay becalmed, and not one breath of wind stirred the still air, yet this silent and resistless force would lift up as on wings the heaviest gas, and send it to the limit of the atmosphere; and make the lightest descend like a shot bird, even to the very bottom of the deepest mine.

Few, perhaps, of our readers have considered how, but for this force, rain and dew would long ago have ceased to fall, and the green earth have been parched and dried up like a desert. 'All the rivers run, into the sea, yet is the sea not full. From the place whence the rivers came, thither they return again.' And why is it so? even because this force of diffusion, when assisted by the sun, is able to lift up the ocean itself, and to make it thin air.

We have all watched with delight a drop of dew lying in the

cup of a flower; but few marvel at the fact, that that little drop returns to the air whence it came. Why should it not lie in its flower-cup for ever? A pearl lies at the bottom of the sea, and makes no effort to float up to the surface; and yet the difference in density between the pearl and the sea, is much less than that between the dew-drop and the air. A globule of quicksilver let fall into the ocean rests in its bed for ever, yet it is only some eleven times heavier than the water above it. The dew-drop is 815 times more dense than the air, and there are hundreds of tons of the latter pressing on it; but no sooner does the sun arise, than it brightens and exhales to heaven. It bounds up like a bird into the blue sky. The air opens its arms for it, and lifts it into its bosom, and by and by spreads it from pole to pole, and it encircles the world.

The atmosphere thus solicits and encourages—nay, compels the rise of vapour, and keeps undiminished an embryo store of refreshing dews and warm showers for the earth, and so it ever holds good that ‘the clouds come after the rain.’

One last reference to this law. But for it, all other contrivances for maintaining the life of animals would have totally failed to secure that end, for respiration would have been impossible. To sentient beings, the atmosphere would have been as useless as the most dainty and nutritious food is to one who has not the power to swallow. There is this perplexing problem to be solved in the case of respiration. An animal has not two sets of air-tubes, as it has two kinds of blood-vessels, along one of which (the arteries) the blood goes, whilst by the other (the veins) it returns. There is only one windpipe in animals, by which the oxygen may travel to reach the blood, and the carbonic acid return to reach the air. By the same channel we must constantly cause two counter or reverse currents to pass: a stream of oxygen from the outer air to dissolve in the blood; a stream of carbonic acid from the blood to dissipate into the air. The breathing tube of an animal is thus like a railway tunnel, through which trains are constantly passing in opposite directions, and yet there is but one pair of rails.

There is no mechanical or vital device for effecting the transference of the opposing aerial currents; no living alternating pump like the heart, which should this moment suck oxygen into the blood, and the next moment suck carbonic acid out of it. The muscles of the chest, by their action, alternately fill and empty the larger wind-tubes, or what we may call the lobbies of the air-galleries. It is only in the narrow passages and distant corridors, that the blood and air meet and act on each other. There, however, the pantings and heavings of the chest

have no direct effect in filling or emptying the air channels. It is all occasioned by the power of diffusion. The issuing carbonic acid acts like a vacuum to the entering oxygen, or at most, neither gas resists the passage of the other, more than the pebbles in the bed of a stream do the water flowing over them. They glide past each other, impelled by an irresistible force, which obliges them to change places, so that a certain volume of the one cannot by possibility travel in one direction, without permitting, nay, without compelling, a certain volume of the other to pass in the opposite one. The gases entering and leaving the blood are like weights hanging at opposite ends of a string suspended over a pulley, or like the buckets in a well. The one cannot sink without causing the other to ascend, or either move in one way, without causing the other to move in the reverse one. There are animals in which the air-tubes are as rigid as iron, so that they cannot expand or contract to carry air to or from the blood. In these the force of diffusion alone maintains respiration, but without that force it could not go on in any class of terrestrial beings. So much for this wonderful law.

The analytical method we have followed in studying the chemistry of the atmosphere, has had the necessary disadvantage of compelling us to pursue it bit by bit, and, as it were, piecemeal. We must now try to conceive of the atmosphere as a whole, and to realize clearly the idea of its unity. And what a whole! what a unity it is! It possesses properties so wonderful, and so dissimilar, that we are slow to believe that they can exist together. It rises above us with its cathedral dome, arching towards that heaven of which it is the most familiar synonyme and symbol. It floats around us like that grand object which the Apostle John saw in his visions—"a sea of glass like unto crystal." So massive is it, that when it begins to stir, it tosses about great ships like playthings, and sweeps cities and forests, like snowflakes, to destruction before it. And yet it is so mobile, that we have lived years in it before we can be persuaded that it exists at all, and the great bulk of mankind never realize the truth that they are bathed in an ocean of air. Its weight is so enormous, that iron shivers before it like glass; yet a soap-bell sails through it with impunity, and the tiniest insect waves it aside with its wing.

It ministers lavishly to all the senses. We touch it not, but it touches us. Its warm south winds bring back colour to the pale face of the invalid; its cool west winds refresh the fevered brow and make the blood mantle in our cheeks; even its north blasts brace into new vigour the hardened children of our rugged clime. The eye is indebted to it for all the magnificence of

sunrise, the full brightness of mid-day, the chastened radiance of the gloamin, and the ‘clouds that cradle near the setting sun.’ But for it, the rainbow would want its ‘triumphal arch,’ and the winds would not send their fleecy messengers on errands round the heavens. The cold ether would not shed its snow-feathers on the earth, nor would drops of dew gather on the flowers. The kindly rain would never fall, nor hailstorm, nor fog diversify the face of the sky. Our naked globe would turn its tanned and unshadowed forehead to the sun, and one dreary, monotonous blaze of light and heat dazzle and burn up all things. Were there no atmosphere, the evening sun would in a moment set, and, without warning, plunge the earth in darkness. But the air keeps in her hand a sheaf of his rays, and lets them slip but slowly through her fingers: so that the shadows of evening gather by degrees, and the flowers have time to bow their heads; and each creature space to find a place of rest, and to nestle to repose. In the morning, the garish sun would at one bound burst from the bosom of night, and blaze above the horizon: but the air watches for his coming, and sends at first but one little ray to announce his approach, and then another, and by and by a handful, and so gently draws aside the curtains of night, and slowly lets the light fall on the face of the sleeping earth, till her eyelids open, and, like man, she goeth forth again to her labour till the evening.

To the ear it brings all the sounds that pulsate through it. The grave eloquence of men; the sweet songs and happy laughter of women; the prayers and the praises which they utter to God; the joyous carols of birds; the hum of insect wings; the whisper of the winds when they breathe gently, and their laughter and wild choruses when they shriek in their wrath; the plashing of fountains; the murmur of rivers; the roaring of cataracts; the rustling of forests; the trumpet-note of the thunder; and the deep solemn voice of the everlasting sea. Had there been no atmosphere, melody nor harmony would not have been, nor any music. The earth might have made signs to the eye, like one bereft of speech, and have muttered from her depths inarticulate sounds, but nature would have been voiceless, and we should have gazed only on shores ‘where all was dumb.’ To the last of the senses the air is not less bountiful than to the others. It gathers to itself all perfumes and fragrance; from bean-fields in flower, and meadows of new-mown hay; from hills covered with wild thyme, and gardens of roses. The breezes, those ‘heavy-winged thieves,’ waft them hither and thither, and the sweet south wind ‘breathes upon banks of violets, stealing and giving odour.’

Such is a faint outline of the atmosphere. The sea has been called the pathway of the nations, but it is a barrier as well as a bond between them. It is only the girdling and encircling air which flows above and around all, that makes the ‘whole world kin.’ The carbonic acid with which our breathing fills the air, to-morrow will be speeding north and south, and striving to make the tour of the world. The date trees that grow round the fountains of the Nile will drink it in by their leaves; the cedars of Lebanon will take of it, to add to their stature; the cocoa-nuts of Tahiti will grow riper upon it; and the palms and bananas of Japan change it into flowers.

The oxygen we are breathing, was distilled for us some short time ago by the magnolias of the Susquehanna, and the great trees that skirt the Orinoco and the Amazon. The giant rhododendrons of the Himmalayahs contributed to it, the roses and myrtles of Cashmere, the cinnamon-trees of Ceylon, and forests older than the flood buried deep in the heart of Africa, far behind the Mountains of the Moon.

The rain which we see descending was thawed for us out of icebergs which have watched the pole-star for ages; and lotus lilies sucked up from the Nile and exhaled as vapour the snows that are lying on the tops of our hills.

The earth is our mother, and bears us in her arms: but the air is our foster-mother, and nurses each one. Men of all kindreds, and peoples, and nations, four-footed beasts and creeping things, fowls of the air and whales of the sea, old trees of the forest, mosses wreathed upon boughs, and lichens crumbling on stones, drink at the same perennial fount of life which flows freely for all. Nursed at the same breast, we are of one family—plants, animals, and men; and God’s ‘tender mercies are over us all.’ Must we strive, by rule of logic and absolute demonstration, to shut up each reader into a corner, and compel him to acknowledge that the atmosphere was not self-created, but was made by Him ‘who stretcheth out the heavens as a curtain, and spreadeth them out as a tent to dwell in.’ Is there any one who can resist exclaiming, ‘O Lord! how manifold are thy works, in wisdom hast thou made them all?’

To utter some such exclamation will be the natural dictate of most minds. But let us put aside every attempt to take advantage of emotional feelings excited by appeal, and calmly ask ourselves what we are entitled to build upon the truths we have been learning.

If our readers have assented to the arguments which induced our imaginary atmosphere-maker to choose the constituents for an atmosphere which we have supposed him to select, they will

readily acknowledge that it is impossible not to believe that the air was mingled by a being, or by beings, perfectly acquainted with the anatomy and physiology of the plants and animals which were to breathe it and feed on it. The atmosphere, then, has not the characters of a chance compound, but all the peculiarities of a complex mixture, carefully mingled for a special object.

If, then, we acknowledge design, we imply the existence of one or more designers. We cannot take it upon us to affirm, from physical science, that there certainly was but a single designer, and not several acting in concert. We must be content with showing, or endeavouring to show, that a perfect unanimity of counsel prevailed between the maker of the plant and the maker of the animal—the creator of the sea and the author of the earth—the former of the sun and the deviser of the atmosphere, and then appeal to the love of unity in every man's breast, and ask him if that is not outraged by the cumbersome, unwieldy, and unnecessary hypothesis, that there have been many Gods, and not one employed in fashioning the globe. Let it, however, be freely acknowledged, that physical science can only prove that power, wisdom, and knowledge have been and are at work in the world. Whether they are centred in one Being, or are shared among many, is a problem it cannot undertake to solve.

On the other hand, if it shall appear that there is an *à priori* intuition in our minds of one God—if our consciences shall be found testifying to the difference between right and wrong, and connecting that distinction with a one Moral Governor—if human tradition shall be found, amidst all polytheistic expansions, to have at bottom held firm by the idea of a single Creator and Ruler of the world—if an accredited and trustworthy divine revelation shall have assured us of the unity of him who has declared that ‘the Lord our God is one Lord,’ then physical science will affirm that all creation entirely accords with such a declaration. If any one will assert that it is more probable that there were, and are, several creators and preservers of the world than that there is but one, the burden of the proof, we apprehend, lies with him.

We consider it unnecessary to enter into a formal discussion of the evidence of design, for if the array of proofs we have brought incidentally forward do not establish its existence, there must be a fallacy in the whole argument. Moreover, we take it for granted that all who are satisfied that there is design, will acknowledge there must be a designer. Either, when we see design, we infer that there must be a designer, or we are not necessitated to draw such an inference. If the latter be true,

the whole of natural theology is baseless, and it is quite as probable that the world made itself, as that God made it. We suppose, however, that we have not a single reader who doubts either the existence of design or of a designer. In truth, the argument would be worth very little, if it needed eight Bridge-water Treatises to prove that it was true. A single flower will serve as well as an atmosphere to prove design. Even a grain of sand bears unmistakeable marks of the fingers of a most exquisite artist. The marvellous thing would be, if so much as a particle of matter could be found which proclaimed itself to be formless and designless. There is none such in the universe. We should be terrified if we found one.

We suppose it, then, acknowledged that the world gives proof of wisdom, knowledge, and power having wrought, and being at work in it; and pause to ask the question, does it also show that beneficence is working there?

This is the matter which most concerns us. It is the only part of the problem which, in a moral point of view, we need be careful to answer. Knowledge, wisdom, and power are but means to an end. If they are not wielded by justice, mercy, and benevolence, or if they are guided by evil influences, the designs they work out may have no mark of goodness upon them, or even bear the stamp of utter malevolence.

What, then, is the testimony of physical science on this subject? Does it declare that un thwarted benevolence is found triumphantly working out a great scheme for securing unalloyed and perfect happiness to all under its control? If the answer is not already on our lips, it will soon be. That same atmosphere which brings summer showers, brings winter rains also; sends chilling east winds, cold frosts, and pitiless hailstorms; scatters the seeds of a thousand diseases, fans and nurses them till they ripen to death, and helps consumptions and fevers to sweep their thousands away. Its diffusive power is not more ready to intermingle the vital oxygen with the other elements of the air, than it is to carry the subtle poison of plague or cholera round the globe. But for it, miasms and malaria would confine their ravages to the spots where they originated, or at worst travel outwards on by slow and warning steps, so that men might flee from them. But to the air they are as welcome as the choicest perfumes of flowers. It will take no refusal, but adds each to itself, and every living being is compelled to drain the poisoned draught.

The air has its warm zephyrs and beneficent trade winds, but it has also its monsoons and tornadoes, its whirlwinds and hurricanes, which depopulate whole islands and sweep the earth like

besoms of destruction. It has its small rain for the tender grass; its warm mantle of snowdown to lay over the young leaves till summer shall come; its refreshing dew for the sleeping flowers: but it likewise holds in its right hand a flaming thunderbolt, with which it shatters navies to fragments, whilst it asks, in the name of God, ‘Who can thunder with a voice like him?’ How many millions of men have died of diseases of the lungs! Whilst we have been rejoicing over the exquisite adaptation of the atmosphere to the necessities of animals, and to the respiratory organs with which they are provided, hundreds of sufferers have been agonizing under the wasting pangs of consumption, not to mention other diseases. What is this? The lungs of those invalids were made to breathe air, and air was provided for them. What, then, has altogether failed and utterly gone wrong? The vital and sustaining oxygen is burning up the body, and maddening it with fever,—the bland and innocuous nitrogen is exciting fierce fits of uncontrollable coughing; each note a death knell. The water-vapour, so necessary to life, is bursting forth in clammy perspiration, swiftly stealing strength away. The bells are all ringing backwards. The instrument that once syllabled music so sweet, is jangling only discords. Are those who are tormented thus solitary sufferers, rendering the happiness of all others only the more conspicuous by the contrast they afford? All men do not die of consumption, nor of diseases of the lungs—but all die. Not one pair of lungs has yet been found, nor any kind of respiratory organ of man or animal, which has not worn out, or what is worse, has not been cut short in its working, and thrown aside like an instrument wantonly destroyed. The exception proves the rule, but there is no rule proved only by exceptions. Our argument set out by declaring that animals were made to live, and furnished with all the means of living: it ends by acknowledging that all die. It has further to admit, that scarcely one of the higher animals perishes by what we can call natural decay, or liken to the winding down, or silent cessation of the moving power of a machine. It confesses, mournfully, that there is not merely death, but likewise suffering; anguish and agony, for which physical science can show no final cause, or see any reason. To this great mystery we seek for a short space to direct the reader’s attention.

We count it a great and blameworthy defect in nearly all our recent publications on Natural Theology, that due prominence is not given to the dark as well as to the bright side of Nature. A wrong is thus done to science, to which the perplexed inquirer is sent to read a lesson which it does not teach, and to find de-

picted & character of God which it disowns. An equal wrong is done to *Revelation*, which is made to appear as if it gave a less perfect account of the Almighty than Nature does, and did not proclaim him the infinitely benevolent being which his works show him to be. It seems to us, therefore, a plain and imperative duty to illustrate, by one or two examples, the extent to which chemistry reveals evil as well as good in the world, and thereafter to consider, very cursorily, how far the existence of that evil modifies our views of the benevolence of God. We rejoice to have an opportunity of disavowing the practice so common among recent authors, of slurring over the difficulties of natural theology. Some of them write and speak as if there were absolutely none. Professor Fownes, for example, in his ‘Actonian Prize Essay,’ carries us through a succession of proofs of benevolence, and scarcely halts for a moment to hint that there is so much as the shadow of a ground for suspecting that this benevolence ever fails, or seems to fail, in its purpose. He appears to have considered, perhaps naturally enough, that the prize was to be given for adducing proofs of kindly design, and to have studiously omitted all reference to anything pointing the opposite way. One of his concluding advices to his reader is, to consider himself in the hands ‘of a Being of *unmixed and unbounded* benevolence.’ (‘Act. Essay,’ p. 158.)

Others, who have discussed the same question, have lingered but for a moment over the difficulties of their argument, thankful if they could only suggest some most improbable explanation, and pass on to more tractable topics. Dr. Prout, for example, in his ‘Bridgewater Treatise,’ arrests for a moment his exposition of beneficence, to ask what the evil in nature, real or apparent, means. All, however, that he can offer in the way of explanation on the subject is to ask, ‘Who can say that ‘the minor evil may not have been essential to the greater good?’ ‘That the poisonous metals, for instance, are not as it were ‘the refuse of the great chemical processes by which the more ‘important principles of nature have been eliminated?’ It is important to notice what Dr. Prout’s argument is. According to him, the poisonous substances in nature are the refuse of the processes by which our world was made; and are as necessarily present in it, as dross, and slags, and scoriæ accompany the manufacture of a steam-engine, or other similar machine. The argument, unfortunately, if it prove anything, proves a great deal too much. There is not one of the metals which does not yield several compounds, which even in moderate quantity are poisonous both to plants and animals; the greater number, after

combination with the other elements, are deadly poisons. If poisonousness, then, be the mark or sign of a body being refuse, every one of the metals stands in this predicament; and from gold to iron, each must be looked upon as bearing no stamp of design upon it. Now, the metals are the most abundant chemical elements, 46 out of the 60 being metallic, so that at one stroke, Dr. Prout brands more than two-thirds of simple chemical substances as refuse matter. The remaining 14 non-metallic elements can as ill bide the test, as the metallic ones could. Five of them, chlorine, bromine, iodine, fluorine, and phosphorus, are more powerful poisons than any metal. In truth, there is not one of the metals of itself poisonous, not even arsenic, mercury, or copper. It is not till they enter into combination with some non-metallic substance that they become deadly; and no body is more effectual in rendering them so, than that life-sustaining oxygen which Dr. Prout has specially referred to, as showing marks of beneficent design.

The last nine elements, oxygen, hydrogen, nitrogen, carbon, boron, silicon, sulphur, selenium, and tellurium, are not poisonous uncombined. Every one of them, however, forms destructive compounds with the metals; in which it is to be observed, that the non-metallic body is as much concerned in conferring the character of noxiousness to vegetable and animal life, as the metallic element is. The poison, arsenious acid, for example, is a compound of the metal arsenic and of oxygen, neither of which is singly poisonous. The deadliness of the resulting body is as much owing to the oxygen as to the arsenic; and so with similar compounds. Moreover, oxygen, hydrogen, nitrogen, and carbon, the characteristic elements of plants and animals, have only to unite with each other to form compounds much more deadly than any mineral poisons. Thus, the chief constituents of air, nitrogen and oxygen, combine to form the corrosive nitric acid. Carbon, nitrogen, and hydrogen make up the most terrible of all poisons—prussic acid; and these are not solitary cases, for the same elements form, by interunion, many other compounds scarcely less deadly.

On inquiry, then, it appears that every chemical element is originally, or becomes by combination, a poison; and as the globe, including its inhabitants, consists solely of poisons, our world is nothing but refuse. When our poet declared of Nature that—

‘Her prentice han’ she tried on man,  
And then she made the lasses,’

every one admired the beauty of the thought. But who ever expected to be told, by way of proving that God was beneficent,

that the Creator had served an apprenticeship to world-making, and that, too, to so little purpose, that he failed in the manufacture of the globe we inhabit? One can only forgive the folly, not to say profanity, of the thought, by believing that the author did not see whither his argument led. In truth, he appears scarcely to have uttered it before he became ashamed of his opinion, for he immediately asks if it be not possible ‘that these ‘poisonous principles have not been left with such subdued ‘properties as scarcely to interfere with His [God’s] great de-‘sign,—not because they could not have been prevented—not ‘because they could not have been removed—but on purpose ‘and designedly to display his power?’

It is the absence of anything like a resolute attempt to look this great problem of physical evil in the face, that renders our Bridgewater Treatises so little valuable as works on natural theology. We except entirely from this charge Dr. Chalmers’ beautiful volume, which has none of that appearance of being written to order, so unpleasantly evident in some of the others; and we fully acknowledge the value they all possess as scientific treatises. But to prove design, and even benevolent design, is not enough; neither is much elaborate argument necessary to establish its existence. The great mass of mankind are perfectly willing to acknowledge, and to believe, that feet were made for walking, teeth for mastication, and eyes for vision. It is an easy task for an author to prove that these organs were intended for the purposes specified, when he is addressing readers who have all their lives taken for granted that such were the uses they were intended to serve. Let all thanks and honour, notwithstanding, be given to the accomplished men of science who have with so much skill and patience investigated, and rendered intelligible to every reader, the exquisite devices and arrangements with which nature is full; even if they have done no more than illustrate a familiar argument, and justify an anticipated and foregone conclusion. At the same time, however, we are surely entitled to ask, at the hands of those who engage to prove to us that nature is the sum of innumerable contrivances for securing health, happiness, and life, why it is that disease, agony, and death reign ultimately supreme, and vanquish their opposites?—do these latter flow from the same source as the former?—are they co-ordinate and necessary parts of the system of nature?—have they always existed?—will they ever cease to be?—do they destroy the force of the argument for the benevolence of the Creator?—do they imply that evil as well as good powers have been, and are at work in the world? These and many similar questions, as it seems to us, call for

much fuller consideration than they have received at the hands of any of our later writers on natural theology. Our ultimate estimate of the value of the whole argument must be determined by the modes in which we dispose of them; and the slight and unsatisfactory way in which they are ignored, passed by, or summarily dismissed, in works otherwise so able as those to which we have been referring, is the reason, we suppose, why the Bridgewater Treatises on the physical sciences are esteemed by *men* on account of their science, not their theology, and are scarcely read by *women* at all. We count it, that had they fulfilled their purpose, it would not have been so. To intelligent and cultivated women, with their fine sense of harmony, their keen sympathy with suffering, and horror at pain, any honest and earnest attempt to account for the physical evil that is in the world, must have been acceptable, and they would not have declined to master the difficulties of chemistry, of anatomy, or geology, had these engaged to lift even a corner of the dark veil which hides God's goodness from us. But they might well forbear attempting the study of intricate and unfeminine sciences, when these promised, at the utmost, to do no more than prove that wisdom and benevolence are attributes of God—a truth which, had they ever doubted it, they could prove to themselves more pleasingly, and quite as fully, by a glance, like Milton's Eve, at their own reflected images; by the sight of a sea-shell or a summer flower, as by reference to the noxious gases of the laboratory, or to the horrors of the dissecting-room.

To a task so difficult as that of inquiring how far physical science can harmonize the evil, she brings to light, with the good, we are not about to address ourselves. We propose only to pave the way for such an inquiry, by pressing upon our readers the reality and extent of the physical evil that is in the world. Two examples of its frequency are all that our space will allow us to furnish. The first of these shall be the occurrence of chemical substances or conditions destructive to vegetable and animal life, and that in circumstances where living beings cannot avoid being destroyed by them. No one could acknowledge more willingly than we have done, that, speaking generally, living beings were made to live and to enjoy life, and that the means for securing them that enjoyment were abundantly provided. It is not the less true, however, that they are not guarded against the destructive influence of agents hostile to life, which frequently exterminate thousands at a stroke. Millions of animals have been seen lying dead at the same time on the shores of the Southern Atlantic islands; countless numbers of fishes have been known to perish at once, by the discharges of

submarine springs and volcanoes, which poison the sea for miles around ; and earthquakes, volcanoes, tempests, hurricanes, and pestilences deal destruction wholesale to those on the dry land. It has been so, not only since the beginning of the historic era, but from a much earlier period. Among the records of bygone ages, which geology has written down with her lithographic pen, and preserved for ever, are dark and constantly recurring tales of oceans full of living creatures stifled simultaneously by sudden and swift catastrophes, which gave no warning of their approach, and from the disastrous effects of which there was no escape. Nor have extinctions of this kind been limited to animals low in the scale of organization, like fishes. The giant limbs of the mammoth have not saved him from being reached by a destruction so swift and unexpected, that he has been entombed entire in ice, as flies are found encased in amber, before decay had time to make any impression on his huge carcase. The countless fossil remains of tropical animals found in our own country, appear to indicate that the temperature of our northern latitudes was once much higher than it is now, and that the change in this respect proved as destructive to animal life, as the transportation of the creatures in our equatorial regions to either of the poles would do at the present day. Geology is mournfully full of similar records.

It is not that animals die, but the mode in which they are cut off, that afflicts us. Some physiologists affirm, that no provision or necessity for death can be shown to exist in any animal, which, to all appearance, might, if not invaded from without, live for ever. But the greater number of authors, and assuredly more justly, point out that, from the instant when life commences, till its close, a series of changes is going on, which necessitates extinction of vitality. The infant is rosy and plump, with elastic cartilages, and soft, yielding blood-vessels and air-tubes ; the old man's blue veins start up, through the thin, wasted, meagre skin ; below this, all the fat that rounded off the otherwise harsh outlines of the child, has been slowly and constantly removing, to accumulate round the heart and great arteries ; the bones, once supple and yielding, have year by year been growing more brittle, till they snap through like glass ; the arteries are fast becoming rigid, bony canals, and by and by will cease to carry blood ; the grasshopper will become a burden, and the golden bowl be broken at the fountain.

These changes are independent of external violence and of disease, and show themselves in all animals. They can only obscurely, and with a certain propriety, be compared to the wearing out of any machine of man's construction ; for, in the

latter, they are the same materials weakened by long use, and worn out by friction and concussion against each other, that at length cease to move, or give way; whereas in the former, though this also is happening, there is something more going on. The body of the aged man is not that of the middle-aged one grown older, but a quite new body, constructed upon a principle of constantly decreasing mobility, and intended to go on changing and becoming less mobile, till it stop altogether. Death coming on animals in this way, would be no King of Terrors; he would be as little fearful, he would often be as welcome, as his twin-brother, Sleep. Death in such a shape would not, we think, be invested by us with positive attributes at all; it would only be *not* life.

If, in this way, we saw an animal developing from its germ, as a flower does from its seed, reaching maturity, retaining this for some time; then declining gradually; and finally, like a watch which has unwound its spring, or a clock with its weights rolled down, dying as a flower dies—its merely ceasing to exist would not necessarily excite any painful feeling or regret, especially if its death made room for a successor in the bloom of youth, and destined to go through the same series of happy and painless changes. A creature born into existence in TIME has no injustice done to it, if its life be brought to a close in time. Our own immortality is not by birthright, but by the gift of God.

But when we see a noble, beautiful animal, this moment exulting in the possession of life and strength, and drinking in with keenest zest the air and light of heaven, and the next a 'kneaded clod,' the feeling natural to us, is one of surprise and disappointment, like that with which we should witness a magnificent steam-engine, or other exquisitely-constructed machine, suddenly broken to pieces whilst executing its movements.

Every one must have felt, in slaying even a noxious, still more an innocent animal, that it was a harsh thing and a sad one to take away its life—a thing we cannot restore. Othello, besides the deeper reasons for lamenting Desdemona's death, grudged sorely the mere extinction of her beautiful animal existence, and contrasts the impossibility of reviving it with the power he had of rekindling an extinguished flame:—

‘Put out the light, and then put out the light.  
If I quench thee, thou flaming minister,  
I can again thy former light restore,  
Should I repent me;—but once put out thine  
Thou cunning’st pattern of excelling Nature,  
I know not where is that Promethean heat  
That can thy light relume.’

When this, to appearance, wanton destruction of animal life occurs not once, but many times, and is seen overtaking thousands of creatures simultaneously, and that throughout the whole period of time during which, so far as we know, life has shown itself on the globe, the conceptions we had formed of material nature as a harmoniously-adjusted system before we took cognizance of this fact, must be qualified as soon as we become aware of its existence; and either we must confess that the harmony we had assumed to exist, is liable to great and violent interruptions, or acknowledge that we must find, if that be possible, a new and perhaps unattainable standard of harmony, which shall include, and find a place for what was irreducible to the former one.

We refer at present, it will be observed, to death, not as implying pain or suffering, but simply as being in many, indeed in most cases, the sudden and unexpected stoppage of a machine, which, but for extrinsic interference, would have continued to perform its functions for a much longer period, perhaps for ever. The Bridgewater anatomist and physiologist have undertaken to prove to us that each animal is a wondrous self-sustaining piece of living mechanism, which, if not interfered with, shall, by imperceptible gradations, bring its movements to a close, and still itself to rest. The Bridgewater chemist has engaged to demonstrate that the vital steam which makes the living engine go, shall ever be supplied; that the fuel that evolves the steam, the air that burns the fuel, and the oil that lubricates the hinges, shall constantly be forthcoming, and anatomist, physiologist, and chemist together have exclaimed, as did Belshazzar's courtiers of old, O king!—O animal! 'live for ever,' when Death's spectral fingers on the wall write, 'Mene, Mene,' and the life that was to be so abiding, in one moment is gone.

It must, we think, be acknowledged that as the sudden blotting out, or extinction, of one of the planets of our system would appal and terrify us, so the extinction in its prime of even a single animal, still more of several, would, and does amaze us. It throws a dark shadow over the delight with which we had witnessed the happy movements and abounding life of the joyous creature, to see it cut off prematurely, with deep capacities of enjoyment unsatisfied, and a thousand desires unfulfilled. All the evidence previously brought forward in proof of benevolent design, and all the conviction thereby induced of beneficent purpose, only make the mystery and the sorrow the greater. When a crazy old hulk, often patched and mended, and long leaking through every seam, at length becomes water-logged

and swamped in some sluggish canal, we mourn little over its loss; but when a President steam-ship, with its gigantic engine beating like a great heart, its mighty paddles like revolving limbs, its fire-throat breathing forth smoke and flames, its wing-like sails, its busy crew, and gay and gallant company of seafarers, founders in mid ocean, who can find words for his sorrow? No sophistry, we think, of ingenious, one-sided advocates can alter this feeling. A watch, to take the famous Paley example, was made to go, to be wound up and to wind down; not to be broken to pieces. An animal appears made to exist through various phases, and finally to bring peacefully its motions to a close; not to have its life suddenly taken away, and its movements abruptly arrested.

In one way only can our feeling of grief at the failure of benevolent design be removed or appeased—namely, by evidence being adduced to show, that some higher and more comprehensive scheme of love than the one we have assumed to regulate this world, demanded the apparently non-benevolent, we will not say the malevolent, interferences which have so perplexed us. Whether any such higher scheme can wholly or in part be discovered, we shall presently consider.

Before doing so, however, it is necessary to discuss a question much more difficult, in reference to the subject before us, than the one the consideration of which we have just adjourned. Death, which is not necessarily unbenevolent, not only reigns over organic nature, but something shows itself far more anomalous in a happy world—namely, pain; and where violent death and pain go together, and are constantly manifesting themselves, the anomaly reaches its height. It awakens, and must awaken, the saddest feelings, to consider that pain appeared in this world as soon as animal life did, and that they have reigned side by side, ministering to each other and to death, not only since man was placed on the globe, but for untold centuries before.

We take this as our second example of physical evil. Death, we have seen, tramples out and effaces design. We are now to consider pain, which mocks and distorts it. It comes within the sphere of chemistry to discuss even pain, for perhaps the greatest cause of its infliction is the slaughter of one animal for food by another, and the science we are specially discussing, is perplexed to account for such an arrangement, since, according to the results of chemical analysis, carnivorous animals might have been fed otherwise, than by living on their herbivorous companions.

We have already referred to the evidence which geology

supplies of Death having triumphed throughout the early epochs of this earth's existence. The leaves of her stone book, however, have written on them, not merely records of death, but likewise of pain. The fossil fishes which abound in many of our strata, are not found stretched out in the postures of repose, which they would have assumed had they perished calmly, but like men who die in battle, with agony upon them, their bodies are thrown into violent contortions. Each has petrified its last convulsions, and like the Laocoön and the Dying Gladiator, shows its mortal throes sculptured in stone.

These immortal agonizing statues are not strange, solitary figures. We gaze with wonder at the world-famous Elgin marbles of the British Museum, and sympathize with the expressive looks of agony which the fighting Centaurs and Lapithae have worn for ages. Whatever else be observed in these beautiful works of art, he who runs may read in them a plain tale of combat and strife, a struggle for life and death, mortal blows struck, pain relentlessly inflicted, and weakness giving way before the superior strength which unsparingly smites it down. When we tear ourselves reluctantly away from these wondrous sculptures, and pass to the Geological Hall in the same museum, another set of friezes appears, older by ages, perhaps by millions of years, than those of the Parthenon; carved by a chisel far excelling that of Phidias; telling of creatures, stranger even than Centaurs, and of battles more terrible than those that have been fighting in marble for centuries between these monsters and their human foes; different as everything else is, the story, however, is the same.

The heroes of the geological bas-reliefs are ichthyosaurs, plesiosaurs, and pterodactyles, lizard-birds, gigantic crocodiles, strangely compounded and Titanic Gorgons, and chimeras dire, such as we thought could be witnessed only in nightmare dreams, till with forms more hideous than eye had seen, or ear heard of, or it had entered into the heart to conceive, we gaze on their stone effigies before us. In their lifetime, those strange beings were all of them warriors. The mortar-cap, the chiselled chain-shirt, and cross-hilted sword of a recumbent monumental figure, do not more plainly tell that below lie the bones of a soldier crusader, than the fierce jaws, great rows of dagger-like teeth, cruel fangs, sharp claws, and other accoutrements of those stone mummies, proclaim that their possessors were the Black Hussars of the pre-Adamite world, and gave no quarter. The Parthenon figures only repeat the story of the Gorgon Frieze; in the latter we as plainly read as in the former, battle and murder, strength remorselessly vanquishing weak-

ness, and the victim reaching death through the appointed stages of torture and agony.

This tale of suffering, like those dark legends which are found in every country, is repeated all over the globe. Wherever the geologist digs, he finds pain 'graven on the rock for ever.' A museum of fossil-bones is like the arsenal of a warlike nation. Weapons of destruction, teeth, claws, and horns, the swords, daggers, and spears of life militant, far outnumber toothless jaws and inoffensive mouths, the reaping-hooks and ploughshares of the peaceful herbivora.

We have referred to past, rather than to present evidences of pain, because for one thing it stands out from everything else, when taken in connexion with creatures which had not that minister of woe to them, man, to involve them in misery; because for another, the problem is every way more simple; because also, it shows that animal suffering is older than human happiness; and, lastly, because it proves what we wish to insist on in the face of all attempts to gloss the fact over—viz., that physical suffering, in relation to the lower animals, is no incidental, transient, or, as it were, interpolated thing, but that, historically, it is ingrained, and inseparably interwoven, into the whole fabric of our system.

But if we have not referred to the present, it has not assuredly been because suffering has become a dim legend, traceable only in obscure geological hieroglyphics, hidden, as it were purposely, from us in the dark recesses of the earth.

To avoid complication of the question, and the consideration of topics with which physical science cannot deal, let us put man and his sufferings aside, and look only at the lower animals, and their agonies. And as our space is limited, let a single case be selected, in evidence that pain is no forgotten pre-Adamite thing, but makes the whole creation groan and travail even now. We ask the Bridgewater natural theologian, who talks only of beneficent design, to reconcile with that beneficence this one fact, that there are myriads of animals which live only by destroying and devouring their fellows. Astronomers are familiar with a problem of great difficulty, called that of three bodies, which requires determination of the question, how will three of the heavenly bodies act and re-act on each other, in influencing and disturbing their several motions? We shall not propose so difficult a question to our Bridgewater author, but be content with requesting, at his hand, a solution of a problem of *two* bodies. It shall be this: given a carnivorous animal and the defenceless creature which it devours—to reconcile the suffering and death of the latter, with benevolence on the

part of the Creator. Our problem-solver shall not escape, as he generally does, by discussing animals singly, dwelling upon the contrivances for its welfare which each animal exhibits in the construction of its parts, and stopping there. We acknowledge that a lamb is, *per se*, as benevolently fashioned as a lion; but taken together, we ask demonstration of benevolence caring for both. If we let the lion live, he will slay the lamb. If we take away the lamb, the lion will die. The two animals are, in the language of medical prescription, incompatibles; like an acid and an alkali, they cannot exist together.

If God, as revealed in nature, be, as Professor Fownes tells us he is, ‘a being of *unmixed* benevolence,’ what is to be made of this phenomenon? It is not an exception which proves the rule, but in regard to a great number of animals, the rule which has no exception. It is not by accident, or incidentally, that a beast of prey kills: he was made to destroy. If any one doubt this, let him study the construction of one of the carnivorous animals. We shall not propose for consideration the lion, for he has a poetical credit for magnanimity, which might enlist the imagination in his favour, nor the beautiful tiger, nor the sun-loving eagle. Let us take an animal low in the scale of organization, and to which, therefore, nature might be expected to be more niggard of contrivances for its welfare, than she is to nobler creatures; and let it be one which no poet invests with imaginary virtue, nor any one regards with other feelings than those of horror. Let our example of a carnivorous animal be the shark. No author of ‘Bridgewater Treatises,’ or Actonian Prize Essayist, need ask a better evidence of beneficent design, so far as the individual animal is concerned, than the construction of the shark supplies. Its body is fashioned so as to offer the least resistance to the water though which it is to cleave its way, and enable it to move forward with a maximum velocity. Great as we are as a maritime nation, the accumulated skill of many generations has not taught us to build a vessel which can equal, or come near to, the shark in speeding through the sea. We have experimental squadrons on the waters, and read every day of one ship not being able to sail with the wind, and of another not able to beat up against it; of one failing in reefing, and another in tacking; of all being faulty in some way. Our steam-ships are constantly being taken down, to have their engines altered, their masts lengthened or shortened; their whole equipments constructed on new, but, as it often proves, on still more erroneous principles than before. Our experimental squadrons must be objects of rare diversion to the fishes in the sea. Millions of millions of sharks have swum in the ocean, but no one

has ever needed to be taken down to have his engine or heart shifted further forward or further back, or has required his paddles or screw-propellers, his fins or tail, to be adjusted at a new angle. No one of them ever misses stays, or goes upon a lee shore, or wrecks upon a rocky coast; but each, without compass, or chart, sextant or chronometer, lunar or solar observations, is his own helmsman, and stoker, pilot, and engineer, and his little living yacht leaves men-of-war behind it, and can give distance to a Transatlantic steamer, and beat her in the race.

God has been very kind to the shark. Swiftness will not serve his prey to escape from the swifter fins which wing his pursuer, like a fiery poisoned arrow, to strike through the heart of his victim. The keen nostrils of the destroyer 'scent the prey from afar,' and conduct him, with unerring certainty, through great tracts of sea, to the ship where the invalid, near to death, will soon reward him for his waiting. His great eyes are much more beautiful, in some respects, than our own. At the back of each, is a brilliant reflecting mirror, so that in the depths of the gloomy ocean, the faintest ray of light can be turned to account, and nothing but utter darkness can hide from him his prey. His teeth, in triple rows, keen-edged, like scimitars, stand like the spikes of a portcullis on his cruel jaws, and one snap of them will lop a limb away. Would our Actonian Essayist like to be the prey of this beneficently-constructed animal, or seek to taste its tender mercies? Would he be willing to thrust his limbs into the shark's jaws, and find in his mutilation and agony an evidence of unmixed benevolence?

God disowns all these pretences to prove him the author of indiscriminate benevolence. The young lions roar to him for their prey, and seek their meat from God, and are answered as certainly as the lambs which bleat gently for green pastures. To the one as well as to the other he gives its meat in due season. 'His tender mercies are over all his works.' Physical science has affected to prove what even revelation does not profess to demonstrate—viz., that God shows himself to his creatures as an indiscriminately benevolent Being. God does not. 'He maketh darkness his secret place; his pavilion around him are dark waters, and thick clouds of the skies.' 'His ways are not our ways, nor his thoughts our thoughts.'

Pain is no transient, incidental, occasional thing. It has pleased God, for purposes which physical science cannot divine, to provide for its constant infliction. One animal is commanded by its instincts not only to slay, but also to torture another. The cat does not merely kill the mouse, but is permitted to delight in its agonies. As for the explanations which Bridgewater and

other treatises have professed to give, they need not detain us long. Some tell us that it was necessary that carnivorous animals should exist. We know not how the necessity can be established. The flesh of the lion is identical with that of the lamb; there is not the slightest difference between them. The scriptural declaration that ‘all flesh is grass,’ admits of the most literal chemical interpretation. The edible plants on which herbivorous animals feed, contain not merely the elements of their bodies, but their very substance. Muscular flesh and fat, red blood, milk, and wheat-flour are the same bodies with their particles differently arranged. All that is in the one is in the other. The plant, as has been beautifully said, acts towards the animal as the hewer does to the builder—it supplies the animal with carved stones and chiselled materials, which the latter appropriates as it finds, and builds in to suit the scheme of its own edifice. The carnivorous animal finds nothing in the creature it devours, which it might not have derived from the vegetable food out of which the flesh of its prey was transmuted. For anything chemistry can show to the contrary, the lion might even now eat straw like the ox.

Again, we are told that but for the carnivorous destroyers, the herbivora would so accumulate as to become a nuisance. This, like the last declaration, is ‘a mere darkening of counsel by words without knowledge.’ Could the Almighty not have lessened the fecundity of the harmless animals, instead of increasing it, only that its fruits might be cut off violently in their very prime?—might he not have shortened the lives of the herbivora, and have brought them, after a brief and rose or butterfly-like life of happiness, gently to a close? If such modes of painlessly disposing of animals occur to us, how many more must be present to the counsels of the Almighty All-knowing God.

Lastly, some have told us that the physical scheme we are under, is such as to secure the greatest happiness to the greatest number of living creatures. It may be so; but no science can show that such is the case. It is a fond hope of the heart, not a believed truth of the intellect. The afflicted patriarch of Uz exclaimed of old, ‘Oh that my grief were thoroughly weighed, and my calamity laid in the balances together:’ but scales in which such things could be weighed were not to be found in Job’s days, and are still wanting in ours. Chemistry is, of all the sciences, the one that most frequently uses the balance. She can weigh many things, but is not able to put suffering in one scale and happiness in the other, and to pronounce that the latter outweighs the former. Pain cannot be expressed by symbols, or agony reduced to formulæ. And even if science

could show a preponderance of happiness, we should still, constituted as we are, murmur that the greatest happiness to the greatest number, did not signify unalloyed happiness to all.

Chemistry, then, shows a dark as well as a bright side, when appealed to by the natural theologian. The first example we have selected is a positive one: it exhibits Nature deliberately poisoning whole races of animals at once. The second is a negative, but not less instructive one: it shows Nature not availing herself of the resources of chemistry to maintain life without the infliction of pain, but preferring to make animal existence dependent on suffering and death.

It is a great defect in the works of Dr. Prout and Professor Fownes, that examples of physical evil, such as we have supplied, are not furnished, or taken into consideration, in their discussion of the argument for design. Thoughtful young men, struggling to attain right views of God, who will be the most earnest readers of these, and similar volumes, may be delighted with their science, but will soon perceive the one-sidedness of the view maintained. It is the 'evil that is in the world,' not the good, that perplexes us; and we rise with something like a sense of a wrong having been done us, from books which, instead of helping us to an understanding or explanation of that evil, quietly ignore it, as if non-existent or non-important, and boldly insist on our declaring that 'all is very good.' Natural and revealed religion are alike exposed to contempt by such treatment of the former, and the disappointed and provoked student is driven to the somewhat excusable, but unjust conclusion, that natural theology cannot in any satisfactory way dispose of the evil that perplexes its discussions, and is in consequence compelled to thrust it out of sight. Those who come to this conclusion, often cease to put faith in the argument from design at all.

It is in treatises on the physical sciences that the defect we are lamenting is most liable to occur; for psychology and ethics cannot possibly be discussed without compelling the consideration of evil as well as good; but pleasant, readable, and most instructive volumes may be written on any one of the physical sciences, in its theological aspect, which shall, nevertheless, cleverly evade almost the mention, much more the discussion, of the real or apparent failure of beneficent design.

We long to see physico-theology treated in another way. It would set many an anxious mind so far at least at rest, to know that science honestly and deliberately acknowledged the existence of evil, even though it left it an utterly unexplained mystery.

We cannot here enter into a discussion of what physical science can do, in the way of solving the enigma. We desire only for the present to turn the attention of the students of physics to the dark, as well as to the bright side of nature, and to crave them to offer us their views on the former, as well as on the latter. Nevertheless, a word may be added, for the sake of our readers, as to the bearing which the existence of physical evil has on the cogency of the argument from design for a beneficent God.

The co-existence in this world of life and happiness with suffering and death, leads directly to two questions—Do animal happiness and animal suffering flow from the same source? Is an evil as well as a good being at work in the world?

In ancient times, and in different countries, a sect existed, known best to us by the title of Manicheans, who held that an evil as well as a benevolent power had a share in the control of all things on this earth. By those holding such a view, all the evil would be referred to the Caco-demon, or malignant agent, and all the good to the Agatho-demon, or good being. The Indian, Persian, Egyptian, and later Alexandrian schools were full of this doctrine. The greatest men of antiquity, however, held no such view, but referred the evil and the good to one source, counting the former either a result of the necessary imperfections of the world-system, or acknowledging it to be a mystery inexplicable. We refer to such opinions, because we think that it is very difficult for us, who consciously, or unconsciously, have had all our notions of God modified by what we have learned of him from the Bible, to be certain what conclusion we should have come to, if we had not enjoyed the benefits of a direct revelation. We are certain, however, that science lends no support to a Manichean doctrine. The evil and the good in nature are inextricably intertwined, and cannot be unravelled or disentangled from each other. What is evil in one aspect is good in another, and the two must be taken together, and dealt with as a whole.

We have no apprehension, accordingly, that the deepest study of any of the physical sciences will lead to the conclusion that this earth exhibits the results of divided counsels, or that such a lesson will ever be taught, as that the happiness of the lower animals is an expression of God's will, and their sufferings the contrivance of some antagonistic evil demon. All science, we believe, will, with increasing distinctness, join in proclaiming, with Revelation, that 'the earth is the Lord's, and the fulness thereof.' It will then only remain for science to make the fullest proclamation that evil exists, and the

frankest confession that she cannot account for it. A dark reality is often more tolerable than a grievous doubt; a hopeless mystery disturbs the spirit less than a difficult, though quite soluble, problem. There are many excellent people afraid, in the face of our natural theologies, to say that physical evil exists, lest they should be thought to impeach God's goodness, and yet troubled by the conviction that evil there is. Let such be emancipated from their bondage, by hearing the student of physical science *ex cathedra* declare that in this world there is 'shade' as well as 'sunshine,' and for those who never could be cheated into the belief that evil was not, or was good, and who stand astonished at its existence, let there be reply also. So long as men look upon the origin and existence of moral or physical evil as a problem which can be solved by logic, they will struggle to the very death to reach the solution; but when they discover that in this world a solution of the difficulty cannot be attained, they will cease to combat with it, and transfer it from the region of the intellect to that of the heart, as a sad and solemn mystery which, with closed lips, will haunt them to their graves.

Let such hear science acknowledge, that if Plato and Socrates, Aristotle and Galen, could find no plummet able to reach the depth of the mystery of the existence of evil, Newton, Laplace, Herschel, Dalton, or Davy, have not been able to add one inch to the fathom-line, or make it go deeper. They may then, after looking the existent evil in the face till they cease to fear it, perceive that it does not swallow up the good or reduce it to zero, but simply disturbs and perplexes it; but whether they reach this conclusion or not, let the truth be plainly spoken and acknowledgment frankly made, that after all our natural theologies and prize essays, our eight commissioned Bridgewater Treatises, and ninth volunteered one, physical science must acknowledge that suffering is an enigma which she cannot unriddle. Chemistry, for example, can prove that God is light, but not that 'in him is no darkness at all'; she can show that God *has* love, but not that he *is* love. Before that can be demonstrated to us, to borrow a beautiful idea of Bacon's, we must pass from Vulcan to Minerva; we must turn our backs upon physics and upon all human science, and gaze in another direction, ere we shall be able to affirm that 'the darkness is past and the true light shineth,' or comfort ourselves with the assurance that 'life and immortality are brought to light.' The mystery of pain will haunt our whole lives, and will probably never be felt so keenly as when we are tasting the bitterness of death, and are about for ever to exchange the pangs of this life

for the unknown conditions of the life to come. Meanwhile, we are certain that God's benevolence is as infinite as his other attributes, and cannot doubt that some great purpose is served by the suffering of innocent animals. It may yet be given to us to know what it is. And even in this world, all who believe in revelation may contemplate with a joyous eye the good that is in it, and adjourn the explanation of the evil as something traversing, but not neutralizing or annihilating its opposite. Suffering and death may veil, but do not blot out an all-merciful God from our view. The curtain is thick, but light shines through, and words of hope are uttered to all who have ears to hear them. 'Be still, and know that I am God.' 'I form the light, and create darkness.' 'I make peace, and create evil.' 'I have created the waster to destroy.' 'I will swallow up death in victory.'

## CRITICISMS ON BOOKS

AND

## FINE ARTS.

## Books.

1. Nitzsch's Practical Theology.
2. Koecker on Diseases of the Jaw.
3. Mrs. Henderson's Scripture Lessons.
4. A Voice from Australia.
5. Mrs. Hamilton's History of Rome.
6. Harmony of the Gospels.
7. Sworle's Exposition of the Articles.
8. Walter Savage Landor's Hellenics.
9. Lang's Cooksland and Phillipsland.
10. Pinney on the Causes that abridge Life.
11. Nichol's System of the World, and Planet Neptune.
12. Ogilvie's Sermons before the University of Oxford.
13. Whewell's Sermons preached in Trinity College Chapel, Cambridge.
14. The Modern Orator.
15. Barrett's Synopsis.—Parts III., IV., V.
16. Dr. Peile, on the Romans.
17. Rome and Unity.
18. Baird's Protestantism in Italy.
19. Essays, by T. M. Lester.
20. Craig's Philosophy of Training.
21. Dick's Philosophy of Religion.
22. Mrs. Wahl on the Training of Girls.
23. Sutton's Evangel of Love.
24. Life-lore.
25. Stuart on the Apocalypse.
26. Poemata et Inscriptiones, Savagius Landor.

27. Craik's Translation of the Epistle to the Hebrews.
28. The Doctrinal Puritans.
29. Barnes, on the First Epistle to the Corinthians.
30. Religion and Poetry.
31. Antonio Palaerio, on the Death of Christ.
32. Lowthian's Palestine and Jerusalem.
33. Memoirs of Lady Warwick.
34. Murphy's Latin Grammar.
35. Boyle's Analysis of Logic.
36. Searle's Philosophy of Life.
37. Popular Papers on Natural History.
38. Brown's Lyrics on Sea and Shore.
39. Nichol's Stellar Universe.
40. Fletcher's History of Independency.
41. Ranke's History of Servia.
42. Watts's Divine Songs, with Illustrations.
43. Foster's Letters to Miss Saunders.
44. Bunney's Service of Song.
45. Newman's Historical Contrasts.
46. Stoughton's Spiritual Heroes.
47. Jane Eyre. An Autobiography.
48. The Church in the Catacombs.

## FINE ARTS.

49. Christmas Books and Annals.
50. Lays and Lithographs.
51. Fortunio.
52. Labour—Rest
53. Kilchurn Castle, Loch Awe.

- I. *Praktische Theologie von Dr. Carl Immanuel Nitzsch. Erster Band Einleitung und erstes Buch.* Bonn. 1847.  
*Practical Theology.* By DR. CARL IMMANUEL NITZSCH. Vol. I. Introduction and First Book. 8vo, pp. 500.

Professor Nitzsch possesses a large amount of the qualification requisite for a work like the present. At Wittenberg, he was for some years both superintendent and professor under the Lutheran Church of Saxony, and filled subsequently a succession of offices at Bonn, in connexion with the Evangelical Church of the Rhineland. He has thus enjoyed the opportunity of observing for himself the practical working both of the Lutheran and the Reformed

Churches. A prominent advocate of the just claims of the United Church, which has been established to embrace the two, he belongs to a party who are reproached by the sceptics and the extreme liberals of the day with stopping at half measures, and by the adherents of a religious conservatism with promoting a dangerous innovation. It is his belief that a union between the two rival systems, which shall neither, on the one side, merge the one in the other, nor, on the other, introduce a system distinct from either, can only be permanently realized by a recurrence to those religious principles in which both, as protestant churches, were originally one.

The learned Professor has accordingly urged strongly,<sup>1</sup> in the synod, the necessity of introducing a distinction between fundamentals and non-fundamentals in the Confessions of Faith. At the time when Lutheranism was compressed into that precise and rigid orthodoxy, the slightest relaxation of which is so dreaded by what we may term the high-church party of Germany, every branch of knowledge was systematized in the same methodical style. The age was still a captive in the trammels of the schoolmen. It was requisite to believe everything, or to become wholly an unbeliever. But a more active and enlightened spirit has been long since awake. It is one thing to draw up a formula or confession of faith after the manner of a mathematical definition—making it a line of exact separation to part off the system in question from all others; and quite another to construct such a formula as a rallying point—the common ground upon which men may gather, be their differences on other articles of belief what they may. It is by a creed of this sort that Dr. Nitzsch, and many others of much note and influence in Germany, are desirous of meeting the demand of the times.

The object of the present work is to set forth the *Theory* of the Church of Christ and of Christian life in general, and to deduce from it a system of practical theology. A 'theory of the Church in its practical capacity' was first attempted by Schleiermacher. His investigation elicited several subsequent contributions—some of them of high merit—to this branch of theological science, and constitutes the starting-point from which the writer proceeds. The Introduction presents us with a highly interesting history of practical theology, from the pastoral letters of the Apostles and early Fathers, through its gradual development in a separate and more scientific form, down to the present time. The first book, which occupies the greater part of the present volume, treats of the *original Idea* of the church, and of its present position as the *evangelical* church. Under the former of these sections he discusses—First, the origin of a Christian community, investigating the relations of religion and the religious society, Christianity and the church, the component parts of the religious association, &c.; secondly, the various agencies employed in such an institution, relative to doctrine, discipline, pastoral oversight, &c.; and thirdly, the relation of the Christian community to the state, the family, science, and art. The latter section is occupied with the Principles of the Evangelical Church, which he terms evangelical in opposition to *legal*. First, its *protestant* principle, protest against hierarchy, hierurgy, monasticism, &c.; and secondly, its *catholic* principle, as involving the assertion of one universal Christian church, the belief in the Scriptures as the ground of a catholic development and tradition of Christian doctrine, in the indispensable necessity of the doctrine of redemption and of the grace of the Holy Spirit through the external word, in the sacraments, &c. The second part treats of the distinctions within the bosom of the evangelical church—principally that between the Lutheran and Calvinistic systems in their practical bearing. In the last part, he traces out the progressive and self-perfected tendency inherent in protestantism. The author supports his views, where necessary, with much learning, and advances them in a judicious and temperate spirit. His

style is deficient in force and perspicuity. The work is distinguished by liberality and candour, and will exercise considerable influence, we trust, among the more thoughtful of the author's countrymen in behalf of union and toleration.

**II. An Essay on the Diseases of the Jaws, and their Treatment.** By LEONARD KOECKER, Surgeon-Dentist; Doctor in Medicine and Surgery, Member of the Medical and Linnean Societies, and of the Academy of Natural Science of Philadelphia, and author of the 'Principles of Dental Surgery,' 'Essay on Artificial Teeth,' &c. New Edition, with copious Notes, and an Appendix, containing Tables of upwards of Three Hundred Cases. By J. B. MITCHELL, M.D., Surgeon-Dentist. London : John Churchill, Prince's-street. 1847.

A reprint of a valuable little volume, (the first edition of which appeared in 1828,) with notes and additions by the editor, Dr. Mitchell. The formidable character of several of the diseases of the jaws, and the intense suffering endured in connexion with most of them, are reasons why all persons, without exception, may feel an interest in learning, at least, the most ordinary causes of those diseases, in order, if possible, to escape them. The causes in which they originate, surgeons agree in classing as follows :—1st. Neglect of teeth and gums while as yet they are sound. 3rd. The excessive use of medicines, whose effect is to injure the teeth and gums. 3rd. The rude operations on the mouth of ignorant dentists ; and 4th, and chiefly, the obstinate retention of loose and decayed teeth and stumps, when the jaws have become irritated by their presence. It is happily true, that in those of naturally sound constitution, neglect of the teeth may entail nothing worse than occasional aches and pains ; but in others less favoured by nature, there is apt to arise, not only great suffering, but unsightly forms of disease, requiring for their cure some of the severest operations in surgery ; and others which, having become malignant, admit of no remedy.

The object of Mr. Koecker's work is to specify, first, the diseases of the jaws, with their causes, and then to show how these latter may in general be removed. We have reason to know, that the views of this experienced dentist have been, to a large extent, adopted by English surgeons ; and we consider the editor deserving thanks for this new and improved edition of Mr. Koecker's volume. The catalogue of 325 cases of diseases of the jaws, selected from the published works or the note-books of surgeons of reputation, is a commendable piece of industry on the part of Dr. Mitchell, and forms a very valuable supplement to the work. We hope the volume will meet with the attention to which we think the humane, and, generally speaking, gentle methods of treatment recommended by its author so well entitle it.

**III. Scripture Lessons; or, The History of the Acts of the Apostles, in Question and Answer. Designed for the Use of Bible Classes.** By MRS. HENDERSON. 2 vols. 24mo. London, Jackson and Walford. 1847.

This publication is a sequel to a similar work on 'The Gospel of Matthew.' The volumes are neatly printed and portable ; and, so far as we have examined, their contents are characterized by sound biblical interpretation, the instruction conveyed by the sacred text being everywhere presented with a degree of simplicity and skill eminently adapted to the end proposed by the author. We strongly commend this new fruit of Mrs. Henderson's labours to all persons engaged in conducting Bible classes, or in domestic education.

IV. *A Voice from the far Interior of Australia.* By A Bushman. 24mo, pp. 79. Smith and Elder, London. 1847.

The name of our 'Bushman' friend, it seems, is John Sidney, and the following is a part of his showing as to his competency to speak of the 'far interior' of Australia.

'I lived on the rivers Macquarie, MacIntyre, and Barwen (the nearest of my stations being three hundred miles, and the furthest more than five hundred miles from the settled districts). I was one of the first white men who settled on the Barwen, and that a full year before Sir Thomas Mitchell *discovered* it! I saw it change, like many other Australian discoveries, from a savannah of rich grass, up to my horse's withers, well watered by a broad and rapid river, to an arid desert, through which trickled a thin thread of water, uniting a string of water pools. I have encountered hundreds of wild blacks, fierce myals, who had never before eaten bread, smoked tobacco, or beheld a white face; I have raced for my life and fought for my life with them; I have camped with them, hunted with them, and found them sometimes treacherous enemies, sometimes useful servants. In a time of drought, I have travelled for weeks as a scout in search of water, more than once dependent on a black prisoner for the pools, without which I must have perished; and, after discovering a Canaan, have, while on the road back to it with my flocks and herds, been more than three days in nine days without drinking, a privation under which one of my stock-men and two black guides dropped down, and died of thirst. I have passed through every grade of colonial life. I arrived in New South Wales at seventeen years of age, fresh from school, with a hundred pounds in my pocket, a stout constitution, a good seat on horseback, and the best sort of English and French education that a lad up to that age gets, when he prefers hunting, shooting, and fishing, to prizes and schoolmasters' praise. I suffered as a new chum (a raw settler) all sorts of impositions and hardships, then became an overseer of an agricultural farm just inside the boundaries, then superintendent of a grazing establishment in the far Bush, with twenty thousand sheep, beside cattle and horses, under my charge, and at length a proprietor of sheep and cattle myself. Finally, in 1844, smitten with a longing for home, and disgusted with times that brought sheep from 2/- to 1s. 6d., bullocks from 8/- to 17. 10s., and horses from 80/- to 10/-, and with the taxing concentrating crotchetts of Sir George Gipps, I sailed for England. I have had seventy men in my employ at one time, Englishmen, Irishmen, and Scotchmen, emigrants, ticket-of-leave men, and prisoners. I have had four men killed by my side in battles with the blacks, and on the MacIntyre alone I read the burial service over twelve, who at different times were assassinated by the aborigines. So I think I may claim the benefit of as much experience of Bush Life as any man in England; whether my opinions are of any value, others must decide.'—pp. 1—9.

Emigrant Sidney might, no doubt, have extended his voice to a volume, in place of restricting it to some seventy or eighty pages, but within these limits he has presented the fruits of long and often very rough experience. His suggestions about the colony to settlers, and even in favour of a modified retention of the consignment system, are in our view sound, and well deserving of attention on the part of all whom they more immediately concern.

V. *History of Rome for Young Persons.* By Mrs. HAMILTON GRAY. 2 vols. 12mo, pp. 486, 451. Hatchard and Son, London. 1847.

These are handsome volumes, illustrated with a considerable number of useful engravings. The publication is a further proof of the great care now bestowed on the production of works of this nature designed for the benefit of 'young persons.' Mrs. Gray's 'Tour to the Sepulchres of Etruria,' and her 'History of Etruria,' are works so much to her praise, as to afford a sufficient guarantee for the intrinsic value of the present production of her pen. The

style of the work is simple, without affectation; in the construction of the narrative, the best and the most recent authorities have been consulted; and the sentiments are pure and noble.

**VL A Harmony of the Four Gospels in the Authorized Version.** 8vo,  
pp. 203. Religious Tract Society.

The author of this judicious publication has consulted, in the prosecution of his task, the works of Greswell and Wieseler; but has chiefly followed the 'Harmony of the Gospels in Greek,' published by Professor Robinson, of New York, in 1845. Professor Robinson's biblical researches and his other qualities as a writer eminently fitted him for the service in this respect which he has performed. The volume before us gives the substance of the learned works on which it is based, and may be safely recommended to that large class of persons who have not a ready access to the more original and costly publications on the subject.

**VII. An Exposition of the First Seventeen Articles of the Church of England.**  
By the Rev. THOMAS SWORDE, M.A., Rector of St. Peter's, Thetford.  
8vo, pp. 264. Parker, London. 1847.

These are judicious expositions; not so learned as some that have preceded them on the same subject; but touching less on bygone, and more on present diversities of theological opinion, they are better adapted in their substance as well as in extent to modern readers. If Mr. Swoorde expounds Christian doctrine from the pulpit with the care and discrimination observable in these discourses, his hearers should be an intelligent people on such matters.

**VIII. The Hellenics of Walter Savage Landor. Enlarged and completed.**  
12mo, pp. 279. Moxon, London. 1847.

We should not charge Walter Savage Landor with deficiency in the organ of veneration: but in his case, as in the case of Milton and many more, this susceptibility has received its direction from temperament and circumstances. To the artificially—the conventionally great, he has no worship to offer; but worship he must, nevertheless, and in the main, the objects so regarded by him must have in them a moral elevation. Hence our old friend is very much smitten, just now, with the character and doings of Pius IX., and this edition of the Hellenics is dedicated to the pontiff, as 'God's servant by election, God's image by beneficence.' This is rather courtly phrase, to our ears quite Oriental, and greatly beyond the mark. But the poetry of the Hellenics must not be confounded with this dedication; the bad taste of the latter is distinct from the artistic beauty and vigour of the former.

- IX. 1. *Cookslad in North-eastern Australia; the future Cotton-field of Great Britain; its Characteristics and Capabilities for European Colonization, with a Disquisition on the Origin, Manners, and Customs of the Aborigines.* By JOHN DUNMORE LANG, D.D., 12mo, pp. 496. Longman and Co. 1847.
2. *Philipsland, or the Country hitherto designated Port Philip, its present Condition and Prospects as a highly eligible field for Emigration.* By JOHN DUNMORE LANG, D.D. 12mo, pp. 446. Longman and Co. 1847.

Dr. Lang is a person of much enterprise and energy. It is not often that we find the Doctor of Divinity and a 'member of the legislative council,' meeting

in the same person; but this combination in the person of our author is in harmony with his whole character and history. He is at once a divine and a man of the world; the sort of knowledge possessed by the latter being, we doubt not, the more wisely applied in this case, from its relation to higher knowledge and feeling proper to the former. Dr. Lang is a writer of strong and decided views on most subjects, but he is withal so much a matter-of-fact man that no one needs go far astray under his guidance. His volumes are rich in instruction for all who are concerned to know what may be known about the great continent which is destined to become the Europe of the other hemisphere.

X. *The Antidote for the Causes that abridge the Natural Term of Human Existence, and an Outline of the Organs and Functions subservient to Life.*  
By JOEL PINNEY, Esq., author of 'The Alternative: Disease and Premature Death, or Health and Long Life,' 'Code of Health,' &c. S. Highley, London. 1847.

Here we have a bold, we do not say successful, attempt to rid the world of the entire race of physicians. 'There can be no doubt,' says Mr. Pinney, 'that medicinal practice, to a certain extent, is absolutely necessary in the present state of society.' But then, we are to take notice that the author feels himself in a position to enlighten mankind, so that every person shall be able skilfully to prescribe for himself, and thus in the end to dispense with the faculty altogether. These are his words: 'I have been induced to pen this treatise from a deliberate and mature consideration of the helpless condition in which we are left subject to suffering, disease, and premature death, after all possible methods, as it is said, have been tried to prevent them. The result of my reflections is now to submit and point out how, in my humble opinion, a remedy may be found to remove these fatal impediments.' Our readers will be curious to know the remedy. 'The antidote,' says Mr. Pinney, 'is that every person should make himself acquainted with the structure of his own body, its organs and functions, so far as they relate to the means of preserving him in health; which knowledge will be found very easy of attainment by a careful perusal of the outline which will be found laid down in the succeeding chapters.\*' The notion here put forth, although very good, is perfectly destitute of the hazardous merit of novelty. Mr. Pinney advises the student of health to do what Solomon long before recommended; 'get wisdom, get understanding.' But is not the author in danger of committing an oversight in tendering this excellent counsel? Will he not, by such a course of general training, speedily infuse into multitudes a conceit of possessing medical knowledge, whereby, instead of a few regular physicians, such as already exist, we shall come to possess a swarm of them; to the immediate augmentation of the very evils for which the author is so anxious to prescribe a remedy? This is a consequence which, it would seem, has escaped Mr. Pinney's penetration.

Although there are some strange things in the earlier chapters of the volume, evincing a little wrong-headedness in the writer, we do not wish it to be inferred that this is a trifling or valueless book. On the contrary, it is plainly the production of an enthusiast on the subject of health, who has undertaken his work with thorough disinterested benevolence and considerable knowledge, and not being a physician himself, and writing, of course, with no eye to fees, he plainly seeks his sole reward in the good of his fellow-creatures.

\* The italics are the author's.

- XI. *Thoughts on some Important Points relating to the System of the World.*  
 By J. P. NICHOL, LL.D., Professor of Astronomy in the University of Glasgow. 8vo, pp. 280. Second Edition. Johnstone, Edinburgh and London. 1848.
2. *The Planet Neptune, an Exposition and History.* By J. P. NICHOL, LL.D. 8vo, pp. 133. Johnstone, Edinburgh. 1848.

These volumes, elegant in their illustrations, and not less so in their printing and binding, may be classed among the most successful efforts made in our time, to popularize science without slighting the questions necessary to its true accuracy and dignity. Some remarks of our own on the former edition of the first of these publications appear to have been unacceptable to Dr. Nichol. Let him not judge them more harshly than is necessary; he has, in fact, profited by some of our hints; and, in touching on some points in which we understood ourselves as being at issue with him, we have not meant to detract from his eminent services as an expositor of science.

Concerning the second publication, Dr. Nichol says in his preface:—‘ I have ‘ no object, either in the Exposition or the History, other than the wish to ‘ enable my countrymen, generally, to understand all the incidents connected ‘ with one of the most remarkable discoveries hitherto recorded in the annals ‘ of science.’ The service thus promised is judiciously performed.

- XII. *Sermons Preached before the University of Oxford.* By CHARLES A. OGILVIE, D.D., Regius Professor of Pastoral Theology. 8vo, pp. 131. Parker, London. 1847.

One of the better class of novelties in Oxford has been the instituting of a professorship of ‘ Pastoral Theology.’ We are happy to find the chair in this case occupied by a divine so competent, and so intent on the wise discharge of the trust committed to him as Dr. Ogilvie. These sermons are judicious, and abound with wholesome cautions; but it is instructive and humiliating to mark the extent and subtlety of the dangers which they indicate as being about the path of the youth of Oxford. The author is no Tractarian, and is far from regarding the power of that party as having come to an end, or as being materially broken.

- XIII. *Sermons Preached in the Chapel of Trinity College, Cambridge.* By WILLIAM WHEWELL, D.D., Master of the College. 8vo, pp. 379. Parker, London. 1847.

This volume embraces twenty-two discourses. They are such as might be expected from the pen of Dr. Whewell, intelligent, scholar-like, and animated; but if the preacher does not often become dull, he as rarely becomes profound; if his style is not generally wanting in clearness and vigour, it is by no means free from such negligences as might have been avoided by a preacher in ‘ the Chapel of Trinity College, Cambridge;’ and while the tone of exhortation is, for the most part, manly and Christian, we think it might have been greatly improved if Mr. Whewell had been accustomed to dwell less amidst the comparatively novel forms of his own church, and more amidst the antique spiritualities of the evangelical history. This volume, however, in common with the preceding, may be taken as proofs of the efforts made to give a serious and religious, if not a strictly evangelical character to the studies pursued in our universities.

XIV. *The Modern Orator.* Vol. II. *The Speeches of the Right Honourable Charles James Fox in the House of Commons.* Royal 8vo, pp. 862. Aylott and Jones, London. 1848.

This is a portly and handsome volume. The idea of 'The Modern Orator' is a good one—we wish it all success. The former volume contains the most celebrated speeches of Chatham, Sheridan, Erskine, and Burke; the present is restricted to the speeches of the great statesman whom Sir James Mackintosh describes as the most Demosthenian speaker since the days of Demosthenes. We would recommend our preachers no less than our statesmen to become students of so fine a model.

XV. *A Synopsis of Criticisms upon those Passages of the Old and New Testament, in which Modern Commentators have differed from the Authorized Version; together with an Explanation of various Difficulties in the Hebrew and English Texts.* By the Rev. R. A. F. BARRETT, M.A., Fellow of King's College, Cambridge. Old Quarto. Vol. II., Parts I. and II. Vol. III., Part I. Longman and Co. 1847.

The above title is sufficiently explanatory of the design of this work. We have expressed our high opinion of the former volume. This second volume, and Part I. of the third, bring the author to the end of the book of Esther—the close of the historical books. The work is convenient in size, well printed, and adapted, both in respect to learning and judgment, to be a treasure for life to the biblical student.

XVI. *Annotations on St. Paul's Epistle to the Romans, designed chiefly for the Use of Students of the Greek Text.* By THOMAS WILLIAMSON PEILE, D.D., Head Master of Repton School; late Fellow and Tutor in the University of Durham, and formerly Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge. 8vo, pp. 176. Rivingtons, London. 1847.

We have more confidence in Dr. Peile as a philologist than as a logician; and in the candour and urbanity of his temper, than in his soundness as an interpreter of the hard sayings of Scripture. But there is no doubt a large class of 'students of the Greek text' who may derive considerable assistance from his labours.

XVII. *Claims of the Church of Rome, considered with a view to Unity.* By the Author of 'Proposals for Christian Union.' 12mo, pp. 127. Darling, London. 1848.

This is a calm and learned 'Tract for the Times.' It gives an account of the attempts which have been made in Europe in the direction of Christian, or rather of Ecclesiastical union, since the times of the Reformation—and especially of the attempts made to bring the Church of England and the Church of Rome into a state of concord. What the argument of the writer amounts to may be inferred from its concluding paragraph:—

'In conclusion, the ground which Calixtus took up with, I think, give us fair standing room. Let us with him grant to Rome all of which she can prove her undoubted enjoyment during the first five centuries; let us venerate the apostolic chair; let us recognise in the successor of St. Peter the centre of unity; let us give to him whatsoever power and authority be consistent with the preservation to each member of the church of his ancient and assured rights.'

Let the author concede thus much, and the rights which it will be in his power to reserve will go, we suspect, into a small space. But this comes of caring, after the manner of our friend Mr. Birks, more about an ecclesiastical unity in form, than about a union of the good in spirit. If nations are atheistical that have not some centralized mode of professing Christianity, so the universal church may be judged as destitute of her proper form of profession, if she has not this 'centre of unity'—St. Peter's chair—to look to. Good men sometimes get into bad company before they are aware.

XVIII. *Sketches of Protestantism in Italy, Past and Present: including a notice of the Origin, History, and Present State of the Waldenses.* By ROBERT BAIRD, D.D. 12mo, pp. 335. Collins, Edinburgh. 1847.

Dr. Baird is creditably known in this country by a work intitled 'Religion in America.' The present volume is the instalment of a work intended to embrace a view of 'Religion in Europe.' How far the author will be found competent to become the instructor of English readers on this comprehensive subject remains in great part to be shown. But of the present volume we can speak in terms of high commendation. It consists of three parts—the first relating to the state of Italy during the age of the Reformation; the second to its state since that era; and the third to the history and present condition of the Waldenses. In the last and the preceding portions of the work, we have, with much scholar-like matter, the result of the author's observations while in Italy and Switzerland—history, travel, and religion being mingled together in instructive and agreeable variety. We cannot commend a single volume on Italy to the intelligent Christian promising him more gratification.

XIX. *Essays.* By THOMAS M. LESTER, late of King's College, London. 12mo, pp. 201. Aylott and Jones, London. 1847.

Has Mr. Lester no friends to save him from the folly of giving to the world such proofs of his weakness as are before us in this volume? Take the following as the first half of our author's preface—and the remainder is like it.

'Apology for the soul's most holy, most dearly-cherished, most ardently-believed sentiments is monstrous—is madman's folly. We make no plea—no excuse. Whatever is written we maintain—we uphold; we will ever defend as hallowed Jesu verities: we are no cowards. Every line has been offered to the Deity, every sentence dedicated—yielded to his eternal glory; every page prayed to mirror his all-radiant, all-dazzling majesty. We have been roused to pen; we have been incited—fired, to stream forth our heart's most sanctified feelings, by exhaling the all-glorious influence breathed by the giants, the true men of our foolish, peevish, dismal age of semblance. Yes, thou Carlyle, thou Cumming, thou Trench, thou M'Neil, thou Croly, thou Mendelssohn, thou Atherstone, thou Spohr, ye have infused our very being with new life-aspiring energies—shed about us a rainbow splendour; without ye we should have died—we should have languished sore; without your intellectual wisdom, your sublime and rolling strains, we should have sunk into cold, dreary despair.'

This is pretty well; but there is at the end of the volume what is meant to be a prospectus of a forthcoming work, to be entitled 'The Church Militant, in Seven Books,' which is still more rich in this style of embellishment. Mr. Lester may be a very well-meaning person, but one of the happiest things that could befall him would be, that he should be kept in ignorance as to the existence of any such places as Paternoster-row.

**XX. *The Philosophy of Training: or the Principles and Art of a Normal Education:*** with a brief review of its Origin and History: also Remarks on the practice of Corporal Punishments in Schools; and Strictures on the prevailing mode of teaching Languages. By A. R. CRAIG. Second edition. 8vo, pp. 377.

The first four chapters of this truly valuable publication treat of the forms of education among the ancients, especially in Greece and Rome: the eight chapters which follow are occupied with an examination of modern systems; and the remaining chapters are under the following titles:—XIII. *Intellectual Education.* XIV. *Moral Education.* XV. *Corporal Punishments.* XVI. *Classical Instruction.* Of the style and spirit in which these topics are discussed, our readers may form some judgment from the following summary, relative to the educational systems of the ancients.

' Such, then, were some of the effects of a partial and misdirected education, both in a national and universal point of view. In all these cases the animal and mental desires, operating under different circumstances, were alone the ruling motives; while the moral feelings, that ought ever to have the ascendancy, were kept in abeyance or entirely perverted. No correct system of guidance was ever applied to these in training them into ruling habits. They were ever left to the chance education of circumstances, or merely enlightened by the teaching of moral precepts. Thus, in ancient Rome and Sparta the animal propensities were educated to excess, and became predominant. The habits of those nations were such as in general to repress all the finer feelings, by rendering them callous, both to their own individual sufferings, and to those of others. They were buried under an adamantine soil, above the surface of which they were never permitted to appear; and whatever rays of intellect were emitted, merely illuminated the soil, without warming and calling them forth into life and energy. In Athens, an intellectual education was unsustained by a sound practical morality. Taste and refinement were there the master virtues, the cultivation of which was certainly much nearer the objects of a humane and civilising education; and when we add the gymnasium of physical training, so perfect among the Athenians, we have among that people many models after which we ourselves ought to copy. But still these were only a partial education, a polishing of the external man, to the neglect of his higher powers; while the morality that was inculcated was the mere preceptive instructions of Socrates, and the passive virtues, not the diffusive benevolence of the Gospel. In Egypt, the first dawning of literature, the arts, and sciences, elicited feelings of wonder, devotion, and superstition; the demoralizing effects of which were only counteracted by an almost equal devotion to mechanical industry and mental improvement. But while the head and the hands were thus engaged, the feelings of the heart were left unregulated. In Carthage, all the powers of body and soul were engrossed in one pursuit, and that the most selfish in which man can be engaged,—the acquisition of riches; and it needs not, therefore, be told what were the lamentable results of such an avaricious spirit. In papal Rome the religious feelings were called forth into unnatural excitement, and a fanatical zeal for propagating the mere dogmas of Christianity lighted up in the hearts of men the worst passions of which human nature is susceptible.

' Thus, in all these different features of character, stamped upon man, either by a system of under or over education, may visibly be traced the origin of nearly all the various forms of human misery under which the world has yet suffered. His whole powers have never, in any instance, had a simultaneous development. The balance has ever been disturbed, from one cause or another, and strange it is, that the grossest and most earthly parts of his nature have hitherto been always in the ascendant: like the natural chaos of Ovid, the heavenly fires have never emerged from the confused and superincumbent elements, and chosen a place for themselves in the higher citadel.'—pp. 66—68.

This is the kind of writing we need on education—intelligent, moral,—in

all respects elevating. The book is full of this practical and higher form of thinking.

**XXI. *The Philosophy of Religion; or an Illustration of the Moral Laws of the Universe.*** By THOMAS DICK, LL.D. 8vo, pp. 384. Collins, Edinburgh.

This work consists of some preliminary matter, and of four chapters, under the following titles—I. *On the Moral Relations of Intelligent Beings to their Creator.* II. *Second principle of Moral Action—Love to all subordinate Intelligences.* III. *On the Moral Law and the Rational grounds on which its precepts are founded.* IV. *A cursory survey of the Moral state of the World.* In discussing these interesting and important topics, Dr. Dick assumes the truth of Divine Revelation, and taking nature and revelation as they stand, endeavours to show the philosophy—in other words, the reasonableness, of what has been done, so as to justify the ways of God to man. The design of such a work is lofty and benignant, and Dr. Dick has brought to his 'great argument' a vast amount of illustration and proof, presented in a style condensed and perspicuous, and embued with the feeling appropriate to such a theme. We commend it earnestly to the general reader, and not less so to the Christian preacher. Such modes of dealing with the *foundation* of things need to be more common in our pulpits.

**XXII. *Practical Hints on the Moral, Mental, and Physical Training of Girls at School.*** By MADAME DE WAHL. 12mo, pp. 190. Parker, London. 1847.

Madame de Wahl has prefixed the following passage from John Foster, as a motto to her volume:—"I have observed that most ladies who have had, 'what is called, an education, have no idea of an education progressive through life. Having obtained a certain measure of accomplishments, knowledge, manners, &c., they consider themselves as *made up*, and so take their station; 'they are pictures which, being finished, are now put into a frame—a gilded 'one, if possible—and hung up in permanence of beauty. Permanence—that 'is to say, till old Time, with his rude and dirty fingers, soil the charming 'colours.'—*Correspondence*, i. 213. To expose and remove the evil thus depicted is the object of Madame de Wahl in this publication. Her remarks to this end are characterised, for the greater part, by sound sense and right feeling. She is especially careful that what is called religious training should not be so conducted as to make small account of the moral and intellectual—a one-sided, or rather an inverted method, which may be said to be the great vice connected with the religious teaching of rich and poor in our age. We want religious teaching, but we want it as a living and moulding reality, not as set forth in the dry bones of catechisms and mere doctrines. This, however, is not the only topic on which Madame de Wahl's hints are worth attending to. On many grounds her little work will amply repay perusal.

**XXIII. *The Evangel of Love: Interpreted by Henry Sutton.*** 8vo, pp. 231. Bartlett, London. 1847.

This 'Evangel of Love,' as 'interpreted' by Mr. Henry Sutton, turns out to be the Gospel according to Pantheism—a gospel with extravagances engrafted upon it as wild as ever took possession of those great favourites with certain modern philosophers, Jacob Behmen or Emmanuel Swedenborg. Thus the seven days of creation are said to adumbrate the seven ages of the world;

and our 'interpreter' finds out his parallel between the work of each day and the events of some epoch in history. Take, for example, what is said of the fourth day:—

'Light is the Spirit of the Fourth day. For on this day God said, *Let there be LIGHTS, or Light-bearers, in the Church, or firmament of Heaven; let them be for signs, and for seasons, and for days, and years; and let them be for Lights in the firmament of the Church, to give light upon the intellect.*

'And God made two great Lights: the greater Light, the visible Christian Church, to rule the day; and the lesser Light, the Mahometan Church, to rule the night: he made the Stars also, and set them in the firmament of Heaven, in his own mystical church, to give light upon the intellect, and to rule over the day and night, and to divide the light from the darkness.'

'What is the sign and symbol of Christianity? THE CROSS. The cross is the natural emblem of the sun, as it were, *its rays streaming out to the four quarters of the world.* What is the symbol of Mahometanism? The Crescent, the lesser light, the Moon:—how apt in both instances!'—p. 18.

Taking this as a sample of Mr. Henry Sutton's power of interpretation, and this we are warranted to do, our readers, we think, will conclude that the life of an interpreter must be a very easy one—one in which any two ideas, however apparently adverse, may be shown as parallels. We have been favoured with public lectures of late, at philosophical institutions, on the genius of Swedenborg and Behmen; and it will be hard if their disciple, Henry Sutton, does not find his way into the same calendar in due time. Follies of this sort will, we suppose, have their end some time—but when?

**XXIV. Life-lore: Lessons from the Childhood of Nolan Fairfield.** 12mo, pp. 188. Longman and Co., London. 1847.

The design of the author of this book is, to convey the lessons of morality and religion through the medium of fiction founded on fact. But while we see little to which to object, either in the morality or religion, the work is not sufficiently distinguished by character of any kind to ensure it much public attention. There are many things which it may be pleasing and even profitable to write, but which it may not be expedient to print.

**XXV. Commentary on the Apocalypse.** By MOSES STUART. 8vo, pp. 838. MacLachlan, Edinburgh.

This is a reprint, in one volume, of the work published in America in two volumes, the English edition being not more than one-third the price of the American. Of the work itself we have spoken on a former occasion. Whatever view may be entertained of the author's theory of interpretation, there can be but one opinion as to the erudite and standard character of the publication.

**XXVI. Poemata et Inscriptiones.** Novis auxit SAVAGIUS LANDOR.

Several elegant and ingenious pieces are contained in this collection, which is characterised by more originality of style than is usual in modern Latin poems. It is not free, however, even from grammatical errors: what sort of Latin, for instance, does the author call the line, *An dubitas ut fama meas periret ad aures?* (p. 33.) Some of the smaller miscellaneous pieces were, we think, not worth writing, and still less worth preserving.

**XXVII. An amended Translation of the Epistle to the Hebrews.** By HENRY CRAIK.

We fully agree with Mr. Craik in the opinion that, of all the books that compose the New Testament, the Epistle to the Hebrews is the least accurately translated in our authorized version. Mr. Craik has rendered good service to the progress of the correct interpretation of the Scriptures by his new translation. We have carefully compared a large portion of it with the original, and can testify to its great closeness and accuracy. Some brief and pertinent notes are added in justification or explanation of several of the alterations. Here and there, in our judgment, improvements might be made, but on the whole, this translation will give the reader a far better idea of the meaning of the epistle than could be extracted from the ordinary version; indeed, the imperfections that we have noticed, have usually arisen from the retention of the reading of the received version.

- XXVIII. 1. The Lord's Prayer and the Doctrine of the Covenants.** By EZEKIEL HOPKINS, D.D., Bishop of Londonderry. 24mo. pp. 376.  
**2. Solitude Improved by Divine Meditation.** By NATHANIEL RANEW. 24mo. pp. 341.

These are volumes in the series published by the Religious Tract Society, under the title 'Writings of the Doctrinal Puritans.' They possess the characteristics of their class—thoughtful, scriptural, quaint in style, but pithy, and full of devout feeling.

**XXIX. Notes, Explanatory and Practical, on the First Epistle of Paul to the Corinthians.** By ALBERT BARNES. Edited by the Rev. INGRAM COBBIN, A.M. London. 1847.

This volume is neatly printed, well bound, and sold so as to be almost a miracle of cheapness. In our own younger days, good commentaries—and such, in the main, we reckon those of Albert Barnes to be—were not to be obtained on such easy terms. If, as Lord Bacon has it, 'reading makes a *full man*,' modern divines certainly have facilities for acquiring that fulness which have not fallen to the lot of their predecessors in any age.

**XXX. Religion and Poetry; being Selections Spiritual and Moral, from the Poetical Works of the Rev. R. Montgomery, M.A. Oxon. With an Introductory Essay.** By ARCHER GURNEY. 12mo., pp. 345. Nisbett, London. 1847.

Mr. Gurney's introduction extends to more than seventy pages of this volume; it presents an elaborate defence of Mr. Montgomery against his unfriendly critics, and a careful selection of the portions of his poetry which are deemed the best proof of his genius, and most characteristic of that genius. It has been the fate of Mr. Montgomery to be either praised or censured in excess. That he possesses some of the elements of the true poet is, we think, clear, and that he has generally chosen subjects which bespeak his strong moral and religious sympathies, is much to his praise; but his want of mental discipline and pure taste has been too often more conspicuous than his claims to genius, and he has to thank his own follies—follies the less tolerable as allied with such themes—for much of the censure that has fallen upon him. The present volume is an elegant publication, and would be a suitable present to the young.

**XXXI.** *The Benefit of Christ's Death.* By ANTONIO PALEARIO. Reprinted from an ancient English translation. 24mo, pp. 124. Religious Tract Society.

This is a curious and deeply interesting book. The author was an Italian, of the time of the Reformation, and suffered death as the penalty of his free—his virtually protestant opinions. This work was circulated at the time to the extent of 40,000 copies, and such was the rage for its destruction, that it has been supposed that not a single copy had survived. But here it is, at least in English, and reprinted with the following title: ‘The Benefit of Christ's Death; or the Glorious Riches of God's free Grace, which every true believer receives by Jesus Christ, and him crucified. First compiled and printed in the *Italian* tongue: And afterwards translated and printed in the *French* tongue: and out of *French* into *English*. By A. G. *The Fourth Edition.* London. Printed by E. G. for Andrew Hebb, dwelling at the sign of the Bell in St. Paul's Churchyard. 1638.’

**XXXII.** *A Narrative of a Recent Visit to Jerusalem and several parts of Palestine, in 1843—1844.* By JOHN LOWTHIAN, of Chorlestone House, near Carlisle. 12mo, pp. 151. Houlston and Stoneman.

This is a very simple narrative of the things, great and small, which befel the author during his visit to the sacred places of Palestine. The artless and minute account which Mr. Lowthian has given of each day's adventures, would furnish abundant material for critics disposed to make themselves merry at his expense; but this feature of the book, together with its reasonable limits and cheapness, has contributed, we doubt not, to its large circulation. The present is the third thousand. It is a narrative which reminds us much of the books that were published when to travel far was no common thing, and when men came home, and told the world about all they had seen, having evidently no fear of reviewers before their eyes.

**XXXIII.** *Memoirs of Lady Warwick: also her Diary from 1666 to 1672, now first published. To which are added Extracts from her other Writings.* 12mo. pp. 320. Religious Tract Society.

This is not more a book for the Christian than for the historian. It presents a glimpse of the religious life of England in its upper classes, at a time when religion seemed well nigh extinct. This Lady Warwick was wife to the earl succeeding to him who had been so conspicuous on the side of the Parliament, in the times of the civil wars. Her Diary gives the daily occurrences of several years of her life with welcome minuteness, and throws considerable light, not only on the piety, but on the domestic character, and public matters of the times.

**XXXIV.** *A Grammar of the Latin Language, for the Use of Schools, constructed on Logical Principles.* By JAMES G. MURPHY, LL.D.

We did not augur very favourably of the success with which the promise conveyed in the above title had been fulfilled, when we read that grammar is the science of language, and that the *elements* of the latter are the discourse, the sentence, the word, and the letter; the discourse being ‘the expression of a process of thinking, the parts of which are arranged in their natural order, each bearing a due relation to that which precedes, and all combining to form one perfect whole.’ So that a writer or speaker who does not produce what satisfies this definition does not produce a discourse, and by consequence does

not use language. It must be a truly Hibornian logic which evades this conclusion. The chapter on word-building is a most laughable production. A table of structural elements tells us that *a* = act, produce, precede; hence agent, female, &c.; *r*, *s*, *t*, = flow, full, faculty, permanence, habit, tenuity; and so forth. The mode in which these very curious elements compose words is even more curious than themselves. Thus, *ego* = *i* + *go* = person + agent + causing to be. *Tv*, either by faulty enunciation for *gv*, or = *t* + *v* = there + here, that is intermediate between here and there; in either case denoting the second person. *Sv* = *s* + *v* = there and here, that is, the subject regarded as object, hence the reflexive pronoun. *Ior* (marking comparison) = *i* + *o* + *r* = belonging to + being + beyond = more. The rest is of a piece with the above. So preposterous an absurdity as this grammar of Dr. Murphy's has rarely come under our notice.

**XXXV. *The Mathematical Analysis of Logic, being an Essay towards a Calculus of Deductive Reasoning.*** By GEORGE BOOLE.

This unpretending pamphlet contains one of the most remarkable additions to science which the age has produced. To give the general reader an adequate idea of its subject would be as impossible as to exhibit to him an intelligible view of the integral calculus in the space of half a page. We shall not, therefore, attempt to make him understand how, 'assuming for the premises of a "given syllogism the equations  $a + bx + cy = o$ , and  $a' + b'x + c'y = o'$ , 'then, eliminating  $y$ , we shall have for the conclusion,  $a'c - a'c + b'c'x - b'c'z = o$ .' The work is not for beginners, either in logic or in mathematics. It will be totally unintelligible to those who have not had considerable practice in the higher branches of mathematical analysis. But those who are accustomed to such investigations will find Mr. Boole's treatise well worthy of the most careful study, as a very original and beautiful application of the great engine of modern mathematical science to an entirely new field. The almost simultaneous publication of this essay and of Professor De Morgan's profound work on formal logic, is one amongst several gratifying evidences of the rapid progress which is being made in almost every department of science.

**XXXVI. *The Why and the Wherefore; or, the Philosophy of Life, Health, and Disease: new and original Views, Explanatory of their Nature, Causes, and Connexion, and of the Treatment of Disease, upon a few general principles, based upon the Laws of Nature and Common Sense; with Rules for the Preservation of Health and Renovation of the System. The fruit of thirty years' observation and professional experience.*** By CHARLES SEARLE, M.D., M.R.C.S.L., and late of the E.I.C. Madras Establishment. London: John Churchill, Princes-street, Soho. Edinburgh: MacLachlan and Co. Dublin: Francis and Co. 1846.

Notwithstanding its quaint title, this is a work of ability. The author, indeed, promises more than he or any writer on the subject of medicine can ever succeed in performing: but the attempt merits approbation. And we have little doubt the mass of curious and valuable matter on health and disease, together with some really interesting and we believe novel speculations, will secure the patronage of those for whom the author writes—'the public rather than the profession.' We have said that the author, Dr. Searle, is large in promise.

'If I mistake not, I have in this work,' writes he, 'made it appear (the laws of nature being, in all cases simple when known,) that all diseases are allied in character, and consist in a few abnormal conditions of the vessels of nutrition, and

of the blood's circulation ; and that the derangement of these vessels constitutes the disease essentially, whatever its kind, and wherever it may be located. And if so, that the treatment of all may be embraced in a few grand principles—definite in kind, though, doubtless, modified in degree, by the constitution and age of the individual, and the particular circumstances of the case ; and that the remedies also, accordingly and proportionately, are few in number.'

This presents the leading idea, and the attempt to illustrate and sustain it is vigorously, we dare not say quite successfully, maintained throughout the volume. The author's partiality for blood-letting and calomel is surely excessive; most probably a consequence of his having practised in India. Under the head of dyspepsia and nervous derangement we have many excellent remarks. We are much of his mind, that the cure of such ailments is not to be accomplished by swallowing physic, but by fulfilling the laws of our condition—the constitutional requirements of our nature. This is a view inculcated as ably by Celsus as it has been by any of the authors—his successors.

In perusing works on what is called Popular Medicine and Hygiene, which often are filled with complaints regarding the stationary character of medical science, we have never seen the cause of this small progress explained with any degree of intelligence. We admit the fact as alleged, but what is the reason? It is briefly this.—With respect to chemical and mechanical phenomena, we can arrange the circumstances required for any particular result, and foretell, with certainty, that it will take place. Over these departments of nature man possesses marvellous power; of which we have progressively-increasing evidence, year by year. In reference to vital phenomena, the case is altogether different. We cannot predict concerning these with anything like certainty. Every living being, a man for example, is so influenced by circumstances, internal and external, in the course, not merely of the duration of his existence, but of even the briefest period of time, that no finite mind, were it to be made acquainted with the *precise condition* of the living unit at this moment, could predict concerning the condition of the same the moment after. Hence, the all but infinite diversity, the changes inconceivably rapid, with which the physician has to contend—in each single instance—in the study of vital phenomena and the treatment of diseases. The difficulties being such, in the nature of things, it is vain to expect certainty in medicine, or much progress. It is for this reason, too, that medicine is practised by the really sagacious and experienced physician in a manner far superior to any written rules to be found in books :—a remark, the importance of which, did space permit, it would be easy for us to unfold to our readers.

**XXXVII. Popular Papers on Subjects of Natural History.** I. *On Instinct.* By RICHARD WHATELY, D.D., Archbishop of Dublin. II. *Our Fellow Lodgers.* By the Rev. R. WALSH, LL.D. and M.D. III. *Zoology and Civilization.* By ISAAC BUTT, LL.D., Q.C. IV. *The Intellectuality of Domestic Animals.* By the late Rev. CÆSAR OTWAY, A.B.

The substance of these tracts consists of lectures delivered before various scientific associations in Dublin. The subjects on which they treat are discussed in an instructive and entertaining manner. They are exceedingly well adapted for the perusal of young persons.

**XXXVIII. Lyrics of Sea and Shore.** By COLIN RAE BROWN. 12mo, pp. 160. W. S. ORR and Co., London. 1848.

This gentleman, with the unpoetical name of Brown, can write poetry worth reading. There is a sea-like freshness in many of his pieces; and a pathos

and strength of feeling in others, which bespeak him of the class of men whose world within gives ready and healthy response to the world without. In none of his verses have we found those high and finished forms of poetry which promise a man immortality; but, with more care and study, he might rise much above his present level, creditable as that level really is.

**XXXIX. *The Stellar Universe: Views of its Arrangements, Motions, and Evolutions.*** By G. P. NICHOL, LL.D., Professor of Astronomy in the University of Glasgow. 12mo, pp. 257.

This, in its general appearance, is one of the most beautiful volumes of the season. The engravings contribute their share to its attraction; and, what does not always happen, this brilliant exterior is allied to much that is truly instructive and valuable beneath. Dr. Nichol dates his preface on Christmas-day, and we should be glad to learn that not a few among the young have been enriched with his volume as a Christmas present.

**XL. *The History of the Revival and Progress of Independency in England.***  
By the Rev. JOSEPH FLETCHER. Parts I. & II. 12mo. pp. 274, 291.  
J. Snow. 1847.

A work of this nature has long been a desideratum, not merely as a kind of hand-book to Independents, but as a work in which the inquisitive stranger may find within a reasonable space both an exposition of the principles of Independency, and some account of their history. Hitherto we have not possessed any separate and consecutive narrative on this subject. Mr. Hanbury's volumes are an invaluable repository in relation to it, and entitle him to much more gratitude than the sale of his singularly full and accurate publication would lead one to suppose he has received. Much has also been done by others to prepare the way for Mr. Fletcher's labours, but his own book will combine the popular and complete in a degree peculiar to itself. But the popular character of the work is more in appearance than reality. It is cheap and portable, but its style is rather that of our scholars than of our people. It is clear, concise, accurate, and well apportioned in the structure of its sentences; but it is cold, philosophical, and dogmatical, little adapted to awaken feeling, even in the instructed, and greatly wanting in the kind of attraction especially needed by the uninstructed. Mr. Fletcher knows the right thing to say, and the precise and just mode of saying it, but we lack in him that rich idiomatic flexibility of our mother tongue, that kindling imagination, and that warm heart speaking out its own fulness and tenderness which might give to such a theme a charm that would be felt alike by peasant and philosopher. It is quite possible to Mr. Fletcher to realize much more of this kind of power. Southey or Foster, Mr. Henry Rogers or Mr. Binney, would be far better models of style, and of manner altogether, than those he has followed. The delight which men feel in reading rarely comes altogether, often not mainly, from the professed subject of discourse, but very largely from the kindred things which the mind and heart of the writer can bring to his theme, and so dispose in relation to it that they seem to become parts of it.

We shall not be misunderstood, we trust, in these observations. Mr. Fletcher has acquitted himself on this subject in a manner which entitles him to the respect and gratitude of the men whose principles he is aiming to serve. We only regret that what is so well done in so many respects should be wanting in any quality necessary to the widest possible success. We wish that hints like the above had been given to ourselves five-and-twenty years ago, and that

we had been wise enough to ponder them. Most earnestly do we recommend our readers to make themselves acquainted with these volumes, and to promote their circulation.

**XLI. *The History of Servia, and the Servian Revolution; from Original MSS. and Documents. Translated from the German of Leopold Ranke.***  
By Mrs. ALEXANDER KERR. 8vo, pp. 477. Murray. 1847.

This publication is a valuable contribution towards the general history of Europe. Of the interest which attaches to this chapter on that great subject, the reader may judge from the following extract, taken from Mrs. Kerr's preface :—

'The geographical position of Servia, between Turkey and Austria, and forming, with the neighbouring country of Bosnia, Bulgaria, Wallachia, and Moldavia, a border land between two great empires of opposite creeds, has made this country the seat of a protracted struggle between European civilisation and oriental despotism—between the Christian and Mohammedan religions.'

'In the midst of these conflicting forces, the Servians present the interesting spectacle of a brave, hardy, and simple people, contending for national independence and religious freedom. Christians in faith, and subjected to the cruel persecutions of their infidel oppressors, their efforts to throw off the Moslem yoke met with little encouragement from Christian nations, except so far as they could be made instrumental in checking the encroachments, or counteracting the policy of other powers.'

'Professor Ranke, in a letter to the translator of this work, expresses a hope 'that his history of the Servians may excite in our mighty nation an interest for the Christians under Turkish rule.' This feeling influenced the translator in venturing upon her task.'

The time was when fear of the Turk was the great fear of Europe. But though that age has long since passed, these simple, pious, and brave Servians have found him a bad neighbour. Mrs. Kerr is entitled to our best thanks for this effort to make their story known to us.

**XLII. *Divine and Moral Songs, for the Use of Children.* By ISAAC WATTS,  
D.D. With Thirty Illustrations. Old quarto, pp. 94. John Van  
Voorst, London. 1848.**

There was no John Van Voorst in our younger days to send out editions of Dr. Watts's Hymns after this fashion. Beautiful small quarto paper, beautiful print, and drawings by an artist so skilled as C. W. Cope, A.R.A., and engraved on wood by a hand so much at home in its work as Mr. Thompson's. If we have any complaint to make, it is that in some of the figures there is a form and breadth which approaches to coarseness and vulgarity—an effect which need not have been given because some of the persons represented are supposed to be from comparatively humble life. But in most of the pieces, the artistic effect is beautiful and complete. We know of nothing better adapted to impress the lessons of these 'Divine Songs' on the memory and the heart of childhood than such pictures. The wretched embellishments inserted in the editions of these hymns, some forty years ago, were vividly remembered by us for many a day after childhood and even youth had passed. It is good to have pleasing pictures thus lodged in the imagination, as a sort of *memoria technica*, to call up in future years the sacred lessons they embody.

**XLIII.** *A Brief Memoir of Miss Sarah Saunders, with Nine Letters addressed to her during her last illness.* By JOHN FOSTER. 24mo, pp. 151. Religious Tract Society.

We are glad to see these most Christian letters reprinted in this form. We know of nothing in our language more adapted to impress the mind of youth with a sense of the reasonableness and beauty of true religion.

**XLIV.** *The Service of Song in the House of the Lord; an Oration and Argument.* By THOMAS BINNEY. 8vo, pp. 58. Jackson and Walford. 1847.

There is more of heart and beauty in this Oration than in anything previously published by its author. We know not where else to find the 'Argument' in favour of praise—of praise carefully, skilfully, and devoutly performed, presented with the same fulness or impressiveness. There is a healthy, joyous feeling pervading these utterances, which we delight to see, for the sake of the subject, and hardly less for the sake of the writer. We wish him many a Christmas to come, and all so happy as to be memorialized by productions fit to go along with this song of gladness.

**XLV.** *Four Lectures on the Contrasts of Ancient and Modern History; delivered at the Manchester Athenaeum, Michaelmas, 1846.* By FRANCIS W. NEWMAN, now Latin Professor in London University College. 12mo, pp. 131. Taylor, London. 1847.

These lectures embrace the outline of a vast extent of knowledge, and the knowledge, in this instance, is allied with a highly philosophical spirit and a refined taste. The subjects of the several lectures are—I. *Moral and General Contrasts.* II. *Religious Contrasts.* III. *Contrasts under separate political forms.* IV. *Contrasts depending on the balance of Power, on the nature of Commercial States, and on the progress of Art and Science.* To the historical student this little book will be of much higher value than its outward appearance would indicate.

**XLVI.** *Spiritual Heroes; or, Sketches of the Puritans, their Character and Times.* By the Rev. JOHN STOUGHTON. 12mo. With an Engraved Frontispiece and Wood Engravings.

We cannot in our present number do justice to this book, but we seize the earliest opportunity of directing the attention of our readers to it. It is a volume which should have its place in every nonconformist family in the kingdom. To the old, it will present many a pleasant reminiscence of the past, to the young it will supply instruction and impressions of the best kind. It is the story of principle, of principle allied with goodness, and of both as purified and ennobled by many a fight of affliction in their behalf. Knowledge, judgment, taste, and pious feeling are the characteristics of these sketches. Nor are they merely a new dress given to old materials. They contain much original matter relating to Puritan history.

**XLVII.** *Jane Eyre. An Autobiography.* Edited by CURRER BELL. In Three Volumes. Smith and Elder. 1847.

Everybody has been praising Jane Eyre, and for once everybody has been in the right. It is indeed a singularly natural, vivacious, and instructive story. It bounds along more in the manner of an express train than of a

stage wagon, is full of the impulses of fresh feeling; and the writer, almost without seeming to intend it, places before you many a vivid delineation of character, and many a lesson of wisdom. It is the story of an orphan, beginning her career in a would-be asylum for orphans, and passing through changes, not of 'flood and field,' but of the sort which are too common in our world, and of which we most of us think too little. It is not only a book worth reading, but one deserving thought, and more than one perusal.

**XLVIII.** *The Church in the Catacombs; a description of the Primitive Church of Rome, illustrated by its Sepulchral Remains.* By CHARLES MAITLAND, M.D. 8vo. Longman and Co. 1846.

It was our wish to have assigned some space to an examination of this volume, or it would not have remained so long unnoticed by us. The catacombs, as most of our readers are aware, are subterranean regions, at a short distance from Rome, consisting of excavations of intricate form and vast extent, made by the earlier Romans, for the sake of the material thus obtained. To these dark, and often perilous recesses, the Christians during the first three centuries, fled as to a place of refuge. Here they worshipped, and here they buried their dead. The Vatican is enriched with Christian antiquities from this source, and Dr. Maitland is entitled to our gratitude for the effort he has made, both by illustrations and descriptions, to enable the reader whose eye has never rested on the Campagna of Rome, to form a correct judgment as to the interest and value of this section of Roman antiquities.

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## FINE ARTS.

**XLIX.** *Christmas Books and Annuals.*

The race of Annuals, properly so called, works adorned with the finest productions of the British painter's and engraver's art, and going on for a series of years, each new volume rivalling its predecessor, are now all but extinct. This year we have still 'the Keepsake,' and 'the Book of Beauty,' old favourites, with still the name of Charles Heath, as guarantee for their high claims to artistic merit. They are still pretty volumes, though bearing but a shadowy resemblance to their costly predecessors.

The 'Book of Beauty,' is a 'regal gallery' of queens renowned for beauty or worth. Their value, however, must be confined to the boudoir and the drawing-room table—where listless visitors may pleasantly pass the idle intervals of a morning call, glancing at these fancy portraits of noble women. Such books are, after all, a serious trifling, the disappearance of which can move to little regret. A little more trouble and cost in the drawings, with not a whit more labour to the engraver, might have made this a veritable portrait gallery of queens, worthy to take its place on the shelf beside the old 'Legend of Good Women,' of Dan Chaucer. As it is, it is a costly trifle, no worse, perhaps, than toys generally are; save for the pity that literature and art should be wedded only for such an offspring.

Among the newer race of Christmas books, one of the very loveliest is entitled 'Flowers and their Kindred Thoughts,' published by Longman and Co. It is quite a novelty of its class, and resplendent in colours and gold. The poetic accompaniment is by M. A. Bacon, but the book is designed to look at, not to read; and the poet's verses are buried in such a profusion of rich borders and floral gems, radiant in all their brightest natural colours, that the thought of their being designed for reading seems scarcely admissible. The drawings

are by Owen Jones, and exhibit all his wonted gracefulness of design, and harmony of colours. The idea is taken from the works of the old illuminators, but with nature for a model, so that the result surpasses the most gorgeous of quaint old missals in real beauty and variety. Paper, binding, and every accompaniment are novel and beautiful in style, and justify its claim as the finest book of its class. The drawings are on stone and printed in colours; an art, the full value of which for many useful purposes, appears as yet to be only very partially understood.

#### L. *Lays and Lithographs*

Is another book of the same class. The lithographs, from the press of Frederick Schenck, are beautiful of their class. A portrait of Shakespeare is perfect in every respect, except in its resemblance to any other likeness of the poet. The lays are by Vedder, a Scottish versifier, who has already appeared in print. They stand in need of all the aid of their attractive companions in the present volume to obtain a reading.

#### L.I. *Fortunio*. Illustrated by J. W. Blackwood and Sons, London and Edinburgh.

An old favourite of the nursery in a new version, illustrated by the same graceful pencil to which we owed 'The White Cat' last year. The artist is a lady well known in certain circles for her skill both with the pencil and the graver. Some of her illustrations of this little volume would not disgrace the ablest member of the etching club.

#### L.II. *Labour—Rest*. Painted by J. F. HERRING. Engraved by W. G. DAVEY. Ackermann and Co., London.

A pair of prints of the same class as several of Herring's that we have noticed from time to time, and exhibiting his usual ability. The scene is the ploughman with his team afield and at rest. The contrast between the two scenes gives a value to the idea designed to be brought out in each. The animals are beautifully painted, and engraved with great spirit by Davey—a new aspirant to fame.

#### L.III. *Kilchurn Castle, Loch Awe*. J. M. W. TURNER, R.A. Engraved by WILLIAM MILLER.

It is a curious proof of the fickle nature of popularity, in its vulgar sense, in any branch of the Arts, that J. M. W. Turner, who has been for years the butt of the small critics of the press and the private circle, is seen figuring here as the selected artist for the presentation print of the oldest of our Art Unions. We much question, however, how far this recognition by the managing committee of the Association for the Promotion of the Fine Arts in Scotland of the merits of our great landscape painter will be confirmed by the suffrages of the subscribers. The Oxford Graduate's criticisms have already done much, and this among the rest, to restore Turner to his right place, or something more. Unwise partisans, however, generally prove the worst enemies; and here the Scottish Committee of Taste have chosen evidently an *early drawing* of Turner's, in his old quiet style, with little subject, no boldness of treatment, and nothing at all striking or peculiar about it, to suggest its selection from among a thousand other pleasing landscapes, that tell passing well in colours, but are very little fitted to stand the severe test of the engraver's translation.

William Miller has done his usual justice in the engraving, though we cannot but think he has either sacrificed some of the relief of the more distant features, or has too closely copied the faults of a *faded* drawing. The castle, which gives name to the picture, is toned almost to the very tint of the more distant hills, so as to be nearly lost in the hazy forms of rock and bank. We may add, the engraver appears to have reverentially copied all the painter's usual bad drawing, both in figures and cattle, with a painful fidelity worthy of a better cause. If Art Unions are to go on and to succeed, their managers have much need to take into their councils one or two practical men to advise with in their selections. An engraver, and even a print publisher, speedily learns that the majority of pictures will not stand the loss of positive colours involved in engraving; and common sense, without any experience, should teach that a picture with very little subject in it—a square, formless castle in the middle distance, and a few cattle lying down in the foreground—is not the one to select for engraving on a large scale, and multiplying by thousands, however great may be the name and titles of its painter. We observe the committee have selected for next year, Dunluce Castle, '*a noble picture*,' by the late Thompson of Duddingston;—a reverend amateur, whose works are greatly overrated by a small class of admirers. He studied Poussin more than nature, and never produced any picture that we know of, fit for a large engraving.

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### To Correspondents.

T. B.—Dr. Vaughan never fixed on *ten* years as the average time for attendance at day schools: from the first, the average assumed by him as being 'fully as long as should be expected for school attendance in this country' was *five* years. (Pamphlet, pp. 11, 34.) That a writer who did not know this, should take upon him to judge the comparative merits of the statistics of Dr. Vaughan and Mr. Baines is somewhat amusing. But this is in keeping with nearly everything that has come from the same quarter. If we do not greatly err, it would be easy to show, that about every second statement on the education question in the 'Eclectic Review' is either a mistake as to fact, or a fallacy in reasoning. But tempting as the occasion may be, T. B. need not fear our being seduced into any imitation of the taste displayed by the editor and his contributor in the last number. That we should become occupied in bandying personalities with Dr. Price, or with the writer who has been his assistant in this instance, is far from comporting with our idea as to the best method of advancing the interests we wish to serve.

G. T.—We have not been inobservant of the Hampden controversy. In the judgment of churchmen themselves, it is doing more than any amount of non-conformist agitation could accomplish towards exposing the incongruities and absurdities of the boasted relations between the church and the state. To accept of state bounty, and to be free from state control, may be a very pleasant dream, but it is no more. To be state-sustained must be, within limits expressed or understood, to be state-governed. The conditions of aid in all cases of this sort may be a matter of compact, and these conditions may be deemed reasonable or intolerable,—if the latter, the remedy is obvious. Will there now be courage to seize on this remedy—will there be a great episcopal secession? We expect nothing of the kind.

## THE BRITISH QUARTERLY REVIEW.

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### AN ADDRESS TO PROTESTANT NONCONFORMISTS.

WITH the present Number we enter on our fourth year as journalists. Time enough has passed to allow of your comparing our promises with our performance. Let this comparison be made.

We pledged ourselves at the beginning to a Liberal course in politics, uninfluenced by faction or party. We think we have redeemed this pledge. We have wished to see the right men in power, but we have judged of measures apart from men. We have not copied from the class of censors, who, for the life of them, cannot distinguish between a minister of state and a jesuit following the vocation of a pickpocket; and as little have we been disposed to attribute extraordinary wisdom or immaculate virtue to such functionaries. We have argued the poor man's cause to the best of our ability; but not in the spirit of those whosece nothing but innocence where they chance to find dirty hands, and a hovel as a dwelling-place. We have endeavoured to judge of men, whether governing or governed, rich or poor, as we would be judged. To the just, the equal, the humane, we have given our hearty suffrage. To the enemies of these things we have been as an enemy—open and declared. As we have been in this respect, so shall we remain—free-men, giving a calm but earnest utterance to thoughts, which, as we hope, will not be deemed altogether unworthy of such men.

Our pledge to liberalism was allied with a pledge on the side of Protestant Nonconformity. The principles intended by these terms have been nowhere more fully expounded than in our pages. If it has been our aim to do justice to the argument of the conformist, it has not been our manner to spare an exposure of its general fallacy. If we have not affected blindness to the incidental evils which have grown up with dissent, neither have we been slow to lay bare the misrepresentations of its assailants, or to vindicate its real character. Its very errors, in our view, come from its truths, and its faults from its virtues. The evil is neighbour to the good, and more or less inseparable from it. But not a principle inconsistent with the main principles of Protestant Nonconformity have we promulgated—not an argument available in its cause have we failed to put into requisition to that end. No charge affecting our fidelity to this great question can be honestly urged against us.

Nor have we been faithless, as we think, in the matter of Evangelical Religion. We have aimed to develop the doctrines of Revelation, not according to the symbols of any church, or the current notions of any sect, but in those moral relations, which, by exhibiting their reasonableness, give them a power to impress the consciousness of men. We have done more, if we mistake not, than any other journal towards detecting the seeds of anti-christianism which are so freely vegetating in the soil of our science, our philosophy, and our general literature. Nor have we been wholly unmindful of the improvements needed in our pulpits, and in our system generally.

But, gentle reader, this independent course of ours has not been without its inconveniences. It commonly happens for a time at least, that the man who gives utterance to unwelcome truths has a very thankless office. The loathing of the message extends readily to the messenger. He becomes a very ugly man. Our appeal, however, is to men who when they boast of truth as having nothing to fear from discussion, really mean what they say—to men

who would blush not to cede a full and candid hearing even to an enemy, much more to a friend who has ~~wanted~~ to differ from them in one point, while agreeing with them in almost every point beside. To these, then, we say—changes of great ‘pith and moment’ are manifestly at hand; and whatever may be our own future course in relation to the one vexed question which has of late occupied so much public attention, there are many other questions more nearly affecting our condition and prospects as Evangelical Nonconformists, which require to be looked at largely, independently, fearlessly. If you wish to see the British Quarterly Review holding its place in your periodical literature, and dealing with these questions in this spirit, one thing is needful—viz., it must not be deemed enough that our journal has its place in your town library, or your book-club, but that large class of Nonconformists who contribute their guineas upwards annually to sustain a Christian agency in the pulpit, in the cottage, or in the land of heathenism, must learn to account the claims of the Christian journalist as not second even to such agencies. The latter speaks where the former cannot obtain a hearing, and exerts an influence on elements most potently connected with the weal of society, and the progress of religious truth. Let the class of Nonconformists we have named, resolve that this journal shall find its home upon their tables—shall become a household companion in their families and connexions, and its place as fully abreast with the quarterly literature of our own or any other country will be secured. Favourable opinion, good wishes,—these alone are of small value. *The way to serve us is to become possessors of the book.* We speak thus freely, because we are not conscious of any interest in the success of this journal that does not belong to the persons we address as much as to ourselves. We are journalists, and earnest in this service, but from a pure sense of duty. Inclination, and other considerations, would prompt us to something different. If adequately sustained, we are ready to labour on—to do so cheerfully, as men honoured in their calling; but if that support be withheld from us, much as we might on many grounds regret such an issue, to ourselves it could only bring a change from one line of service to another, and to another certainly not more fraught with care than the present.

Be it remembered, then, that on the 1st of February, 1848, we have made this statement, and urged this our earnest, but respectful appeal. The future will show with what effect we have so done. We only need add, that the present number commences the first volume for the year.









